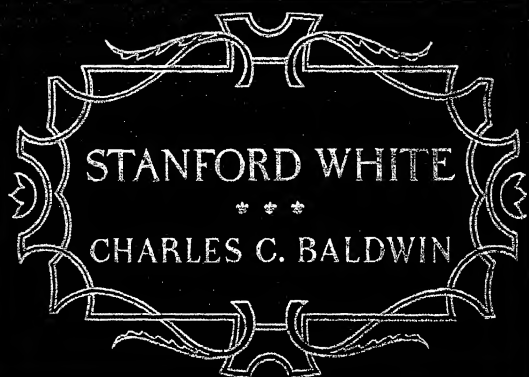


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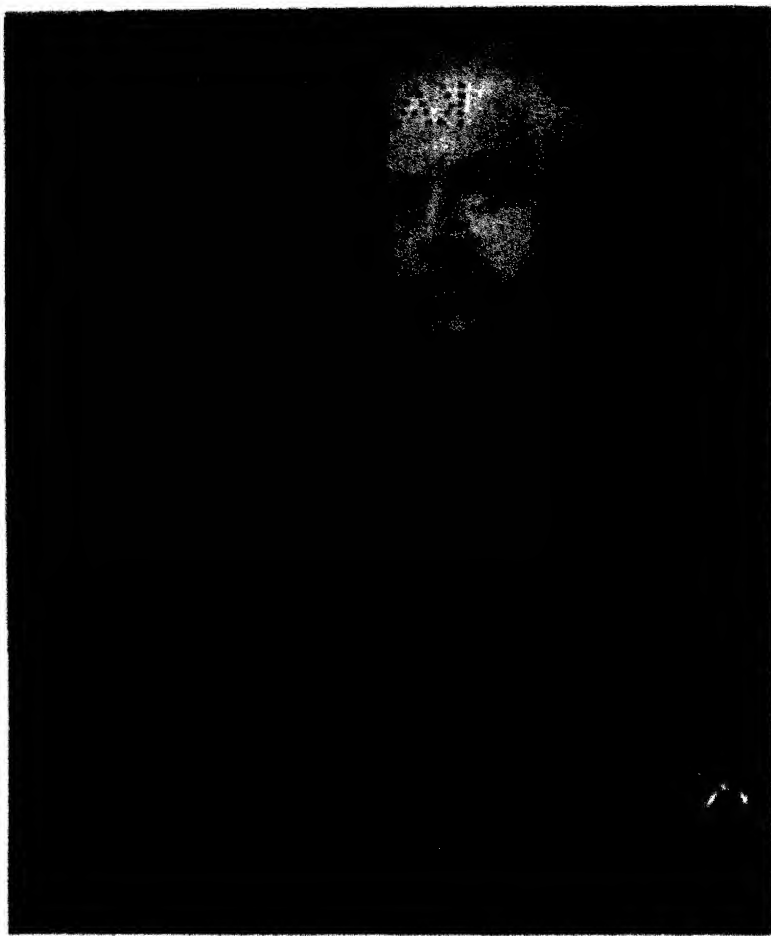


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STANFORD WHITE



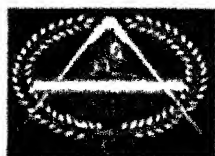
Stanford White

STANFORD WHITE

By

CHARLES C. BALDWIN

With Illustrations



DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1931

To Judy—on her birthday
August 1, 1931

FOREWORD

Richard Harding Davis used to complain because—when speaking of Stanford White—he found it necessary to explain what White was not before telling what he was: the greatest designer, and probably the greatest architect, this country has ever produced. Had White died in bed, with his family and his friends about him, there would have been no word of dispraise. He stood at the head of his profession; he was not yet fifty-three; great things were expected of him. But he allowed himself to be murdered, on a roof garden, by a Pittsburgh ne'er-do-well.

Now "murder," as every newsboy knows, is the greatest word that can be put into a headline. Even in small type it sells. And shouted from every street corner. . . .

The newspapers made the most of White's murder. Thaw, the murderer, stayed on the front pages from June 25 to July 13, 1906, returning on January 23, 1907, the first day of his first trial. He was pictured as in some sort a hero, the defender of his home. White was the villain of the piece. Davis, speaking as one who had been for fifteen years in the newspaper business, said: "I have never known an attack to be made upon anyone as undeserved, as unfair, as false, as the attack upon White."

In their search for motives, in their eagerness for circulation, in their shameless greed, the newspapers despatched detectives and reporters to interview valets and chorus girls, bell boys and waiters.

And what did they discover? That White got more out of life in more different and more intelligent ways than any

other man of his generation in New York, that he admired women of wit and beauty, and that he had never, by so much as a word, harmed any of his fellows.

Yet why complain? White was not the first to suffer from the inhumanity of the press. He was not to be the last. Nor, for that matter, was the press necessary. Long before the press came into power men reviled one another, warring—with the conspicuous exception of Charles V—against the dead. The Jews still expiate the sins of Caiaphas. Cromwell, in his grave, became the butt of every shallow wit in England. And Shakespeare, to make a holiday for James I, dug up the bones of Macbeth, the noblest of the Scottish kings—Macbeth who broke the power of the barons, and established a reign of tolerance and peace—Shakespeare pictures him as a murderer, ghost-haunted and cowering . . . Macbeth who murdered no one.

Yet why complain? We are not living in a kindly world, a world that thinks, as Malvolio did, nobly of the soul. We are living in a world that uses, to its own advantage, as bait for circulation or opportunity for self-advancement, the failures and the tragedies of others.

White probably did more for New York, to make it beautiful and livable, than any other man native to the city. Yet, apparently, the violence of his death was enough to damn him, to close the minds of all but thinking men to the beauty of his art and the fineness of his spirit.

I cannot explain it. I only know that it is so—that in the months I have spent arranging the few pages that follow I have asked a hundred times concerning the murder and the trial, concerning what manner of man White was.

Which is my excuse for introducing him before taking up in detail the record of his life and his achievements.

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STANFORD WHITE

THE mauve decades, with pink trying to be purple and yellow pretending to be gold . . . the eighties when all was fair, and the nineties which sowed the seeds of our present discontent . . . the beginnings of Standard Oil and the Beef Trust, of the jungle where the four million are condemned to earn their bread in sweat shops, of the machine age and machine politics, of rackets and organized vice, of the melting pot and the confusion of universal suffrage, women's rights and charity balls. The brownstone era was at an end. Electricity, the telephone, automobiles, cinemas, subways and ocean travel were coming into general use. Men were beginning to think in terms of plenty, to desire beauty and acquire ease. A good life was possible. Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Irving, Booth, Barrett and Maurice Barrymore were touring the provinces. Paderewski and Patti could be heard a dozen times in the season. Sargent, Mark Twain and Carmencita had been taken up by society. We were no longer a nation of shopkeepers, of pioneers, honest Abes and scheming Yankees. We were growing, growing fast in wealth and self-esteem, preparing for a war with Spain to prove that we could hold our own against the European powers.

Stanford White was just the man to become the leader of such a restless generation. Tall, with bristling red hair and a bristling mustache, strong, enthusiastic, vigorous and versatile, always in a hurry, and always talking . . . talking . . . talking . . .

"You haven't seen it?" he would say. "Why it's the fin-

est thing of its kind in America! It's bully! It's wonderful . . . gorgeous!"

To him everything in life—the paintings of Holbein, the cathedral at Laon, the shoulder muscles of Sharkey, Blanche Ring's singing, the wine at Martin's, the gilding on an old frame, salmon fishing, the cornice of the *Maison Carrée*, the voice of Emma Fames, the coffee at Delmonico's—everything was bully, wonderful, gorgeous.

And he meant it. It was good to be alive, in the eighties and nineties, to be allowed to hang turkey red curtains behind the windows of Fifth Avenue, to remake Madison Square with paper lanterns, to design eighteen foot columns for the Astor balls, to decorate the Metropolitan Opera House with fifteen thousand roses, to plan club houses and churches, universities and apartment buildings. He took no special pride in the fact that he was, as Janet Scudder said, the captain of the ship of the fine arts. He was interested only in getting things done, in transforming New York from a city of dull browns to the most colorful city architecturally in the new world. He was impatient to catch up with Europe, to surpass Europe, in the possession and appreciation of beauty. Once when reproached for despoiling the old world, he defended himself by saying that Rome had plundered Greece, that every Renaissance had its beginnings in the past, and that America had every right to insist upon its heritage, that we had our roots in Europe, and were heirs to the civilizations of Greece and Italy, Egypt, France and Spain.

He was fortunate in having for clients men and women who gave him free rein, who believed in his talent for decoration and were convinced of his genius as an architect. For them he made two and three trips to Europe

every year, returning with paintings, carved doorways, mantels, furniture, rugs and tapestries. "Mr. King of Europe," Harry Payne Whitney called him. And it is as good a name as any, for he was known from one end of the Continent to the other. Half the painters and antiquarians in London, Paris and Rome lived off his bounty.

In this connection there is an amusing letter from John Singer Sargent:

October 14, '98
33 Tite Street,
Chelsea, S. W.

MY DEAR STANFORD:

A box has arrived from Allard who writes me that it is sent to my care at your command, and that I must unpack it to see if it is all right. It is—a Velasquez head of an infanta, in perfect condition, delicious in color. Meanwhile I have screwed it up again in its case, renewed my fire insurance and hired a policeman to watch my house—until I hear from you what is to be done with it. My abode is not proof against fire or burglars, and I must turn into a dragon and sit on this treasure.

Where are you and when are you coming over? If you do, come to Fulham Road. Great developments. Same message to McKim—and love to you both.

Yours

JOHN S. SARGENT.

II

"What sort of a person is this Stanford White of yours?" a Mrs. Garnet once asked Mr. Kendall, then a draughtsman, now senior partner of McKim, Mead & White. They were standing on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-

Second Street. Mr. Kendall thought a moment. "I'll tell you," he said. "See that tall, red-haired man hurrying up the street? Well, that's Stanford White. He's ubiquitous."

Others have said the same thing. You met him everywhere. He had a genius for friendship and a genius for making himself known—the same genius that enabled Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton, to focus the eyes of the entire country on some petty dispute he had engaged in with the eating clubs, the genius that lifted Disraeli out of obscurity, and that made Roosevelt, while still police commissioner of New York, a national hero. Popularity may be heaven-sent, but it has a technique and a distinction of its own. It must be achieved. Stanford White was—and remains to this day—the most popular of American architects . . . perhaps because he was, far and away, the most prolific. From one end of Fifth Avenue to the other, New Yorkers lived with his work. The Washington Arch, the Farragut Monument, the Gorham and Tiffany buildings, and Madison Square Garden were only a few of the designs with which he transformed the city, giving it a new dress and a new life.

If you went to the Opera, you would be sure to see him come in, just before the rise of the curtain, to sit in the center of the house, not purposely advertising himself, but well aware that the eyes of every millionaire in town would be on him, that even the supers on the stage would whisper, "That's Stanford White!" Not a day passed without some new story about him going the rounds, some new interest of his, some new discovery to set the town on fire with wonder and enthusiasm. He was forever on the lookout for new talent.

Yet he never forgot an old friend—never forgot that

the old, too, need encouragement. Royal Cortissoz tells of a painter, grown old and outmoded, who came one day to White's offices at 160 Fifth Avenue, with a dirty, unframed canvas under his arm. It so happened that he arrived at the busiest hour of a busy day. White looked up to see him standing in the doorway. The painter began some mumbled apology; but White interrupted him, taking the canvas to set it against the wall on his desk. Wiping the dust from it with his handkerchief, he began: "Why it's bully . . . I had forgotten . . . of course . . . you always knew how to use color." He wanted to forestall the hard luck story which, perforce, accompanies every request for a loan. Still talking, he began to empty his pockets. "This is just a retainer," he said. As was his habit, he had crumpled bills tucked away in vest, coat and trouser pockets. Out they came, to be hastily smoothed and turned over to the painter. "Just a retainer . . . come back tomorrow . . . I'll see what I can do."

Out on Long Island, they tell of a time when White came upon a farmer about to cut down a number of fine oaks for firewood. White protested; and finally the farmer agreed that fifty dollars each would be a generous price for the trees as wood. White paid him the money on condition that the trees be allowed to stand. The farmer, report has it, thought that White must be crazy.

III

Writing in the New York *Evening Post*, Professor A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University said, in 1921:

The late Stanford White was more than a gifted architect; he was an extraordinary man. The question of how

nearly his artistic gift approached to genius might be differently answered by different critics of equal merit; but no one who ever came into relations of any sort with him could escape the impression of a unique and masterful personality. His intensity, indeed, was sometimes explosive, to the dismay of new draughtsmen who had not yet learned the warmth of heart that underlay these manifestations of impatience. Both his warmth of heart and his intensity showed themselves in his more intimate friendships, like those with his partners and with Augustus St. Gaudens; choice friendships with a few among his many acquaintances in artistic, theatrical and social circles. He had in its fullest development what is called the 'artistic temperament'—in small souls an excuse for weakness and excess; in great artists the irrepressible outgo of sensitive feeling and strong emotion. And Stanford White, whether a genius or not, was a great artist. He was in many ways like the men of the Italian Renaissance; animated by a passion for the beautiful in all its forms; gifted with a fervid imagination and an extraordinary aptitude for visualizing and externalizing the creations of that imagination; versatile in the application of his decorative fancy to the most diverse objects; living, moving and thinking in terms of decorative art to a degree hitherto unexampled in American life; untrained in the formulæ of the schools and yet rarely failing to conform, seemingly by pure instinct, to those fundamental canons of form and composition which the academies teach by rule. How far this restraint of his sometimes wayward fancy, this subjection of his dream-creations to the laws of architectural propriety and classical composition was due to his distinguished partners perhaps only they could say, but the association was certainly most fortunate for all three. If White suggests the Quat-

trocento, (with occasional irruptions of the Baroque!), McKim was the ideal Cinquecentist, and Mead the modernist, at once practical and artistic, whose part in the collaboration was of fundamental value in the final result.

CHAPTER II THE WHITE FAMILY IN AMERICA

BORN in New York City, November 9, 1853, Stanford White came of a family that had then been established in this country for over two hundred and twenty (now almost three hundred) years—since September 16, 1632, when John White (1601-1684) landed at Boston, with his wife, two sons and a daughter, after twelve weeks aboard the *Lyon*, . . . Captain Pierce . . . out of London.

John White was the second son of Robert White, yeoman, of Messing, near Chelmsford, in Essex, thirty miles northeast of London. Robert had married Bridget Allgar on March 11, 1562. He died on June 17, 1617, leaving three sons and five daughters. John became a member of Thomas Hooker's congregation—a congregation composed, according to Archbishop Laud, of "contemptible troublemakers, instructed by guides fit for them, cobblers, tailors, feltmakers and such like trash." Laud was himself the son of a tailor in Reading, but long use in the service of the idle, tippling James I and the knock-kneed, tonguetied Charles I, had given him a contempt for common men. He sought to intimidate them, to bend them to his will. Among others he threatened Hooker, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, then the seat and center of Puritan dissent. Hooker was known as the son of thunder, from whose mouth eloquence flowed as from a jug. He was to become the light of the western churches. Forty-seven bishops, archdeacons and deans came forward in Hooker's defence. To no avail. Laud insisted that he stand trial for

treason and heresy. Hooker, an ordained minister, directly responsible to William Laud, took stock of his situation and fled, first to Holland, and thence, in 1633, to Newtown, now Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, the year previous, John White and others of his congregation had settled after being hounded out of England.

It is John White's chief claim to our respect that he was the friend and intimate of Hooker and a witness to Hooker's will. For Hooker was not only an eloquent expounder of the gospel; he was an able administrator, the author of the first written constitution ever to create a government—the Connecticut Constitution which marked the beginnings of American Democracy. In fact, as John Fiske has pointed out, Thomas Hooker, more than any other man, deserves to be called the father of the American Constitution, the prophet of democracy. And it must not be forgotten that in those days democracy was not an acceptable doctrine, particularly in Massachusetts where Governor Winthrop, voicing the popular will, had stated: "I do not conceive that God ever did ordain democracy as a fit government either for church or commonwealth."

As Hooker's friend, White enjoyed certain advantages; but it is probable that he would have succeeded in any event and in any pioneering community, for he was a man of simple tastes, thrifty, industrious, and of great physical strength. He knew that nothing—in the words of Captain John Smith, written from Virginia to his employers, the London Company—was to be expected from America except by labor; and he came prepared to labor. Given thirty acres of farming land near Cambridge and a home lot on the site of the present Library of Harvard University, he prospered; and in February, 1635, as a result

of the first election held in Newtown, was chosen one of seven selectmen to do the business of the town.

But the town's business was not going very well. There were disputes concerning this and that, jealous quarrels, with Boston across the River Charles. The winters were severe, the soil thin and sandy. It was not for this that the farming folk of Chelmsford had pulled up stakes, breaking old ties, deserting their fathers and mothers, to emigrate to a new country. They had imagined an abundance of fertile land, magnificent forests, waters abounding in fish, furs, freedom—if not from one another, at least from the tyranny of priests. And here was Cotton, in Boston, disputing . . .

So they listened with eager interest to the stories brought by traders and trappers who told of a not too distant valley through which the Quinetacquet River ran, a green and quiet valley where no rival had ever set foot. They decided to sell out and remove to Quinetacquet. And so, in June, 1636,¹ after some further argument with Boston, one hundred men, women and children, with one hundred and sixty head of cattle, set out across the wilderness, without guides, on a two weeks' journey to Hartford, the new town on the Connecticut River of which John White was to be a founder.

Here, after holding various civil offices, and after being made an elder of the church, John White died, aged 83; and hereabouts, for several generations, his descendants—among them a number of Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers—continued to live out their lives.

Captain Nathaniel White (1629-1711), from whom Stanford White descended, was the eldest son of John

¹ About the time that the first Adams landed in Massachusetts.

White, and is still remembered by an elaborate gravestone and by the fact that he was elected to the Connecticut legislature no less than eighty-five times. He was one of the founders of Middletown. One of his sons, Hugh White, founded Whitestone, N. Y., holding a large portion of all the land that lay between the Oneida reservation and the German flats.

II

But it is not until the sixth generation that the family again merits our particular attention. In that generation emerged the Reverend Calvin White, born December 17, 1762, in Middletown, Conn., a Tory of the Tories, and from all accounts, a most remarkable character, well deserving the biographical sketch written in 1884 by his grandson, Richard Grant White. This sketch, intended for private circulation, is dedicated by the author to his two sons, Richard Mansfield White and Stanford White, and inscribed as "a brief memorial to their great-grandfather whose virtues and graces I cannot expect them to equal, but which I hope they may emulate."

What virtues and graces? Calvin White was a stiff-necked Tory who, though he lived to within a few years of the Civil War, never voted and never knowingly performed any other act which recognized the legality of the American Constitution—except, of course, to pay taxes. To him the Revolution was nothing short of a disaster. Once he narrowly escaped hanging by a Revolutionary mob.² And as late as 1850, while driving with a party of

² They had put a halter about his neck because he refused to shout, "Property and Liberty." But the calm, unflinching boldness of this stripling scholar (I quote from a contemporary) daunted the meaner spirits and so impressed the more generous that he was allowed to go his way . . . not of course, without a warning.

friends in the vicinity of Orange, N. J., he removed his hat and silently bowed his head upon being told that the crossroads village through which they were passing was still called Tory Corners in remembrance of the strong Tory sympathies of the neighborhood both before and during the Revolution.

What merit, you may well ask, could there be in such a man? And why should he set his feeble opinion against the concerted and reasoned judgment of the ablest of his contemporaries? But this is to accept as the whole truth the little (and necessarily little) that can be crowded into a few pages in a textbook. As a matter of fact, the Revolution was not the result of concerted action. It had no beginning. We drifted into war then as Europe drifted into war in 1914, and the States in 1860. And then as now, there were able men who refused to take part in war.³

Calvin White was not altogether unselfish in his opposition to the Revolution. He knew that he must suffer with the coming of freedom and equality. The colonies had been predominantly British, governed by aristocrats and instructed by theologues. Under the English king, White could look forward to a life of comparative importance and ease. Then came the Revolution. The gates were opened wide to an inflooding of French, German and Italian science and opinion—heretical opinions, most of them, according to Calvin White, as witness the new Federal Constitution which, even in the preamble, did not invoke the blessings of Almighty God or express the least interest in the spread of religion. What could devout Christians think of such doctrine? What do they think

³ Adoption of the Constitution was bitterly opposed by Monroe, destined to become the author of the most ambitiously nationalistic doctrine in our history.

who deprive the negro of his vote . . . and those others who drink when and what they please? They ignore the Constitution. So, too, would Calvin White. He would continue as before to serve the only God he knew, to worship the God of the Church of England. For he had, his grandson tells us, in marked degree, the personal pride of a high-minded gentleman—courteous in manner and fastidious in dress, but tenacious of his own opinions and unbending in his convictions.

Unbending? Is that just the word? A devoted and accomplished scholar—one of the few who, in that darkened age, loved and mastered the Hebrew tongue—Calvin White had been intended for the Presbyterian ministry. In fact, upon graduating from Yale in 1786, he did take orders in that church. But a few years later, we find him ordained as a deacon—and in 1799 as a priest—of the Episcopal Church, receiving his orders from the Right Rev. Dr. Seabury, the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in this country. In 1804 he succeeded the Rev. Richard Mansfield, D.D., as Rector of St. James' Parish, in Derby, Conn.; and there, in the parsonage, he made his home until his death in 1853. But, apparently, he was not altogether happy even as an Episcopalian; for, in 1822, we find him making another (and final) change, this time landing in the Church of Rome.

Surely such conduct calls for comment—and received it, you may be sure, both from the neighbors (who were almost as much aghast as they might have been had the good Calvin suddenly announced his allegiance to the King of Rome, Napoleon's Eaglet) and from his grandson, Richard Grant White, who, somewhat more restrained, exclaimed: "I cannot understand how an intelligent, edu-

cated man, capable of discourse of reason, can go from Protestantism to the Church of Rome—a very different matter, mind you, from a resting in that religion, or any other into which one might be born or in which one has been bred.” But, then, religion was never, to Richard Grant White, a matter for argument. It was no more subject to change than a man’s politics—and, of course, no gentleman would think of changing his politics. But the Rev. Calvin White was not one to commit his conscience into the keeping of others. Straightforward and uncompromising in everything he undertook, he no more hesitated to become a Roman Catholic in spite of the opposition of his neighbors than he had hesitated to declare his loyalty and attachment to King George before the farmers and cowboys of the Revolution. However, he never obtruded his new faith upon his family. They continued as before to worship in the Episcopal Church.

Until within a few weeks of his death, he remained (according to the New Haven *Palladium*) as mentally alert and capable as any of his sons, as erect as any of his grandsons, as simple and unaffected as any of his great-grandchildren—of whom, at the time, Stanford White was not yet one, being born some seven months after the death of Calvin.

III

Calvin White was twice married—first, in 1792, to Phoebe Camp, the daughter of William Camp of Milford, Conn., who, in 1667, had been a signer of the “rules to govern the town of Newark, N. J.”; and the year following her death, in 1827, to Jane Mardenborough.

Stanford White's grandfather, Richard Mansfield White, born in Bloomfield, N. J., May 26, 1797, was the third child of Calvin White and Phoebe Camp. Somewhat confused and chagrined by the spiritual vacillations, as he thought them, of his father, he gave no thought to a career in the church, securing instead, in 1815, an appointment as a cadet in the service of the United States, resigning later to enter the office of his elder brother Robert. Here he made a great success, amassing a fortune, or what passed for a fortune in those days, in the clipper trade . . . a most romantic trade, as you will agree, though Richard Mansfield White preferred to think of himself as a solid, even stolid, South Street merchant. He made his home in New York City, where, as a member of the aristocracy of commerce, he sat, year after year, proudly, and at times even conspicuously, in the diocesan conventions of the Episcopal Church. Indeed, it was largely through his efforts that the first Episcopal Sunday Schools were established in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

A younger half-brother, Chandler White, associated himself with Cyrus Field and assisted in laying the Atlantic cable.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE, one of the most distinguished scholars and critics of his time, the pride of his son and the despair (as you shall see) of his father, became at twenty-five a personage of some importance and was never thereafter unimportant. Always active and industrious, he was fearless in stating and pushing his opinions. He looked—they said in England where he was much admired—like a guardsman, and spoke (according to Alexander Ellis, president of the Philological Society) with all the distinction of an Oxford graduate. "Altogether," in the opinion of the *London Spectator*, "the most accomplished and the best bred man that America has sent to England within the present generation . . . not at all our idea of a Yankee."

But that was late in life. We must begin with his birth in New York City, May 23, 1821, digressing only long enough to remark that although he passed his whole life within the greater city (except for a few brief months spent in England in 1876), he never learned to love New York, never became reconciled to the hustle and bustle that is the delight of so many born (and no harm in that) south or west of the Hudson. However, hustle and bustle were not to be a bane to his youth. Before he came of school age, the family moved to the corner of Henry and State Streets, in Brooklyn, then little more than a village, a village of churches. Churchgoing, choir practice, church socials and bazaars, together with the weekly sewing circle, furnished the most stable and substantially the only recrea-

tion. Ferries, slow and inconvenient, furnished the sole means of communication with Manhattan. But inconvenience could not deter the most of the population from spending their days (and who knows how many nights?) in New York, returning to Brooklyn only to sleep and eat.

It was a simple if somewhat tiresome round of existence—early to bed, early to rise, and twice to church on Sunday. That was the rule; and Richard Mansfield White was not one to indulge his son in any exceptions. That was the son's life from youth to early manhood. In the morning he crossed the river to attend Columbia College Grammar School, and later the University on Washington Square.¹ On Sundays he sang in the choir of St. Ann's Church, for he had a taste for music and a pleasing (later an excellent bass) voice. At any rate, it pleased his father. But how short-lived, tormented with misgiving, a father's pleasures are! Once allowed to devote time to the study of music, young Richard threw (or seemed to throw) discretion to the winds. He became absorbed in his hobby. He took to wearing his hair long, in studied disarray about his shoulders. The neighbors remarked upon his actions, how strange and preoccupied he seemed. His father was worried. A genius for a son! Could greater misfortune befall a man? Not that singing in a choir is proof of genius. But Richard, not content with singing, was actually seeking to acquire technical proficiency as an instrumentalist—as a cellist, of all things! In fact, he was going further. Right in front of his father—or, at any rate, under his

¹ During his college career he astonished his fellow students—and the faculty—by an oration on "Government," in which he stated that the structure of the government of the United States was faulty, and that the end must be corruption and disintegration. He was returned to his seat in a bedlam of hisses and applause.

father's roof—he was composing trills and set pieces to be played upon the cello and violin. Is it any wonder that his father, a man of grave and sound judgments, was troubled? At that time, and not only in Brooklyn, cellists ("fiddlers," they called them) were considered trifling, no-account fellows. Oh, that he should be the father of a fiddler! And he was the more distressed because it had been supposed that Richard would enter the ministry; and fiddling, to say the least, is unbecoming in a man destined for Holy Orders.

But young Richard refused to listen to reason, and soon made music his chief, if not his sole, concern. All his more intimate friends and associates were music-lovers. All his leisure hours were spent in the study of music, improvising on the cello, and later, while a student at New York University, practising with an amateur string quartette recruited in Brooklyn. He even went so far as to seek and secure opportunities for playing in orchestras, travelling regularly from Brooklyn to New York, carrying his violoncello two miles there and two miles back, to attend rehearsals. His taste may be judged from the program of a concert which he arranged and which was given under his direction in his father's house when he was nineteen:

Part I

Overture—Il Nozze di Figaro	<i>Mozart</i>
Overture—Der Freyschuetz	<i>Weber</i>
Symphony—No. 5, C Minor	<i>Beethoven</i>
(in an arrangement by Richard Grant White)	

Part II

Overture—Oberon	<i>Weber</i>
Overture—Calypso	<i>Winter</i>
Symphony—No. 1, C	<i>Mozart</i>
Allegretto and presto, Symphony—No. 7,	<i>Beethoven</i>

In this connection it is interesting to note that Mozart's *Melusina* was first heard in this country in an arrangement by Richard Grant White. His sister tells us that, unable to buy scores of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, he made his own from the separate parts of the various quartettes which he wished to study, and that he used to sit and read these, lingering over favorite passages, as other people read and linger over volumes of verse. He attended every public performance of Beethoven's music in New York during more than thirty years . . . at the end of which time the *Chicago Tribune* said: "Mr. White knows Beethoven's music merely from what he has heard foolish people talk about it." The *Chicago Tribune*, it appears, was indignant because one "ignorant of music"—as the editors supposed White to be—had dared to write about Beethoven.

II

In 1839, following his graduation from New York University as a Bachelor of Arts, Richard Grant White took up the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Alfred C. Post, later president of the faculty of the University Medical College. Sometimes he passed as many as five hours

in the dissecting room. But when he had advanced as far as Senior Walker in the New York Hospital, he suddenly decided that he would be better off as a lawyer. He, therefore, gave up medicine and turned to a study of the law in the office of Judge Woodruff. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar. However, before he could set himself up in practice, steam had driven his father's clipper ships into bankruptcy, and his father into retirement, in Orange, N. J., where on January 19, 1849, he died.

Young White was, it is true, a lawyer; but he had a father and two sisters dependent upon him, and required, he thought, a more immediate and sizeable income than could be expected from the practice of law. What to do? Characteristically, he sat down and composed a sonnet to Washington. It was well that he did, for, upon its appearance, anonymously, in the *New York Evening Post*, it caused a ripple of talk that widened until finally the more learned were attributing its authorship, without reservation, to Wordsworth. But Henry J. Raymond, then managing editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and later founder of the *New York Times*, was not to be so easily duped. He sought out and found the author, was favorably impressed, and, after some discussion, made offer of a place as music and drama critic—an offer which was at once accepted.

As was to be expected, White's musical criticism commanded instant attention and respect. His point of view was more intelligent and more independent, and his study more thorough, than that of any other critic then in practice in this country. His articles even evoked appreciative comment abroad. And this before he was twenty-five years of age.

III

White's career as a writer for the magazines began with the founding of a short-lived review, *The Alleghanian*, in 1846. The same year he published an article on Beethoven in the *American Review*, for June, the first critical estimate of Beethoven's work to appear in America—in fact, the first worthy discussion of Beethoven to appear anywhere in English. A quotation will serve as an exhibit of his style:

There has probably never lived one who, in his mode of life and personal appearance, more completely satisfied the general requirements as to men of genius than Ludwig van Beethoven, the deaf composer of Bonn. Short in stature; wild and melancholy in appearance; strange and careless in dress; painfully awkward in his movements; eccentric in all his habits of life; at times childishly simple, at others absurdly assuming in manner; distrustful of kindness, but intolerant of neglect; believing the enemies whom he despised when they maligned the friends whom he respected; living in want and pleading penury when possessed of the means of comfort; affecting and seeming at times to despise rank and wealth, and yet eagerly seeking the notice of the one and possession of the other; it seems only necessary that he should be a musician, and deaf, to fill up the measure of strangeness and inconsistency in his character. . . . The massy forehead and ponderous brow, the flood of wild, dishevelled hair, the gloomy eye, gazing intensely into vacancy, and the strongly marked mouth where determination and scorn, wit and melancholy, strive for mastery. . . . No one who has understood and properly felt his music, can, for a moment, be dissatisfied with his portrait. . . .

White's first venture into Shakespearean criticism (upon which today his fame chiefly rests) appeared in *Putnam's* in 1853. At that time the *Collier Folio of 1652* was being discussed and generally accepted as authentic. White showed that the marginal notes were clumsy forgeries. A fierce controversy broke out. But time and thought have proved White to have been right.

His first critical edition of Shakespeare's plays was published in twelve volumes in 1857-1863. A later revised edition was recently reprinted, and has never been for long out of print.

His *Life of William Shakespeare* is still among the most satisfactory—because the least conjectural—of all the Lives.

His first work in book form was a *Handbook of Christian Art*, published in 1853, to be followed in 1854 by *Shakespeare's Scholar*.

But the most popular of White's works was *The New Gospel of Peace, according to St. Benjamin*, published anonymously in 1863, a slapstick hit-and-miss attack upon the Copperheads of the Civil War which sold into the hundreds of thousands.²

In 1859, after fourteen years as music and drama critic, and latterly as associate editor, he resigned from the *Courier and Enquirer* to help organize the *New York World*, which, in turn, he left the next year to accept office as Chief Clerk of the Revenue Bureau of the New York Customs House where he continued until 1878.

He twice declined offers of the chair of English Litera-

² *The Fall of Man* is the title of one of his pamphlets—"The Fall of Man: or The Loves of the Gorillas, a popular scientific lecture upon the Darwinian theory of the development of sexual selection. By a learned gorilla."

ture at New York University; and in 1878 protested against the rumor that he had applied for the position of librarian at the Astor Library, saying: "I have never at any time made application in any quarter for any position whatever, public or private."

IV

But enough of his career. It is his habit as a man that interests us here, those peculiarities which caused one critic to complain that he "walked Broadway like an active transitive verb looking down on a rabble of adverbs and prepositions and other insignificant parts of speech."

I have said that he was already famous at twenty-five—as witness this from a series of thumb-nail portraits which appeared first in the *New York Tribune* in 1846, and later in book form under the title, *New York in Slices*. The scene is Delmonico's:—

At the next table, in an attitude of listless self-complacency, sits a tall, striking-looking man, with a ruddy beard and mustache, setting off a voluptuous and decidedly handsome mouth. He has evidently just finished his breakfast, for there stands the gigantic chocolate cup, deep enough for him, long as he is, to drown himself in it, and before him the delicate remains of the *œufs en miroir* with which he has been trifling. Although still under twenty-five, he is evidently a thorough-bred man of the world—an epicure, an amateur, a dilettante, a gallant, a critic, almost a coxcomb. You would think at first that he had travelled. So he has—but it is only between book-covers. There are few operas that he doesn't know—from the score; few pictures, statues, or churches that he is not

familiar with—by description. But he has in reality never been out of New York. He is—prejudice, vanity, obstinacy and all—a very remarkable young man, and wields an intellectual battle-axe between his thumb and forefinger that will cleave its way in time through any Front de Bœuf castle of stupidity that he may chance to fall in with. That is Richard Grant White, the musical critic of a morning paper.

That—and how much more? What of his perception of color, so delicate that he could retain in his memory for weeks the difference between two shades of light gray and pale lilac? Or his ear, so accurate and sensitive that, again and again, musical societies and clubs appealed to him on questions of intonation? Or his accent—for although he never visited the continent of Europe, he was famous for his pronunciation of foreign languages? And, of course, he was equally famous for his pronunciation of English, his fame resting in part upon his *Words and Their Uses*, and *Everyday English*, two volumes in which he attacked the evils which were, even then, creeping into our language, roundly abusing those who use big words to express small thoughts—the man who says "caption" when he means "heading"; "balance" when he means "rest" or "remainder"; "apt" or "calculated" when he means "likely"; "citizen" when he means any man, possibly an alien; "portion" when he means "part"; and "defalcation" when he means "default."

A lover of controversy as are so many purists, he would practise all his arts to entice some unwitting amateur into an inept expression of opinion, then turn and bury him under an avalanche of words. There is, for instance, the westerner of German descent who ventured to challenge

some statement of White's regarding the theatre, only to be met with: "A piece of Teutonic alluvium which the Indo-European migration has deposited upon the plains of Kansas . . . etc . . . etc." He was, in short, as was Iago before him, nothing if not critical. But I must not give the impression that he was often ponderous or unkind, for his criticism is notably free from personalities, his praise frequent, and his boast: "I have never voluntarily, or unprovoked by personal attack, written a line to give pain to any man." Indeed, his composure was exasperating, both to his equals and to his inferiors. His adversaries, for the most part, were chosen with an eye to their abilities. They must be worthy of his steel; and steel, as they soon learned, his pen could be—as when, during the Civil War, he sought to influence British opinion in favor of the Union, succeeding so well, in a series of weekly articles to the *Spectator*, that, after his death, the English press declared that "Richard Grant White did as much as any single man to prevent this country (England) from drifting into hopeless error concerning the true issues of that momentous controversy."

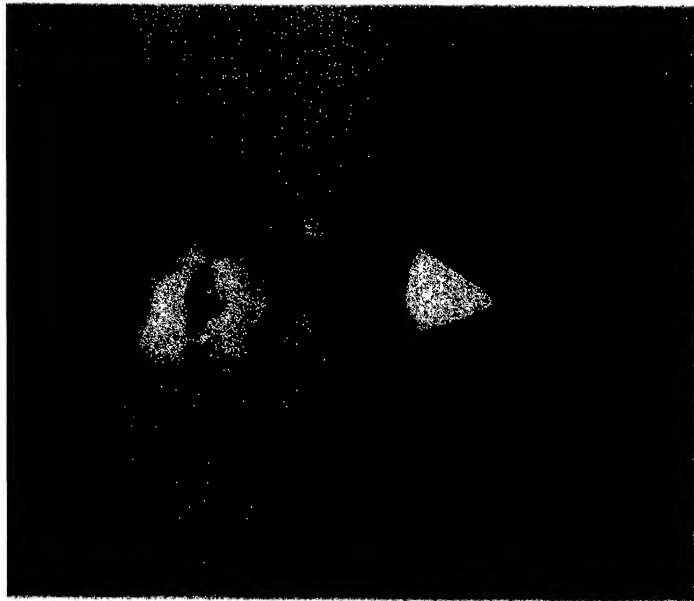
v

But his chief delight was music. He begrudged every minute that must be given to the not particularly honorable business of earning a living. He wanted to spend his days with Mozart, his favorite among composers,—“a heaven inspired and true musician.” Conscious—in fact, in awe—of the rugged power and grandeur of Beethoven, he preferred, for recreation, the lighter music of Mendelssohn, Mozart and Haydn whose compositions can be

played with such facility by amateurs. For Wagner he had respect—respect for his ability and scholarship as a musician, though he could not refrain from deploring his “lack of rhythm.” A new fashion, he called it; and new fashions in music had no charm for Richard Grant White. He even thought Verdi “new-fangled,” and the grand piano an unnecessary innovation. He was not, however, so much interested in the criticism as in the making of music . . . and of musical instruments. In his home, on Tenth Street, he kept a workshop where he could (and did, unless forcibly restrained) take apart every fiddle, cello and viola that came into his hands. When the damage went beyond his abilities to repair, he would bring experts, violin and cello makers, into consultation. Or he would go to them with a violin or a cello under his arm. It was amusing, so they tell me, to see this tall, dignified and erect old gentleman—he was six foot three—hurrying down some side street with the broken parts of a bass viol in his enormous green cello case.

VI

In 1869, when already an accepted authority on Shakespeare, he thought well enough of Lydia Thompson and her troupe of burlesquers to praise their efforts; whereupon his colleagues spread their blushes from one end of town to the other. It seemed to them intolerable that a man of learning should find pleasure in the antics of ribald females. Yet why should they blush for him? Was he not the familiar of Emerson, Lowell, Howells, Aldrich, Dickens and Browning? Let me quote from a letter (heretofore unpublished) from Dickens, under date of Thursday, December 12, 1867:



RICHARD GRANT WHITE



ALEXINA BLACK (MEASE) WHITE

What you say of the *Tale of Two Cities* is extremely gratifying to me. It may be interesting to you to know, as you mention Mr. Carlyle in the same sentence with it, that he wrote me the highest commendation of the book when he first read it, and professed that he had been unable to lay it down. He is a dear friend of mine, and his *History* inspired me with the general fancy of that story.

In somewhat more difficult vein, Browning wrote, under date of September 18, 1883, from Gressoney St. Jean, Val d'Aosta, Italy, upon receipt of a selection of his *Poems*, edited by Richard Grant White:—

You have given me generously both time and trouble, and may well think that I ought to claim no more of either; but I should feel sorry if all the years that have gone by since I wrote the poems you most sympathize with—years abundant enough in experience—were barren in results to either what I am or what I do. I hope I should not continue to attempt producing if I did not fancy there was something new to say. I should feel your opinion more seriously if I had not that loophole of escape which a passage in your letter furnishes me with—you may have overlooked, along with *The Ring and the Book*, other poems of mine published in even later years. Perhaps the feeling which our Lord Melbourne expressed with such *naïveté* may be the inevitable or at least the general one: "One likes to hear that an author is dead; one binds his books, puts them on the shelf, and there is no more of him." Just so the doctors tell those who listen that after a sufficient meal any after-indulgence of a mouthful insures an indigestion: and—if one had "the Public" in view—it would undoubtedly be wiser to let what they account "well" alone; but I care mainly for myself, and do myself what justice I can . . .

while I can. Enough of what your kindness induces me to dissertate upon—let me add only that your kindness could hardly have come to me at a better time. I have been, for the last month, alone with my sister, in a delightful place, of which I have never seen the like for solitary beauty and grandeur. You can only reach it after six or seven hours' journey on mule-back; once here—and some five thousand feet above the level of the sea surrounded by mountains some five thousand feet higher still, and with Monte Rosa and its glacier ending all things to the North—why, the pressure of a friendly hand is felt the more warmly. I return yours cordially.

James Russell Lowell said: "Mr. White has an acuteness in tracing the finer fibres of thought worthy of the keenest lawyer on the scent of a devious trail of circumstantial evidence; he has a sincere desire to illustrate his author rather than himself; he is a man of the world as well as a scholar."

VII

But though Richard Grant White's literary interests and labors were enormous and various, they served merely to supply the bread and butter of existence . . . and not much of that. The wine of life—the cakes and ale—was to be found in music. And in November, 1875, after a lapse of thirty years, he set about reorganizing the Richard Grant White String Quartette. Meyer H. Meyer, who had been a member of the earlier quartette in Brooklyn, joined with him. Meyer was now a retired merchant of sixty and an excellent amateur violinist ⁸ and is still remembered as

⁸ His daughter, Mrs. Jeanette Thurber, first introduced English opera at the old Academy of Music.

the practicer who first found out that if you pin a towel around your violin you can practise without disturbing the most nervous of your neighbors. Other members of the quartette were a Mr. Dabney, first invited to play second fiddle, and a Mr. Doughty who played the viola. For two years all went well. Then Dabney and Doughty, without a word to either White or Meyer, stole around to Joseph Drexel's and started a new quartette. Drexel was a banker and played the cello. But White was not in the least dismayed. Instead, he invited Daniel T. Wade, a commission merchant, to play the viola, and found a new second fiddle in Chandler Weyland. Wade kept a diary in which Weyland is described as "a gentleman of leisure who recently moved here from Connecticut." Now and again Weyland would absent himself to travel abroad during which time the others met and played trios. They always rehearsed in White's dining-room in St. Mark's Place, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening . . . every Thursday evening until within a fortnight of White's death which occurred on April 8, 1885.

Before they began to play, White would collect his cellos about him—five of them, among others an Amati, a Bergonzi and a Gagliano. As the evening progressed, he would change from one to the other, comparing the tone, varying the quality of the music—a devoted if not an inspired player. Indeed, Emil Schenk, formerly first cellist of the Philharmonic, from whom White took lessons, once said that White never would learn to play well.⁴

⁴ While in England he visited Julian Hawthorne at Twickenham on the Thames, the site of Pope's villa. Having his violoncello with him, he used to go into the nursery to play for the children—Nathaniel Hawthorne's grandchildren—to their great delight. After he had gone away, one of them asked if he would ever come again. "I hope so," said Mrs. Hawthorne. "I hope so too," said the little girl, "'cause he's better than the organ man. You don't have to give him a penny."

In Wade's diary there occurs this entry:

February 2, Monday, 1885: At Mr. White's tonight. He was quite ill, yet able to play a little. He selected an easy quartette, Haydn No. 21. At the intermission we had hot toddy, and then Mr. White reclined in an easy chair while we played for him a Beethoven trio, first written for two oboes and a bass viol. He was delighted.

After White's death, the quartette merged with Mr. Drexel's, meeting at Drexel's home. Mr. Meyer died, and Mrs. de Coppet's brother was invited to play first violin, continuing in that post until he was well over eighty. Then Drexel asked Henry Holt, the publisher, to join them; and for a while there were two cellos. At Drexel's death, Holt became first cellist and host. Holt kept the quartette together until about a year before his death when he turned the management over to his second fiddle, Miss Chloe Arnold. Until recently they met in the studio of the late Charles W. Hawthorne, the painter. Arthur Wynne was another member; and Julius Haas, with his Amati fiddle, the fourth.

IN 1850, Richard Grant White married Alexina Black Mease (1830-1921), the daughter of Charles Bruton Mease, of Charleston, S. C., and Sarah Mathilda Graham, and the sister of Mrs. Frances Mease Barrows, the "Aunt Fanny" whose children's stories—*Six Nightcaps* and *The Letter G*—once sold by the hundreds of thousands and in a half dozen translations. Alexina's grandfather, John Mease, emigrated from Houndsditch, England, after being declared a bankrupt. Her mother's father, John Graham, was a member of the family or clan, headed by the Duke of Montrose. His portrait by Waldo has been preserved—a dour Scotchman, with a long, stiff upper lip which his granddaughter inherited; but a learned man, a graduate of Edinburgh University, and later selected by Yale University and sent back to England to buy books for the library in New Haven.

The Grahams were long lived. Lawrence White, Stanford's son, can still remember going to Lakewood as a boy with a hundred American-beauty roses on the hundredth birthday of one of John Graham's daughters, a remarkable old lady who had been born before the death of Washington, and had danced with LaFayette.

The Mease family lived for a time in Charleston, S. C., but Alexina was born in New York City, July 4, 1830, though named after a certain Mr. Alexander Black, the owner of a large plantation near Charleston, which he had promised to leave to his namesake, and which she probably

would have inherited but for the Civil War which wiped out Mr. Black's fortune.

Alexina was one of eleven children, seven of whom died in infancy—herself, her sisters, Mrs. Barrows and Mrs. Fellows, and her brother Charles Graham Mease alone surviving. Though never beautiful, she was cultivated and charming, sharing her husband's interest in music and literature, writing a little and publishing in 1871 (over the name Alexina B. White) a volume of *Little Folks' Songs*, dedicated to R. M. W. and S. W., her sons.

After her husband's death in April, 1885, she—and later her brother Graham—went to live with her son Stanford. And she lived to be over ninety; yet, curiously enough, her hair never turned white, so that in later years she took to wearing a gray wig lest people should think that she had dyed her hair.

II

As though to herald a change in architectural tastes, the same year (1853) that witnessed the birth of Stanford White in New York City witnessed the death, in Paris, in his ninetieth year, of M. Fontaine, oldest member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and successively architect to Napoleon Bonaparte, Louis XVIII, Charles X and Louis Philippe . . . and, in New York, the death of John McComb, designer of New York's fine old City Hall. Excepting only Isaiah Rogers, who designed the old Customs House on Wall Street, McComb was the last survivor of that select company of architects to whom we owe the many excellences of our first independent efforts in public building. Bulfinch, Latrobe and Thornton were all dead. Such

architecture as appeared—after 1830 and before White's coming of age—was confined almost exclusively to Queen Anne cottages, brownstone fronts and the ornately decorated public buildings that were once the delight and are now the despair of all good Americans.

III

Stanford White was born on November 9th, into a world not greatly different from our own. The day previous there had been an election of state officers and members of the legislature; and that morning the newspapers were largely given over to a discussion of the returns. The Whigs, as usual, were claiming a victory. They always (so it seemed) triumphed during the first three days following an election—after which the Democrats took office. Franklin Pierce, a Democrat from Concord, N. H., was president; and down in Washington a Democratic Congress was about to meet and (as Democratic Congresses will) reduce the tariff. Already the moaning and groaning of the monopolists could be heard, even above the storm raised in Congress by a decision of Washington's hotel keepers to add 25% to their regular tariff of charges . . . during such time as Congress should be in session.

But politics was not alone in furnishing news. Liquor, then as now, found a place on the front pages. For example, in Portland, Maine, a dispute had already arisen concerning the merits of the recently enacted Maine law. John Neal and others were maintaining that the law tended to increase rather than check drunkenness. This the supporters of the law vigorously denied, issuing a proclama-

tion—signed, among others, by ten of the clergy and ex-Mayor Greeley—to the effect that the assertions of Neal were “most grossly and palpably false and erroneous.” Throughout the South and West liquor was looked upon with favor, as a necessity rather than as an intoxicant, particularly useful as a remedy for snakebite. Which, perhaps, explains the \$75,000 annually expended for hard liquors in Houston, Texas, then a town of about 3,000 population. For, perforce, all travellers on the Western plains must carry whiskey or rum in their first aid kits. In proof of the curative powers of the hard liquor then in use, it is only necessary to point to the success of Mr. S. T. Bailey of Macon, Ga., who, with great presence of mind, cured his slave boy of the bite of a copperhead moccasin. And it was a cure worth the making since, during the first fifty years of the century, slaves had risen in value from about fifteen hundred pounds of cotton to well over ten thousand pounds. Mr. Bailey simply forced his boy to swallow a pint of raw whiskey . . . himself meanwhile bathing the wound with hartshorn.

From abroad the news (in November, 1853) was equally interesting, particularly as it affected this country. Commodore Perry had already dispatched to the government in Washington, from his sidewheeler *Mississippi*, a detailed account of his first visit to Japan. Nearer home there were various schemes afoot for purchasing or seizing Cuba, with the understanding that a slave colony would be established there for the purpose of introducing slaves from Africa, under the name of “apprentices.” Later, perhaps, these same apprentices might be smuggled into New Orleans . . . if chance offered and all went well. From the Mexican border, so report had it, an unnamed military

officer had written to the Secretary of War that there was every prospect of continued peace with Mexico since the Mexican government, badly disorganized, would, in all probability, find it quite impossible to raise either the means or the men necessary to carry on a war against the United States. In any event, so this unnamed correspondent stated, Santa Anna would be shot, within the year, by his own people. Further south, interest centered upon Nicaragua where it was planned to construct a canal across Central America as a short cut to the gold fields of California whence, in 1848, five millions in gold had been shipped east, to be followed by forty millions in 1849, and fifty millions in 1850.

From overseas, from Rome, came reports of the alarming increase in size of Pope Pius IX. In fact, some said that His Holiness had been forced, somewhat against his will, to take up billiards, playing every day in the hope of reducing his girth. In England, a new iron yacht of 600 horse power was building for the Queen, though Prince Albert, her consort, had been scarce a year in his grave; and the widowed Queen—but already she was growing used to Mr. Disraeli, treating even his wife with marked kindness and respect.

In China, of course, there was rebellion, with the whole country in a state of anarchy, trade at a standstill, and Spanish dollars selling in Hongkong for six shillings and sixpence.

IV

There are two poems in *Little Folks' Songs* which tell us something of the appearance and interests of Stanford White as a child:—

STANFORD WHITE

MY BOY STANNIE

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?

Wee toddlin' mannie!

His e'e sae blue, his cheek sae red,

An old straw hat aboon his head,

All torn and tattered.

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?

Wee busy mannie!

Aye trottin' roun' the garden lot,

Wi' wheelbarrow, spade and waterin' pot,

All bent and battered.

O, have ye seen my boy Stannie?

Wee winsome mannie!

Beneath the ruin of his hat,

His honest face sae dimplin' fat,

Aye laughs wi' pleasure.

O, gin I find my boy Stannie,

Wee hungry mannie!

I'll gi' him bread and milk the best,

And sing him saftly to his rest,

My precious treasure!

The second I quote only in part:

STANNIE'S HIDING

Where is Stannie? Where can he be?

Where is he hiding away from me?

I've looked in the closet, and out on the stair,

Under the table, behind the big chair,

Inside the big clock that stands in the hall,
In every corner where a midget could crawl,
In the mouse-trap, and through my work box.
What can have become of the sly little fox?
Where is that scallawag? Where has he gone,
Leaving his poor mamma all forlorn?

I must send the crier all over town.
But—here he is, tucked under grandmamma's gown!
Now I've got him, the rogue, I must give him a shake,
Twenty good kisses . . . and a slice of plum cake!

v

Though born on Tenth Street, Stanford White spent the greater part of his early youth in an old colonial frame house, still standing, at Fort Hamilton, on the Narrows. In the summers, with his brother Richard, he would frequently visit his mother's sister, Mrs. Fellows, at her country place near Newburgh on the Hudson. From there he explored the surrounding countryside, with a sketch book under his arm. He early displayed his interest in, and a rare talent for, drawing. Later he took to making water color sketches; finally going so far as to emulate Turner and paint the sunset face to face. A number of his early sketches are reproduced in *Sketches and Designs by Stanford White*, edited by his son, Lawrence Grant White. They betray something of the influence of Turner and the Hudson River School, and display a nice sense of color, fine feeling and the sure touch of one who knows what he is about.

Later the family moved to Stuyvesant Square; and it was there that Richard Grant White revived his interest

in music making, and there that the string quartette used to meet. Mrs. White and her sister Mrs. Fellows both had beautiful voices, singing frequently in impromptu concerts. Writers, painters and musicians were constantly in and out of the house. So that—though their formal schooling was of the slightest—the two boys early acquired a wide knowledge and appreciation of music, literature, painting and others of the fine arts.

FROM earliest youth Stanford White dreamed of becoming a painter.¹ He knew that he could never write as well as his father did. He had been unable to secure training as a musician. But the sketches he made elicited praise. There was some hope for him as a painter. But it was not to be. His father, gifted in so many ways, had no gift for making money. The sons must get to work. And so—even before he could finish his schooling—Stanford was forced out into the world to earn a living.

First, of course, he must determine upon a means. He went to John La Farge for advice. La Farge was then in midcareer, though not yet established in public favor. Dark, with black hair and somewhat bulgy eyes, yet with a Gallic grace of carriage and a friendly smile, he received the young hopeful and urged him to abandon the brush. Recognition, he said, even to the best of artists, under the best of circumstances, comes slowly; and the rewards are few. A precarious hold upon public attention and gratitude—that is all.

White decided then and there that a career as a painter would be too uncertain. The regret occasioned by this decision finds an echo in a letter written, six years later, to his mother from Bruges under date of November, 1878:

The architecture and the old town are enough to set you wild, but when you add to these the pictures, all there is to do is to gasp for breath and die quietly. Here Hans

¹In later years it was often charged against him that—like Leonardo and Michelangelo—he was more painter than architect.

Memling and his school plied their handicraft; and in one hospital alone, besides the shrine of St. Ursula, there is a whole room crammed with pictures by him and them. Full of lovely faces, simple and quiet, and all modelled up in beautiful flesh tints without a shadow: hair that seems to blow in the wind, and green embroidered gowns that make the nails grow out of the ends of your fingers with pleasure. To think they have so many, and we have none; and that at Douai—a wretched little French town—there could be a portrait by Paul Veronese that nearly squeezed tears out of my eyes. To think that such a lovely thing could be done, and that I could not do it! And, above all, Raphael's wax head at Lille—the loveliest face ever conceived by man. Architecture seems but poor stuff compared with things like these. And yet when I go back to Paris and see the acres of bad painting there, I shall be very glad that I am an architect and not a painter.

II

It was decided, then, that White should become, if not an artist, at least an architect, architecture then being considered the lowliest of the professions, requiring neither great ability nor much schooling. There were no architectural schools. And so, in 1872, we find him in Boston, apprenticed as a draughtsman in the office of H. H. Richardson, the most important, and, by all odds, the most influential architect of the day. Indeed, no history of American civilization during the past hundred years can be written without a note on Richardson.

Henry Hobson Richardson was born September 29, 1838, on the same plantation where his mother had been born, in the parish of St. James', Louisiana. His father,

Henry Dickenson Richardson, had been a native of St. George's, Bermuda. His mother, Catherine Caroline Priestley, was a granddaughter of that Dr. Priestley who had found himself, in Stuart England, constantly embroiled in theological disputes and discussions because (as he said) he "saw reason to embrace what is generally called the heterodox side of things." Today he is chiefly remembered as the discoverer of oxygen.

Richardson, the eldest in a family of four, passed his youth in and around New Orleans. He learned to ride, and ride well, as a boy; and, with his father as tutor, he became an expert with the foils. Also from his father, he acquired a fondness for chess and could, blindfold, successfully carry on four or five games at the same time. From his mother he inherited a love for music, learning to play passably well on the flute. It had been intended that he should enter West Point, but an impediment in his speech rendered him unfit for military service. Therefore, after a year at the University of Louisiana, he went to Cambridge to prepare with a private tutor for Harvard.

"It is pleasant," one of his classmates said years later, "to go back and recall that slender companionable Southern lad, full of creole life and animation, rich and generous to a fault. In later years he became 'a good portly man and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage': but in those early days he was, as was Falstaff in the same period of life, 'not an eagle's talon in the waist.'"

Fond of the ladies, and generally considered the best dressed man in his class, he stood only moderately well in his studies; though well enough to prepare himself as a civil engineer, which profession he planned to follow after

a tour of Europe, and a year, possibly longer, to be spent as a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris.

In 1860, upon graduating from Harvard, he went to Paris to be admitted to the Beaux-Arts. There he applied himself and worked to some purpose, particularly after the Civil War wiped out the family fortunes, leaving him penniless. But it needed more than poverty to discourage Richardson; and very little to encourage him. He secured a place as draughtsman in the office of Labrousse, architect of the Bibliothèque Ste. Genevieve. He moved into a cold and cheerless attic, and continued his studies, becoming in time a leader among the students, joining in the street parades during the strike against Viollet-le-Duc. Arrested and thrown into jail, he was lodged in a private cell, with, as companion, a long-haired, somewhat strange, but nonetheless fascinating gentleman of enchanting conversational powers, Theophile Gautier.

With the Civil War ended, his brother urged him to return home, declaring that within five years he would be at the top of his profession.

But it was not until November, 1866, more than a year after his return, that he secured his first commission—won in competition, despite the opposition to an "unknown Southerner." He had been invited, with others, to submit designs for a Unitarian Church to be erected in Springfield, Mass. Unable, or unwilling, to wait quietly at home for word of his success or failure, he borrowed car-fare, went from New York to Springfield, and waited outside the door of the committee room. When they told him of his success, tears filled his eyes. "That's all I wanted," he said, "a chance." And a chance was all he needed. Within five years, he stood head and shoulders



CATHEDRAL TOWER, COUTANCES
Sketched by Stanford White

above every other man in his profession. And even today his work must be reckoned with. It is so large and simple, so far removed from the petty and complicated patterns then in vogue. Like fortresses, his churches and warehouses, his jails and libraries withstand the siege of time. They are sturdy, even a little forbidding; but they did much to re-establish architecture as an art.

Yet men admired and backed Richardson more for what he was then for what he was capable of doing. "Fez," they called him. And La Farge tells us that "like many other great men, he was a mighty eater and drinker—a pitcher of milk, a pitcher of champagne, a pitcher of water . . . everything was done on a large scale . . . and his work was of that kind."

A view of the later Richardson is presented by the sculptor St. Gaudens in his *Reminiscences*:—

Richardson was an extraordinary man. Indeed, it would require a Rabelais to do justice to his unusual power and character. He had an enormous girth, and a halt in his speech, which made the words that followed come out in a series of explosions. The walls of his dining-room he had painted blood-red. It had a low ceiling, and a magnificent oval, black-oak table. To dine with him, with his round-faced expectant children sitting about the table, and charming Mrs. Richardson opposite, furnished the guest with a picture and an honor not to be forgotten. Richardson wore a brilliant yellow waistcoat, and his appetite was in full harmony with his proportions. I have been told that although afflicted with a trouble for which he was absolutely prohibited stimulants, he once drank a quart of black coffee when on his way to Pittsburgh, in order to be in good condition when he met the committee to arrange for the build-

ing of that masterpiece, the Jail and Court House. At any rate whenever I visited Brookline, where he lived, he would say before dinner: "S-S-Saint-G-G-Gaudens, ordinarily I lead a life of a-abstinence, but tonight I am going to break my rule to celebrate your visit. You come so rarely." He would thereupon order a magnum of champagne, which, as none of the family drank it, had to be finished by him and me. Unfortunately, I am very moderate in such matters, and the result was the consumption of virtually the whole magnum by my good friend. This had to be accompanied by cheese, which was also proscribed by the doctor, and which he nonetheless ate in enormous quantities. The proceeding doubtless occurred every night, as he always arranged to bring home a guest.

III

It was in Richardson's office that White met Charles Follen McKim. Following his graduation from Harvard with the class of 1869, McKim had gone to Paris to study at the Beaux-Arts; but the Franco-Prussian War sent him scurrying home again in 1870. The question then arose: Where to locate and enter upon the practice of his chosen profession, architecture? In Philadelphia, as his father pointed out, Charles was popular. A member of the Young America Cricket Team, an experienced skater—he could, with one impulse, cut the figure 8 eight times—his career at Harvard, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and in the Bois de Boulogne, had been watched with the liveliest interest. Should he decide to hang out his shingle in Philadelphia, he could count upon active social and professional support from his friends—and from the many high-placed friends

of his family: the Garrisons, the Villards, James Russell Lowell, William Dean Howells and who not. Frank Furness, one of the first architects in the city (whose most recent successes were the Tom McKean house and the conversion of the Market House into the Mercantile Library) wanted McKim to come into his office. But, as the elder McKim pointed out, as between Philadelphia and New York—well, one is in the provinces, and the other is a great metropolitan city. Charles decided upon the city.

With his sketches under his arm, he sallied forth to find work in the office of some New York architect. Among others he called upon Richardson who received him gladly, but: "My d-d-dear fe-fellow, I haven't a thing in my office for my one and only d-d-draughtsman to do. However, we are in the competition for the Brattle Square Church in Boston; and if we win I'll take you on."

Richardson was as good as—indeed, even better than—his word. The award was not made until June, at which time McKim had been for more than a month in charge of drawings in the office of Gambrill and Richardson, then at No. 6 Hanover Street in New York City. The salary was eight dollars a week. McKim was twenty-three, and supremely happy—not only happy but fortunate, for he came naturally under the influence of Richardson's powerful and winning personality, learning much, experiencing more, being particularly attracted by the then novel doctrine which Richardson was preaching with such fine force: architecture is, if not the chief, certainly one of the most important of the fine arts, and must be practised as an art . . . not as a trade or a profession.

McKim had been with Richardson a year and a half

when Prescott Hall Butler, his classmate at Harvard, employed him to design a modest residence at St. James, Long Island, as a home for Butler and his bride, Miss Cornelia Smith, a daughter of Judge J. Lawrence Smith of Smithtown.² (Twelve years later Stanford White married Miss Cornelia's youngest sister.) Other small commissions followed. Whereupon Charles (as he later related) began to look upon himself as a full-fledged architect. He rented desk room in a small private office adjoining the Richardson offices, and had printed his first card, bearing the legend: "Charles McKim, architect, with Gambriel and Richardson." But he did not entirely give up the Richardson work until after Richardson removed to Boston, at which time he had already worked over the preliminary drawings for Trinity Church. However, it so happened that the designs for Trinity Church had to be entirely restudied. Nothing remained but the plan. And whatever of McKim had found expression in the original drawings was now lost. White—who had been working under McKim—was put in charge of the drawings, directly under Richardson.

Richardson was then at the zenith of his powers, a titan in body and mind, throned in his home at Brookline, whither eager clients flocked to wait for an audience with the master. White, no less than McKim, came under the spell of his persuasive personality. Indeed, it was impossible to withhold one's admiration—and White did not try.

² Of the family of Bull Smiths. The first Smith to emigrate to the United States (so the story goes) was set upon a wild bull by the Indians and told that they would present him with all the land he could ride around. Being a determined person, Smith stuck from dawn to dusk—and rode around the considerable tract that is now Smithtown.

For the next twelve years he thought and worked in the free, rugged and sometimes forbidding style which Richardson, by force of will, had imposed upon American architecture.

IV

In Glenn Brown's *Memories*, 1860-1930, we catch a glimpse of White the draughtsman on a visit to one of Richardson's buildings in Hartford, Conn.:

I was clerk of works on the Cheney Building at the time; and although White was not the noted architect he later became, yet his appearance and manner produced a lasting impression on my mind. He came into the clerk's office, tall, lank, red-haired, freckle-faced, with interest and enthusiasm expressed in every feature and movement. He wanted to see the building, and after a rapid survey of the exterior, left me to make his way to the roof. In a short time he returned all excitement. He wanted paper, a board and water colors. 'There's a beautiful sunset,' he said, 'so bully that I want to get it down.' Fortunately I was able to give him just the materials he needed. He hurried off; but in less than an hour came back rejoicing over the beauties he had caught in a very effective sketch, with the stone of one of the corner pinnacles in the foreground. I shall never forget his enthusiasm, his quick grasp of the beauties of a commonplace sense, his facility with brush and pencil.

Stanford White lived adventurously, his eyes open to the beauties and humors of existence. Something of this is expressed in the letters written to his mother during the Richardson years:

Parker House, Boston

October 29, 1872

10:30 P. M.

Through the goodness of Providence, here I am—with an oversized knee and the influenza. But whether I am to thank Providence or the railway time table, I don't know. Certainly to one or the other I owe my bunged-up nose and banged-up knee. Which, being translated into the mother tongue, means that having started at eight in the morning from Aunt Laura's [at Newburgh on the Hudson] I arrived in Boston in the long-to-be-remembered time of 28 hours 4½ minutes. Truly this is an age of progress and refinement! Having wept over the glories of the Catskills, and gone with hysterics over the high pitched roofs of Albany, I took my seat in the Boston train, with the pleasant prospect of arriving in time for a good supper and a good night's sleep. Behold the vanity of human aspirations! Fortune willed that a cattle train (our train being behind time) should start five minutes ahead of us from a place called Chester—at which place there is a trestle bridge, one of the wonders of modern civilization, but nonetheless subject to nature's laws. So that—whether it be of wood and iron or iron alone—when a hot day and a cold night occur during the same 24 hours, an unequal expansion occurs, sometimes with disastrous consequences. Which having occurred, and the unfortunate cattle train having started instead of ourselves, the cattle train fell through—that is, that part of it which could conveniently get onto the bridge. That part which was behind tumbled in after. That part which was before jumped the track and went wandering off into the country.

Of course, our train could not go on. After waiting two hours, with the prospect of waiting two days, it was decided to transfer us to a train on the opposite side of the

bridge. We had to walk about a quarter of a mile in the dark. I and my seat-fellow offered our services to a party of ladies, he carrying the baby and I escorting the ladies—the best part of the bargain, you would have thought, they all being pretty. But wait. Having lifted them all down (it being about 4 ft. from the car-step to the ground) I volunteered to carry the youngest girl over what appeared to be a small puddle—that lengthened out to over 300 paces. Now it was very pleasant for the first hundred—but the last two hundred—my shoulder doth cry out against it even now. And I had no reward, for she (being of the tender age of 15) was so shy that she kept clear of me—and she weighed enough for 20.

When we reached the other station what a sight met our eyes! And that sight continued before our eyes during the seven hours that we waited for our train. Liberated and maddened steers plunging, women screaming, trains going, and I catching cold—all at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

Gracious me, there goes eleven o'clock!

Well, the result of it was that after getting off the track twice—during which performances I received my bruised knee—I arrived in Boston—as ever your dutiful son,

S. W.

Again to his mother:—

Boston, Mass., February 22, '73

I begin to think that it is my fate to have neither peace of mind nor quiet of body; & both are, I believe, quite necessary to man's happiness. Shirts—clean ones, that is—are also necessary. I have none. Yet I feel quite happy, being the contented possessor of a flag of a necktie which I purchased both to honor Washington and to hide my uncleanly linen. Now don't get excited; and please don't send me any clothes, for whatever is left of me—after the

accidents which usually occur between here and Albany—will be in Buffalo Wednesday morning 12:30. Sweet hour to arrive—with the probable thermometer at zero! Of course, this may be the pessimism of a fevered imagination—probably is; for (thanks to Richardson and his committees) I feel as if I had been standing on my head all week. Or mayhap it is the champagne which, untetotal-like, being depressed, I drank for dinner.

However, if you don't get another note from me, consider me in my right mind. How Richardson can be, I can't tell; for, setting aside all brandies, gins, wines, and cigars, he seems to subsist chiefly on boiled tripe which he insists upon calling the "entrails of a cow."

Tell Uncle Graham to read Ruskin more, and the newspapers less, and he'll get some reasonable idea of political economy. Give my love to Father and Dick. A thousand kisses for yourself.

S. W.

Again to his mother:—

Buffalo, Thursday noon

To think that after insuring my life for \$3,000, here I am all safe. It's disgraceful. I came pretty near it tho. Left Boston in the beastliest sleeping car it has been my lot to inhabit. The train was composed of one car and the engine. We were about half way to Albany when the engine burst a piston, and a fat woman opposite began to kick up such a hullabaloo that I couldn't get to sleep until past daylight. I then took the Pacific Express and arrived here at 1 A. M. in an awful state of being. I propose to do the Falls, or as much of them as can be did in two hours—so if you don't hear any more of me, just remember that the number of my insurance ticket is 419 agent 340. If Mr. Richardson doesn't join me, I shall be bankrupt, so if I telegraph just

send a check and I'll pay it back as soon as I get home—Wednesday or Saturday.

My dear mother, thank you for all the trouble you have taken. I am sure that if I ever get a wife who will take half the care of me that you have I shall consider myself lucky. But you must not mind my being silent and moody and cross. Some day or other I will tell you why. Good-by. Keep in good spirits.

Aff'ly,
S.

Again to his mother:—

Albany, N. Y.

Misery, wretchedness, ennui and the devil—I've got to spend another evening in Albany. Of all miserable, wretched, second-class, one-horse towns, this is the most miserable—not even a church fair, a dance or a saloon to go to. I went once to see Fechter in *Monte Cristo*—aha! thunders! murder! fire! bloody murder! you must die! your hour has come! you're a dead man! one! two!! three!!!

—curtain

Then I went a second time to see Fechter in *Monte Cristo*—and before I'd go see Fechter in *Monte Cristo* again I'd be spitted and roasted alive. Heigh-ho! I wish I were home a-hugging you.

Give my love to all,
STAN.

Again to his mother:—

Brookline, Sunday morning

I find I am in for another week here—of good hard work too, I suppose—the which I don't mind if I be let alone.

We've been a whole week preparing for work—organizing, Mr. R. calls it—and nothing done. Heigh-ho.

Patience is a virtue, I believe. I wish I was—patient, I mean—virtue would then come in good time. At least, that's the way I look at it. I suppose you think that patience would come with virtue. My dear mother, you never were so mistaken in all your life. Besides I don't mean that kind of virtue.

But to return to my mutterings. I was going to say that if I didn't have to work so hard and didn't want to get home, I should like to stay here all—well, at least until I had sketched half a dozen old houses, as many bends in the roads, and painted a valley at sunset—such a little valley—jingo—talk about the pastoral symphony.

A Dell

Where two meandering brooks do meet,
Lapping the stones that line the velvet swards,
Their joyful gurgling mingling with the rustling leaves.
The arching trees to mammoth heights are grown,
Tossing their heads about,
While underneath like sentinels there stand
The slender trunks, companions of my solitude.

Over the hills and far away
Now sinks the King of Day to rest,
Over the hills and far away
Now wings the restful bird to nest.
Go, weary soul, go far away
Beyond the hills, behind the hills,
Sink with the sun till it meets the night,
Till it meets the night so dark and drear—

Then rise with the stars and soar, O soul,
Then sit with the stars . . .

Devil! no more paper.

Ever thine,
S. W.

CHAPTER VI THE BEGINNINGS OF HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH ST. GAUDENS

WHITE was fortunate. This country was then passing through the most depraved period in its history—the graft-ridden, cigar-reeking, weak-kneed administrations of Grant and Hayes. Jay Gould had already come by his title, the "Skunk of Wall Street." Jim Fiske, his partner in looting the Erie, had but lately been laid to rest. In Sing Sing, Boss Tweed was protesting his innocence, vowing that he never intended to rob the taxpayers. It was a time of panic for decent men and women. The courts were maintained primarily as a means whereby the ruthless could oppress the weak. A continent was being parcelled out, criss-crossed with railroads, dotted with labor-sweating mills and factories. There was work to be done, some of it dirty work; and men took pride in doing it . . . more particularly when it was dirty.

White, however, knew little or nothing of all this. Thanks to the concentration of Richardson, he saw nothing, cared for nothing, except the arts, and, chief among them, the sturdy and absorbing art of architecture. John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens, Francis Lathrop, Frank Millet, George Maynard and a dozen others had lately joined with Richardson, McKim and White in the construction and decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, that first masterpiece of the Romanesque in America.

II

The friendship between Stanford White and Augustus St. Gaudens—a friendship that was to last out their lives

—dated from the day when they first met in St. Gaudens' studio in the German Savings Bank Building, on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, in New York City, some time during the years 1875-1877. Of this meeting St. Gaudens has written:

To me, by I don't know whom, were brought a couple of redheads who have been inexplicably mixed up in my life ever since. I speak of Stanford White and Charles F. McKim. White was drawn to me one day as he ascended the German Savings Bank stairs by hearing me bawl the *Andante* of the Seventh Beethoven Symphony and *The Serenade* from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. He was a great lover of music. I gave a false impression, for my own knowledge came only from having heard the *Andante* from Le-Breton ten or fifteen years before, and the *Serenade* from a howling Frenchman in the Beaux-Arts who could shout even louder than I, and sang it in a singularly devilish way.

McKim he met later—probably in Boston, where, says St. Gaudens, they established a common interest in their devouring passion for ice cream.

III

In Boston, St. Gaudens, working under La Farge, painted the figure of St. Paul on one side of the chancel arch in Trinity Church. But St. Gaudens was not, of course, primarily a painter. He was the first of American sculptors—though born in Dublin of an Irish mother and a French father. Before him American sculpture had been smooth and lifeless. With him it assumed dignity. Our neo-classicists had been content to borrow from the French. They were in bondage to Italy. St. Gaudens set them free.

He taught them how to think plastically. He did more. With Stanford White he evolved a new style of monumental pedestal, which remains, to this day, our most important contribution to the sculptor's art. He realized that these United States were somehow different, that there was (for example) in Lincoln a certain majesty not to be found among the kings and emperors of Europe. He determined to seek out that majesty and give it permanent form. For he had a great respect for America and American traditions. He even respected American conventions—as witness, his almost complete avoidance of the nude, the quiet dignity of his statue of Deacon Chapin at Springfield, Mass., and the reverence of the Shaw memorial in Boston. In fact, it is probable that a fine regard for others, restraint, sobriety and ease are the chief characteristics of his genius; though his most distinguishing talent was the ability to pour life into the most static of his figures—the Adams Memorial in Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, the seated Lincoln in Chicago or the Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh . . . for all of which White designed the architecture.

But why catalogue his virtues? Here was a man who could (and did) make even the modern masculine costume seem tolerable, who could clothe the frock-coated with grace, who loved New Hampshire and built his house there because the countryside was peopled with Lincoln-shaped men—and he loved Lincoln. His work is without trickery, without deceit, kindly and simple.

St. Gaudens, notoriously hard to please, would keep a monument under his hand for months and years—forever if need be. In 1884, for example, he undertook a memorial to Robert Gould Shaw to be erected in Boston. He expected to

complete the work within a few months, or a year at most. It was thirteen years later that the silently marching negro troops, with their grave young commander, were unveiled.

Harrison Smith Morris, art editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells of a time when W. L. Taylor, the illustrator, sat for a portrait bust by St. Gaudens . . . sat and sat and sat, long and often, day after day. Progress was slow. St. Gaudens would touch the clay here and there, step back to survey the general effect, move forward or to one side, silent and apprehensive. Taylor, patient and uncomplaining, himself a slow and painstaking workman, made no comment. Then, of a sudden, after many days, St. Gaudens looked towards Taylor with surprise. "Why," he said, pointing to the bust, "it is finished." Taylor got down from the model's chair. He crossed the studio to St. Gaudens' side: "Why—so it is." And indeed it was.

Another characteristic story is told by John Boyle who did the Franklin in front of the Philadelphia Post Office. St. Gaudens used to employ boys to help about his studio. Sometimes, and, indeed, quite often, he would find himself unable to pay them. They must wait until things picked up. But sometimes they could not wait; and then—to tide over their necessity—they would take St. Gaudens' medals and pawn them.¹ When the cash came in, and after St. Gaudens had paid them their wages, they would redeem the medals and put them back in the trays where they belonged. But St. Gaudens, always careless in matters of money, knew nothing of all this.

Fortunately White was not so careless. He could not and did not save money, but it was always possible to appeal

¹ Dewing—as often pressed for money as was St. Gaudens—did even better . . . converting his medals into gold and cashing them at the Bank of Manhattan.

to him for a loan. I have seen a dozen notes similar in tone and content to this one, dated Thursday:

DEAR STANNY:

How does \$150 strike you? For a month. I'm in one of my periodic busts. It may be less, perhaps two weeks. If you can't, Amen. I'll see you Sunday, *je suppose*.

IV

In 1877, St. Gaudens left the United States for a stay of three years in Europe. The next year White—having succeeded in saving a few hundred dollars from his earnings in Richardson's office—set out to join his friend in Paris. But before that, between 1877 and 1878, there passed between White and St. Gaudens the first of the hundreds of letters they were to write to each other. These first letters are concerned chiefly with two commissions under which White designed the architecture for St. Gaudens' statue of Robert Richard Randall, and for the tomb erected in Hartford, Conn., by Governor Morgan.

Under date of March, 1878, St. Gaudens wrote from Piazza Barberini, Italy:—

MY DEAR WHITE:

I am more sorry than I can express, etc., etc. The fact is, I believe, all of us architects, musicians, painters, sculptors, even the meanest of us, have a bit of La Farge—viz., the wildest order in letter writing. Of course, I ought to be punched, knocked against a wall, thrown off the New York Post Office flagstaff, or what's worse, made to remain in one of the offices there trying to sustain one of Miller's partitions. I know it. I know it all, I say, and you needn't be so savage about it!

You would have received this letter ten days sooner if my friend Mr. Fever had not come to pay me a two weeks' visit. He was very attentive; and although I am not fond of him, made faces at him and gave him foul things to swallow, still he stuck. I tried to get rid of him, by going up to the mountains; still he followed. But I guess he's tired now, for he only comes in for a short spell every night. All of which will explain why I am going to pass six months in Paris. If your love is deep and pure, address your letters in the future, care of Munroe & Company, 7 Rue Scribe, Paris.

I've been pegging away at my Farragut, but it's a hard tug with our infernal modern dress. When you come over I want to talk with you about the pedestal.

Yours,

ST. GAUDENS.

In May, White wrote from 118 East Tenth Street, in New York City: —

Oh, most illustrious of the illustrious, I scent a big job for thee. I have just been paying a last and final visit to the abode of the Great Mogul (H. H. Richardson) at Brookline, and there tackled the Albany Senate Chamber, and between us I think we have cooked up something pretty decent. It suddenly struck me, as I am happy to say it struck him, that it would be a good thing to let a certain feller called St. Gaudens loose on the walls. This is no exaggeration: "loose" is decidedly the word to use. There are about one hundred and fifty feet by twenty feet of decorative arabesque, foliage and the like, and work in panels, after the manner of the St. Thomas' panels. There are two marble friezes in the fireplaces; and one damn big panel for figures—Washington crossing the Delaware or cutting down a cherry tree—about forty feet by eight feet, also in

colored cement, and a lot of little bits beside. The whole room is to be a piece of color, Egyptian marbles, your colored relief work and mosaic. If you do get it you will have a chance to immortalize yourself like Giotto or Michelangelo.

I suppose Richardson will write you, and that "you must give a very reasonable estimate," and that "you will have a chance that you will never get again," etc., etc. I should advise one thing: if any arrangement is made, that you insist (except, of course, in general direction) on not being interfered with by Richardson or any one too much.

I will write before I sail for Europe, and I may ask you to look up a cheap room in the fifth story of some building. You must help me to avoid being fleeced when I first get there. Indeed, I mean to test your friendship by boring you a good deal in many ways.

I do hope that you get the Senate Chamber. My only sorrow is that I will not be there to apprentice myself under you and learn something about decent art.

Ever yours,
S. W.

A while later White wrote again:—

118 East Tenth St., New York

MY DEAR ST. GAUDENS:

Who do you think now has your letter? Mr. Gilder. Mrs. Gilder heard I had a long letter from you and immediately desired my acquaintance. Oh—but isn't she lovely? Isn't he perfectly charming and sweet? She has given me a photograph of her baby, which I am to deliver to you in person. Had she but given me one of herself I should have been perfectly happy.

I hope you will let me help you on the Farragut pedestal.

Then I shall go down to fame (even if it is bad), reviled for making a poor base to a good statue.

Did Richardson write you about the Albany matter? I am afraid it has gone to grass. I haven't seen him since.

I sail on the 18th of June, unless something happens—something always does.

Good-by!

(Signed by White's caricature)

The Mrs. Gilder referred to above was the wife of Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*. At that time, Mrs. Gilder was absorbed in painting, and, with her husband, affected a great interest in the business of resurrecting art and architecture from the slough into which she supposed them to have fallen.

White wrote again:

DEAR ST. GAUDENS:

Enclosed you will find a very rough and a very bad sketch traced from a hasty finished drawing of Morgan's tomb—the Honorable Morgan, I should say. He has accepted it and wishes us to go right ahead—you to start to work the minute you get to Paris. Oh, he is a most Honorable gent, indeed! He had gouged me out of half of my commission. Confound the man! The commission always charged on monumental work is from ten to twenty-five per cent, according to the size and cost of the work. He said that he wouldn't give more than five per cent to any man, etc. My inclination was to pick up my hat and bid him good morning, but I remembered that I was poor and young and had run into debt to get abroad and that it might interfere with you. So I told him that I would think over the matter—which I did—swallowed my pride and

accepted five per cent, not on the total cost of the monument, but on the cost minus your work.

Now, my dear boy, I am afraid I have given you too much work for your shilling: but in case I have not and you make a respectable profit, I may ask you to give me a hundred or two dollars because I shall have to superintend the putting up of your work and because my first sketch included the whole thing. But in case Morgan is as hard on you as he is on me, why we will grin and bear it together. Though in no case will I listen to you paying me anything unless you make a little pile yourself.

However, I may get into a row with Morgan before I leave and the tomb may go up too; but I will try not.

(Signed by White's caricature)

The Morgan Tomb was not their only venture. There was also the Robert Richard Randall statue, for Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, referred to in the note that follows:

% H. H. Richardson,
57 Broadway, New York
November 2, 1877

DEAR GAUDENS:

I think the Morgan angels splendid. Look out you don't get them too picturesque. I think the tree trunk should be much thicker, especially at the base.

You tell me to wait before seeing Dr. Dix until your design for the Randall Statue comes. Why in Hell don't you send it? In awful haste.

Thine lovingly,
S. W.

Just before sailing on his long-planned tour of Europe, White wrote from New York under date of June 21, 1878:

DEAR ST. GAUDENS:

It is like you to offer me a bunk. Do you think I would inflict myself upon you? We shall see. I have been working like Hell and Damnation, and have just been able to finish the drawings and put them in such a state that contracts can be taken on them. They are at present estimating and it will take a week before they are in. So you see I have had to put off my passage, and I now sail on the French steamer, *Periere*, on Wednesday, July 3d. Who do you think is coming with me? Even McKim. I am tickled to death. He is coming over for but a six weeks' trip, but it is still perfectly jolly. We will land at Havre and take the express train for Paris, and so will arrive there (I suppose) about the 15th or 16th. I will pay my respects to you immediately.

I have come to the conclusion—and I feel almost sure that you will too—that eight figures will be too much for the Morgan monument. So my present idea is: At the front, put four figures of angels, well in relief, or put a figure in between the two in relief; but on the sides and back arrange some conventional foliage or flowers. It would give it more dignity, and a center of interest which the mere fringe of angels would not have. However, all this is your work and for you and you only to decide; and I am going to impress the same on Morgan.

(Signed by White's caricature)

There was, as you can see, a lot of fussing over the Morgan angels. Yet, when finally completed and sent to the cemetery to be cut on the spot, they were destined merely to furnish fuel for the first of that series of fires which has destroyed so much of St. Gaudens' work.

HAVING promised to write regularly and so keep his family fully informed as to his doings and his thoughts, White sailed and mailed from Havre the first of his letters home, a complete journal of the voyage over, addressed to his mother:—

Out of sight of land, July 3rd, 1878

The last signs of "mine own countrie" passed away without emotion on my part as I was engaged in guzzling seltzer water with McKim in the *salle à manger*, and came up on deck to find only the limitless ocean for an horizon.

The weather is perfect. The vessel runs on an even keel. McKim and I are in splendid stomach and spirits; and what time we are not eating the manifold meals they provide, we drink your health in seltzer, (also Tarrant), vichy, soda, *vin rouge*, champagne, cognac and *chartreuse verte*.

Speaking of "Tarrant," a callow and dyspeptic looking Yankee came up while we were enjoying our bottle and with a preface that he was "looking for a purgative," offered to buy ours at a "high price." It suffices to say that we referred him to the ship's doctor. He has not been heard from since. I presume the compound cathartic was too much for him.

We passed the *Amérique* inward bound just opposite the Forts. There was immediately tremendous commotion aboard. Two bowsmen, and at least twenty passengers, made an endeavor to signal her—which effort was entirely frustrated by the total loss of the halyards amidst a frightful amount of cursing and swearing.

No one could wish a better ship. She is a fine vessel and very fast, bouncing along at the rate of 15 knots an hour. The Captain is a thorough gentleman and (I am sure) sailor. He is quiet even to sternness. The first officer likewise; and the purser jolly and handsome. The crew might be better; and as for the passengers—good God!

July 4th, '78

We were aroused this morning by the most frightful noise and commotion. I sprang out of bed, and without waiting for Charley, was rushing wildly on deck in my shirt tail, under the impression that all was lost, when stopped by a pretty *femme de chambre* who calmed my fears and informed me that it was only a salute in honor of the day.

"My dear," said I, "you could not have suggested a thing more to my mind—*permettez moi?*"

"*Non! Non! Monsieur! Mon Dieu! Votre costume!*"

Suddenly I became aware of my shirt tail, and rushed as frantically back as I had out—to find McKim adjusting a life preserver to his body, and wanting to know what in H—I was the matter. It will take us some time to become accustomed to French methods of handling a ship.

We are having a run of beautiful weather. There is no motion whatever. And McKim is in the highest spirits over his freedom from sickness. The passengers are, briefly, McKim and myself. The rest don't matter. But let me make exceptions in the persons of the Archbishop of Sydney and his assistant Monsieur l'Abbé. The Archbishop is like one of Holbein's prelates—round, fat, jolly and sleek, with a soft eye and small mouth and benignant smile. His hair is white as snow. I am sure his life also. His assistant is an entirely different type of man who—though he eats and drinks as heartily as any of us—has evidently lived a life of self-abnegation, and a happy one. He is very tall and slim,

with an intensely intellectual face. The contrast between them is amusing.

Alas, they can speak but little English. Monsieur l'Abbé greets me in the morning with "Ah!" how you is—*très bien?* How you sleep?"

McKim, by the way, is a low brute. He engages in conversation with all the passengers and leaves me to starve because I dare not ask for anything in bad French—and not a damn waiter understands English. *Tiens*—the laugh will come on him as soon as we strike rough weather.

July 5th

Somewhat of a sea today, but still hardly enough to speak of. Nothing, however, will assure the ladies on board that death is not near at hand.

July 6th

Fourth day—wind dead already—sky overcast—pitching somewhat—have just run into the Banks. Heretofore have worn summer clothes and no overcoat, and slept under nothing. Now I am the only one without an overcoat. . . .

Great heavens!!—

—I've just returned from deck where they are blowing something they call a fog syren. To such a blast must the souls of the damned be awakened to eternal torture. It puts an end to this.—

July 7th

Steward! *Garçon!! Garçon!!! Dépêchez-vous!!!! Vite!*
G——! d——! *s'a priste!* ugh!! u-gh!!!!

Last night about 1 o'clock the vessel commenced pitching most violently, and the howl of the sick rose as one and would not be hushed. I heeded them not, but bent all my energies to keeping myself from being pitched out of my

berth, and have so far succeeded that I am writing this after breakfast. However, it is too hard work, so I will wait until tomorrow—if the ship is still floating.

Yesterday

We are in what sailors call the Devil's Hole, and a devil of a hole it is too. But the sailors say this is only "fresh" weather. The sea really is not heavy, but direct abeam; and consequently we bob about on the trough of the sea in an appalling manner.

The racks have been up since yesterday, but they do not prevent soup, wine and dishes from occasionally landing in our laps.

The sea rises at times 15 feet higher than our vessel; but as yet we have shipped only two of them as the wind is dead astern, having changed about midday yesterday—otherwise we should all be dead men.

I have had but two hours sleep in the last 48. Spent last night in the smoking room as we are all battened down and the air in our state room is intolerable.

McKim, since yesterday, has been past a joke. He assumed the attitude here depicted (sketch of McKim, with his head in his hands, leaning most dejectedly forward in his chair) early in the morning, and only left it late at night to go to bed, with the exception of most copious communion with Neptune. Once while he was dragging out his existence, the second officer passed.

"Monsieur," said McKim, "do you think this sort of thing will continue?"

"No," said the officer, "it is very fine now; but it cannot continue."

Immediate collapse of McKim—to be brought to only with unstinted applications of chloral mixture, prescribed by the doctor to whom I had at once appealed.

Monday

Storm abating. McKim picking up. Good night.

Tuesday

It is my turn now—not sea sickness—I think I took cold.

Wednesday

All right again. One week at sea and getting pretty tired of it. The port holes have been closed for three days; the air in the staterooms is noisome: there's nothing to write about—except the passengers.

The old Bishop and M. l'Abbé I told you about. At my left sits an old French woman who is a very pleasant and jolly companion, and once must have been howling pretty. She will say anything, and is willing to have anything said to her. At my right, a German with a big nose; McKim opposite the French lady; and M. l'Abbé opposite me.

One could write a book on the ship's company.

There's an assortment of Cook's Tourists who—what time they are not throwing up—violently endeavor to learn French. They are in tow of a professor who alternately teaches them French and gives unattended lectures to the passengers. His name is Professor Narcisse Cyer; and he is a great donkey. Indeed, the genus ass has too many varieties aboard to describe them all. The man (Lyons by name) who was "on the lookout for a purgative" exceeds them all. He mauls the French language most horribly, carries 16 pocket dictionaries; and when he can get no one to talk to, like Demosthenes on the beach, he spouts French to the sea and answers himself back again.

And then—oh then!—there is a man, an old man, hot from Noah's ark, who has never been outside of Massachusetts, who heretofore has never had any yearnings but for beans and more beans. What in the name of goodness should

have put it into this old man's head that he must take a trip to Paris and the Alps beats the Dutch and us too. He is one of Cook's tourists, and the most ardent student of French; but as yet he has mastered only one phrase: *tres bien*.—Yet no matter at what hour you get up or what hour you go to bed, you see him poring over his books. He follows the professor like a shadow and is his most promising student. The rig that he gets himself up in is beyond description.

(Here follow two sketches of the old man—a full length from memory, and a head from life.)

An old army forage cap, a shawl twice too big for him, and a shamble like a sick cow. He is the butt of the whole ship's company. They fire questions at him in French until he is nearly wild.—But enough of this.

I have made some good friends. The Pollacks and Duncans of Washington and New York—very nice people. And there are three pretty Spanish girls aboard; but, alas, they speak only their own tongue.

We sight land tomorrow; and land the night after if all goes well.

Tuesday

Hooray, old England on our lee—bless her!

Later

We have just taken on our French pilot and—ha! ha!—some fresh mackerel. Shall not sight France until dark. Arrive around midnight. Dinner in Paris tomorrow. Must post this immediately on landing, so goodbye. Love to all and a thousand kisses for my dear Mamma.

As was to be expected, the first week spent with McKim and St. Gaudens in Paris was full of excitement and interest—as told in White's letters:

July 18th, 1878

I am at present domiciled in the sky parlor of a very pleasant "tinnement" in the Latin Quarter, No. 1 Rue Fleurus. We overlook the palace and gardens of the Luxembourg, and most beautiful gardens they are too—certainly the most beautiful I have ever seen. Indeed, in all Paris, we could not wish for a better situation. We have a large and a small bedroom, hall, etc., for which we pay 30 francs a week.

One's impressions of Paris are so varied that it would be next to impossible to sift them down into one or two sentences. So far I have seen but little to dislike, and much about which to go into wild admiration. It meets every expectation, save *Bals de Nuit*.

I have been going on one continuous bum ever since I got here; and it must be a dispensation of providence that gives me a moment to write this letter. McKim is prancing up and down impatiently in the next room—which forces me to be as short as possible.

Briefly then: we are both in good health and spirits, are satisfied with everything and everybody, and are generally having as good a time as it is possible for us to have—with this exception: we are both horribly virtuous, so far.

We landed in Havre Saturday morning in a hard rain which very kindly stopped before we started for breakfast.

Oh, such a breakfast! Our long sea voyage had tuned our appetite to the key of fresh fish, green vegetables and fruit; and we played upon it to purpose. Nothing ever tasted so good before.

We took breakfast and came on to Paris with the Duncans and Pollacks—with whom we are now fast and intimate friends. The journey to Paris was delightful beyond description, but we were so tired we could not enjoy it. Arrived in Paris at half past four and went to the Hotel Corneille.

S. W.

Paris, July 20, '78

To take up the thread of my discourse. We went first to the Hotel Corneille Saturday afternoon, and took rooms at the enormous rate of 2 F. 50 c per diem a head. Not a good hotel, but one of the best in the Latin Quarter. Then—after arranging ourselves—we went to dinner at Foyot's, the crack restaurant of the student quarter and one of the best in Paris. It may have been that my appetite was keen and sharpened as aforesaid by ten days of steamer fare, but all the grub that I had ever eaten before seemed but poor stuff to this. We had soup, fish, *filet aux pommes*, *petit pois*, salad, cheese, strawberries, coffee and wine, at a cost of 6 F. 50 apiece. We then took a long bath at a public bath house. We had the water changed two or three times, and left behind about a quarter of an inch of ourselves. It was too late to do any bumming, so (being very tired) we wisely went to bed.

Yesterday (Saturday) closed my first week in Paris. It would be useless to attempt to describe what I did, saw and thought. Impressions, comparisons, how I liked this (and mostly I did) and didn't like that, would be as likely to fill one hundred pages as ten—the limit of every respectable

letter. Here, therefore, is a condensed diurnal account, with footnotes *ad lib.*

Sunday.—In the morning, I have a dim idea that we did not get up until about midday, but am not sure. However, we went to church like good boys in the afternoon (*St. Germain des Prés*, a 12th century church), and to the theatre like bad boys in the evening. The church, on the whole, was the more interesting. Yet really it was the play which was at fault, and not the theatre (I forgot to say it was the *Théâtre Français*) or the actors, both even surpassing my expectations. We had a lovely little comedy first, beautifully played; and then an infernally classic tragedy by Racine called *Phèdre* in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt played magnificently. The evening's entertainment was rounded off after midnight by a pretty little farce, but we were tired to death and did not enjoy it.

Monday morning.—Roamed around Paris, went to the *Salon of '78* which is not at all interesting. In the evening to the *Opéra Comique* and saw *Pré aux Clercs*, a most lovely little opera, and the most perfect performance I have ever seen. The opera debouched itself about midnight. We then went—!!!—to the *Mabille*! Shudder not, my dear Mamma—for we left in twenty minutes, two very disgusted men.

Tuesday.—Stratton joins us and from this time forward we are three. Paris in the morning, Exposition in the afternoon, Bouffes in the evening, and Bullier (the students' ball) after midnight.

Wednesday.—Paris in the morning, Exposition in the afternoon, dinner with Armstrong, St. Gaudens, Stratton, and Greenough the sculptor's son, in the evening.

Thursday.—The Louvre in the morning, Exposition in the afternoon, and in the evening dinner with Mr. Robert Lennox Kennedy with whom Stratton is travelling.

Friday.—Paris, Exposition, etc., and in the evening to the concert in the *Orangerie*.

Saturday.—Versailles.

Sunday.—I am now writing.

You see we have been pretty busy. The *Bals de Nuit*, I am both glad and sorry to say, are pretty poor performances. Vice, I suppose, is the same the world over; but (I am ashamed to say) I had hoped to find it less offensive and—well—more pleasing here. Pleasing or not, you need not fear. I do not think that I shall go again.

The Exposition is very much like ours—a little larger and more grandiose, but not much better, save in the French department, and the Fine Arts. As far as pictures go, it is by far the greatest exhibition of modern paintings ever held. They date from about 1850 to the present, and include all the important works of the best men of all countries.

Everything is comparatively cheap, except “dwelling”; but then you are charged for everything—napkins, ice, etc.,—which is exceedingly aggravating. The necessities of life are sadly neglected; and French cleanliness consists solely in washing one’s face and hands, and putting on clean linen *where it shows*.

S. W.

CHAPTER IX

EXPLORING THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WITH McKIM AND ST. GAUDENS

In his *Reminiscences*, St. Gaudens writes:

I had hired an enormous studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, in order to begin the large statue of Farragut ¹ as well as the sketches for the figures that were to go over a mausoleum Governor Morgan had commissioned me to do for him in Hartford, Connecticut. The studio had originally been a public ball-room, and subsequently a printing establishment of one of the big publishers of Paris. For my family I leased an apartment in the Rue Herschel, where Mr. Armstrong lived with us during the period of the Exposition business. It was here that White came to us, and in this studio he composed and made the studies for the pedestal of the Farragut monument, which he modified after his return to America. Not until the Farragut was at last ready to go to the bronze founder did I leave this ball-room studio to take a less ambitious one in the Impasse du Maine where I began the model for the statue of Robert Richard Randall.

"White lived with us, our home serving as his headquarters, whence he darted off in extraordinarily vigorous excursions to the towns surrounding Paris that contain

¹ In *John Quincy Adams Ward: an Appreciation*, Mrs. Herbert Adams writes that when the Farragut monument was first suggested, certain members of the committee insisted that the commission be given to Ward, while others held out for St. Gaudens, then practically unknown. Ward, with characteristic generosity, settled the matter by saying: "Give the young man a chance."

those marvels of Gothic architecture of which he was an adorer. His endless excursions kept up even after his great friend McKim, but recently divorced by his first wife, deserted him. But before that happened, the three of us, all redheads, took a trip down the Rhone, the idea coming from my experience years before in the French war, when, for economy's sake, I had proposed going to Marseilles in that way.

II

One day McKim and White burst in upon St. Gaudens at work in his studio. They insisted upon a holiday. The summer was already far advanced. How about that walking trip through the South? St. Gaudens demurred. The Farragut committee was expected at any minute. McKim and White begged to be allowed to witness the unveiling of the statue; but St. Gaudens refused. They left. After the showing, they returned to find St. Gaudens whistling. "Evidently," they said, "the ladies were pleased." "No, they weren't," St. Gaudens replied; "if they had been, I should have known it was bad." Again the walking trip was suggested; but no, the boys (fellow-students) were coming. White and McKim decided to wait and hear the verdict of the "boys." It was brief and to the point: "Why, St. Gaudens, you've given Farragut your legs!" As a matter of fact, the legs (though clothed appropriately) belonged to Richard Watson Gilder . . . enough, perhaps, to damn the most heroic of naval monuments. At any rate St. Gaudens, lifting off the head, toppled the legs and torso to the floor where they smashed into a thousand pieces. "Come on," he said to White and McKim; "I'll go to Hades with you fellows now."

III

As a memorial of their trip down the Rhone St. Gaudens made a caricatured bronze medallion of himself and his two friends. At the top, the bushy hair, the eyes and beard of Stanford White are slowly fading into nothingness, like the Cheshire Cat that haunted Alice; below, separated by a T-square, facing each other, appear the sharpened profile of St. Gaudens and the lofty dome of McKim; here and there, keeping a proper distance, are four or five near-Latin phrases to lend an air of classic importance to the design.

But the true memorial is found in the long and detailed account which White wrote to his family.

Paris, August 20th
September 1st, '78

We three—viz: Charles F. McKim, secretary of the American Institute of Architects, honorary member, etc., etc.; Augustus St. Gaudens, sculptor of great renown; and your dutiful son, secretary of nothing, and of no renown whatever—started Friday afternoon, August 2nd, for a grand flank movement on the South of France, taking each town without opposition, and (with one exception) leaving with great regret. Our itinerary follows:

Paris

Fontainebleau

Moret

Sens

Dijon

Beaune

Lyons—down the Rhone to

Avignon

Arles

St. Gilles

Tarascon

Nîmes

Langogne—across the mountains by diligence to

Le Puy

Issoire

Clermont

Riom

Moulins

Bourges

Tours

Blois

and back to Paris by way of Orléans.

Fontainebleau is too well known to describe. The grounds are very pretty; and the castle has quite a home-like air. As a rule, large châteaux look more like public buildings than places to live in.

Moret is a lovely little walled town with old gate towers, an old church, and a little river running past them, dirty and decayed.

Sens is dirty and decayed without being lovely, but with a very fine cathedral.

Dijon not only has a very fine cathedral, but—for a wonder—is both clean and cheerful. We spent Sunday there and went to church three or four times.

At Beaune, besides the beauty of the town, we came across two very attractive and inseparable things—good wine and pretty women—but, *mon dieu*, all dressed in high-heeled boots and Paris fashions. The town is still encircled by its old walls, crowned with machicolations and guarded by round towers. The gates were destroyed by Henry IV, and the moat has now become one continuous vegetable garden. We took a bottle of old Beaune into the

railway carriage (which we had to ourselves) and I think became quite tight before getting to Lyons.

Lyons is the second (modern) city in France, a sort of third rate Paris, and a more uninteresting place it would be impossible to imagine. Oh! la la—I have forgotten the principal thing in Beaune, more important even than its old music and young women: viz., the Hotel Dieu, built in 1450 and in perfect working order today. Indeed, one would almost wish to fall sick to get into such a hospital. Though over four hundred years old, it was sweet and clean, and the court—with an old wall and new orange trees—as quiet as a cloister. It is in charge of a company of white nuns, with cheerful faces and absolutely spotless linen. We were received with the utmost courtesy, and welcomed into the grand old kitchen by a sister, with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and a huge soup ladle in her hand.

And now, having taken leave of Beaune, let us pass Lyons in silence and imagine ourselves sailing swiftly on the bosom of the finest river in France. Setting aside architectural reasons, this was by far the most interesting part of our voyage. The trip down the Rhone is rarely made by travellers nowadays. The boats go but once a week; and it is sometimes dangerous. In some places the character of the scenery is quite like that of the Hudson, and in parts finer—notably when the Alps and Mt. Blanc (eighty miles away) come into view; and the river banks are crammed with old castles and towns, and surrounded by histories and traditions, which give to every part an interest of its own.—But here I am getting into the second class guide book way of writing.

We were routed out of bed at the unearthly hour of five, and driven down to the boat with a general desire to punch the heads of everybody, hotel people in particular. And for

why? For why, I mean, were we routed up at five? Because we had to be at the boat a half hour before it started; and it didn't start till half an hour after time. In France they set the clocks in front of the railway stations ten minutes in advance, so everybody will come early: and the clocks inside the stations ten minutes behindhand, so no one will be left. Well—down we get to the boat half an hour ahead of time, and find everything in an uproar, the boat getting up steam in the most violent manner, the captain swearing, and about ten men trying to haul a sack of oats aboard. Meanwhile, during all this fuss, the grand old river is sweeping past at its incredible pace, the sun has begun to dispel the fog, a small boy under the impression that we are going to start gets up on the paddle wheel and commences to toot on a French bugle. Suddenly there appears on top of the hill an old woman and boy, the woman carrying a bed-stead and the boy a chair, waving them wildly as a signal to the captain that she wants to get aboard—all of which was entirely unnecessary as the captain had no intention of starting for at least ten minutes. Nevertheless he and the crew and the passengers get up and gesticulate to her to hurry or she will be left. Gotten aboard safely, she bats the boy over the head for something he has not done, rolls the bed-stead over the toes of half the passengers, and cursing loudly disappears into the cabin. The cabin has become quite full—and it is long after time for starting—but the captain lingers on in the hope of catching another passenger, who, however, not appearing, the captain waves his hand to the engineer to start, and the lines are cast off. *Toot tootle toot toot too* goes the small bugler boy. We madly fight the current for ten minutes—and then, whiz, around we go and are under and past the first bridge before you can say Jack Robinson. The boat is 27½ ft. long and not over 20 ft. wide, *comme ça*, holding

about 200 people (with beds and bagging unlimited) who bring their grub although there is a restaurant aboard.

The Rhone is nowhere wider than the East River, but its color and the tremendous pace at which it flows give it a character not easily forgotten. It must go at a rate of anywhere from eight to fifteen miles an hour. We made the whole distance between Lyons and Avignon (167 miles) within twelve hours; and they sometimes do it in nine. It requires two or three days to get back.

Down we go, past mountains, hills and towns, shooting under bridges in an appalling manner, and having hard work to stop at the wharves—which we always manage to do, however, to the tootling of the small boy. At St. Perçay, McKim rushes off the boat and invests in two bottles of sparkling wine. We carry our prizes down into the cabin under the impression that we are going to have a good breakfast, which impression is somewhat dimmed when the waiter informs us that they have forgotten to bring knives and forks. These, however, mysteriously appear. We *mange bien* and drink our wine; and when we reappear on deck, the river seems to flow faster, the mountains seem almost to move around, and the boat lurches from side to side in a fearful manner. We curl ourselves up in the sun, in the bow, and vow France "ish mosh magnificent countrish we ever saw."

At Pont St. Esprit we passed a grand old stone bridge of 20 arches, 2,000 ft. long, built in the 13th century by a company of monks. It took forty years to build, and up to this century was the largest stone bridge in the world.

Just below this we made, with difficulty, a landing; and as we swung off, a fierce back eddy grabs us, whirls us around, and runs us neatly aground on an island. There is an immediate uproar, everybody shouts, the engineer leaves his engine and rushes on deck, the captain jumps off the

boat and violently endeavors (this is really true) to push off a steamer 275 feet long with 200 passengers on it; and all this while the small boy keeps up his *tootle-tee-toot* on the paddle box. Between the sagacity of the helmsman and the force of the river our stern is gradually swung off; and we go on our way rejoicing.

The day all through was of the most perfect description; and in the evening we arrived safely at Avignon which towers up from the river like a rock, found a good hotel, had a most excellent dinner and a fine bottle of old Hermitage. For two hundred years Avignon was the residence of the popes; and it has the largest and most grandiose medieval castle in the world, now used as a barracks. It is by far the most impressive town we were in.

At St. Gilles, a little out-of-the-way town—and in it the best piece of architecture in France, the triple marble porch of the church²—we were taken in charge by the abbé, who seemed delighted to come across some educated people, his flock (which he evidently rules with a rod of iron) being of the most ignorant description. He was very pleasant, but a little too priestly—his sole objective in life being the restoration of his church, which heaven forfend. It was destroyed by the Huguenots and all the noses knocked off the saints; and I hope they have been well boiled for it. He took occasion to give us his opinion of the Huguenots in particular and of Protestants in general—which would not have been in the best taste but for the touch of humor that went with it. He presented us all with the medal of St. Gilles, and took us over his house in which Pope Clement the Fourth had lived.

At Arles the women are very pretty and their costumes divine, all black and white, with black and white head-

² The inspiration for the porch designed by White for St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, recently removed from Madison Avenue to Park Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

dresses—but nothing to come up to St. Thegonnec in Brittany.

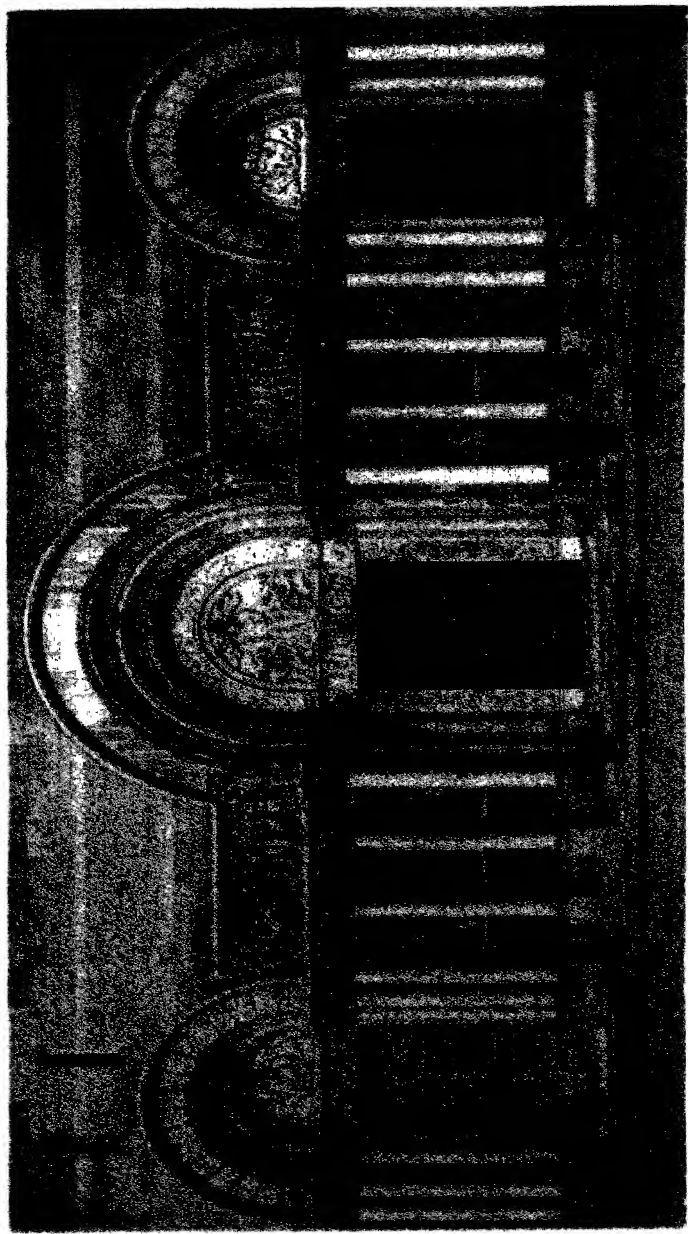
Nîmes is a very beautiful city, and quite a thriving one. We took a bath in a splendid swimming-bath in water bought from the Rhone (nearly thirty miles away) by an old Roman aqueduct. There are all manner of old Roman theatres, amphitheatres, baths, etc., lying around loose in Nîmes and Arles. After Verona, the amphitheatre in Nîmes is the most perfect in the world—they are having bullfights in it to this day. It seats 20,000 persons. We sat on the top row of seats and imagined ourselves ancient Romans; and then I went down (while McKim and St. Gaudens stayed on top) and rushed madly into the arena, struck an attitude, and commenced declaiming. They heard me perfectly. I stabbed five or six gladiators—and rushed out with the guardian in hot pursuit.

At Nîmes we sighted the Mediterranean, and turned our faces sorrowfully homeward.

September 12th

I have let six mails go past without finishing this letter, and am going to take time by the forelock now and rush it through.

Our journey from Nîmes to Langogne was through a wild and mountainous country, the train reaching at one time an altitude of 3,000 ft. However, even in the most savage parts, the post roads are as good as those in Central Park. At Langogne we got on top of the stage coach and rolled over the mountain tops to Le Puy, a distance of about 35 miles. The scenery was quite like that of the Catskills. We passed through the highest village in France, nearly 4,000 ft. above the sea. The sun had set before we landed in Le Puy; but a cold premonitory shudder went down our backbones as we trotted into the town.



PORCH FOR ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

Le Puy is situated in a valley, and is perhaps the most strikingly peculiar town in France: its peculiarity consisting in the two great steep peaks which rise right out of the town. Some of the old noble families still live there. But of all low, dirty, nasty, ill-smelling, filthy, buggy places that I have come across, Le Puy exceeds them all. The very remembrance of it makes me shudder. There is a great big hideous tin Virgin (56 ft. high) on top of the largest rock, the sole purpose of which seems to be the utter destruction of the landscape for miles around.

From Le Puy to Clermont, Cæsar's *Commentaries* would (I believe) serve as a very good guide book. Clermont is the capital of Auvergne, and is surrounded by volcanic mountains; but an hour's journey brings us to Touraine—back again, thank heaven, in the North of France. No more will we have to pull our beds onto the floor, or leave our inn in the morning, silently cursing it and its proprietor, but with a gloomy foreboding that the next one we stop at may be worse.

At Tours (otherwise not a very interesting place, and full of English) we are driven into the prettiest of courts and met by the loveliest of landladies who smiles at us in the softest way and makes us feel that it is our personal comfort—and nobody else's—which she has at heart. Somehow or other, three or four times, I could not find my room and had to go downstairs to ask her where it was—only to meet McKim and St. Gaudens on the same errand.

We are now in the Valley of the Loire, surrounded by magnificent old châteaux. Here the best French is spoken; and here during the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, the court held high revelry to its ultimate annihilation. As I am coming down here again, I won't bother you by describing it now, but will hurry you back to Paris with me to take a Turkish bath, put on clean clothes, dine once

again at Foyot's, and feel almost as though I were home—for, in spite of its wickedness, I am getting to have the appreciation which all good Americans have for Paris, and shall leave it for the last time with sorrow in my heart.

CHAPTER X

THE GRAND TOUR

IN 1878 kodaks and picture post cards were unknown. White was, therefore, kept busy sketching, for he knew that if he intended to carry away any tangible reminder of the buildings encountered on his travels, he must rely upon his pencil. In the thirteen months he spent touring France, Belgium, Holland and Northern Italy, he filled six large folio scrap books with drawings and water colors, most of them no more than architectural notes, but all of them rewarding attention, for, as McKim said, when recommending him as a possible partner to Mead, "he can draw like a house afire."

His letters home and to St. Gaudens tell of his doings. The first, written just after McKim's return to America, is addressed to his mother, and dated from Paris:

September, '78

McKim, in his haste, going off, left me much to do, and I have piles of letters on my hands; and then there is my French teacher who relentlessly comes every morning; and then and then and then—confound it all, there are too many pretty women in the house. And the Bonne is the prettiest. No, she isn't the prettiest; but then virtue does not sit so supremely on her brow, as it does on that of the others. She comes into my room while I am violently trying to scratch a French match (which never goes off on the match stand) and, smiling, she holds up her candle and says: "*Voulez-vous, Monsieur?*" "Will I?" say I. Thunder and guns—and then I light my candle and she says, "*Bonne*

uit, Monsieur." And I say, "*Bonne nuit, Babbette.*" And then I write you this letter. What she does, I have not the slightest idea. Bad boy, am I not? Not at all—entirely too good a one for this b-a-a-a-d place.

From Rouen, a month later, he wrote to his father:

I found your letter at the *Poste Restante* on my arrival here today. It troubled me not a little; but I cannot allow myself to get blue, alone as I am, so I'm hoping for the best. Please don't worry about me. As soon as my money gives out, I shall be home—and be very, very glad to get here.

Enfin—No more of that as Pat said to the waiter as he filled his finger bowl for the third time. Life, after all, is a queer complexity of dreams and unpleasant realities. Happy is he who can take fate calmly and quietly—"a quiet life is better than a crown"—better, sometimes I think, than rushing about studying architecture in foreign parts—though I doubt if you could call it "rushing" when you cannot excite the trains to more than four miles and a half an hour.

The hotels are quite fair in Normandy, clean and no bugs. The living is always passable, far ahead of anything we have in any but the largest cities. As you go upstairs you see a huge arrow which you wonder at—until you are confronted by a door on which, in big letters, appears *ICI*. Your nose, if not your reason, informs you.

Addressed to his mother:

Bruges, Wednesday evening, November 6, '78.

You are in my thoughts constantly—naturally—of

course—but, then, my buttons are coming off, my button holes are all giving in, my heels and toes are coming through my stockings, and I have torn my rubber overcoat and don't know how to go about mending it.

I hope you don't object to getting pencil letters. I do. I hate them. I know a feller who always deliberately tears up his wife's letters when they come to him in pencil.

It seems funny to think of you all probably eating breakfast while I am pottering around some decayed town hall, . . . as, for instance, in this whilom mighty city of Bruges—mighty once, somewhat melancholy now when you think of its former grandeur, how its canals were choked with vessels from Venice, Spain and England, and the burghers' wives were so gorgeously attired as to excite the envy even of the Queen of France, how as far back as five hundred years ago it had two hundred thousand inhabitants, and now has but forty-six thousand, a quarter of whom (at least) are paupers.

All these things I think of now that I am in my room and have nothing else to do but ruminate or go to bed. But I can tell you, in the day-time, your whole thought is how you can hop around and see what there is to see, compress what should be a week's work into two or three days, pack your bag and catch the midday train for Ghent tomorrow. It will be like pulling a tooth to leave this city, as I shall have to, half-digested.

Thursday

Ghent is not one tenth as interesting as Bruges. However, the *Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb* by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck is alone well worth a visit to Belgium, even to Europe. The colors are perfectly astounding, and the figure of the Virgin almost beautiful enough to be Italian.

To his mother:

Noyon, November 14th, '78

You need not trouble yourself about dogs. I am more afraid of hotel bills than I am of wolves. I am entirely well, and it is raining. I am always well, and it is always raining. I have bid a sad farewell to Belgium, but am very glad to be back on French soil.

To St. Gaudens:

Is not McKim an old fraud? He has neither written me nor gone to see my mother, nor anything. Poor fellow. He must be having a hard time—and yet it is just like him.¹

And now, old boy, my reason for writing is to tell you about an acquaintance of yours. Perhaps you have seen her, and I am wasting time. Nevertheless, here goes: I was at Lille yesterday and went to the museum. I suppose it is the best provincial collection anywhere; but I wandered past pen and wash drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael, by Fra Bartolommeo, by Tintoretto, Francia, Signorelli, Perugino, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, pen and wash drawings by Verrocchio and one even by Donatello, even drawings by these men, and ink and wash drawings at that. I wandered past them with a listless sort of air. I was on a hunt for something else, even a wax head by Raphael. I couldn't find it and was about to appeal to the guardian, when suddenly—"Holy Moses! Gin and seltzer!" Anything, everything would be put as straws in the whirlpool.

When you have made up your mind that a thing should look one way, and it looks another, you are very apt to be disappointed. For a minute I gasped for breath. The next, like a vessel changing tack, my sails shook in the

¹ Like him or not, few men have suffered more than did the sensitive McKim when suddenly he found himself repudiated and abandoned by his first wife. It was years before he fully recovered from the shock.

wind, and I said, is this thing right? And then the utter loveliness of it swept all other feelings aside. Do you know that it is *colored*, and that all it needs is eyelashes to be what people call a "wax figure," that the skin is flesh-color, the lips red, the eyes chestnut, the hair auburn, the dress blue and the pedestal gold? It is easy enough to take exception to all this; and your reason will immediately tell you it is all wrong. But when you go and look at it, and wish you may die or something, you no more question it being "high art" than you think of a yellow harvest moon being nothing but a mass of extinct volcanoes.

It is no use going on. I shall have to wait until I can dance around your studio to express my enthusiasm. Get down on your knees in front of your autotype which gives but a half idea of it. Never was so sweet a face made by man in this world; and I am sure that if they are as lovely in the next it must be heaven indeed.

Yours,
S. W.

To his mother:

Laon, Friday, Nov. 21st, '78

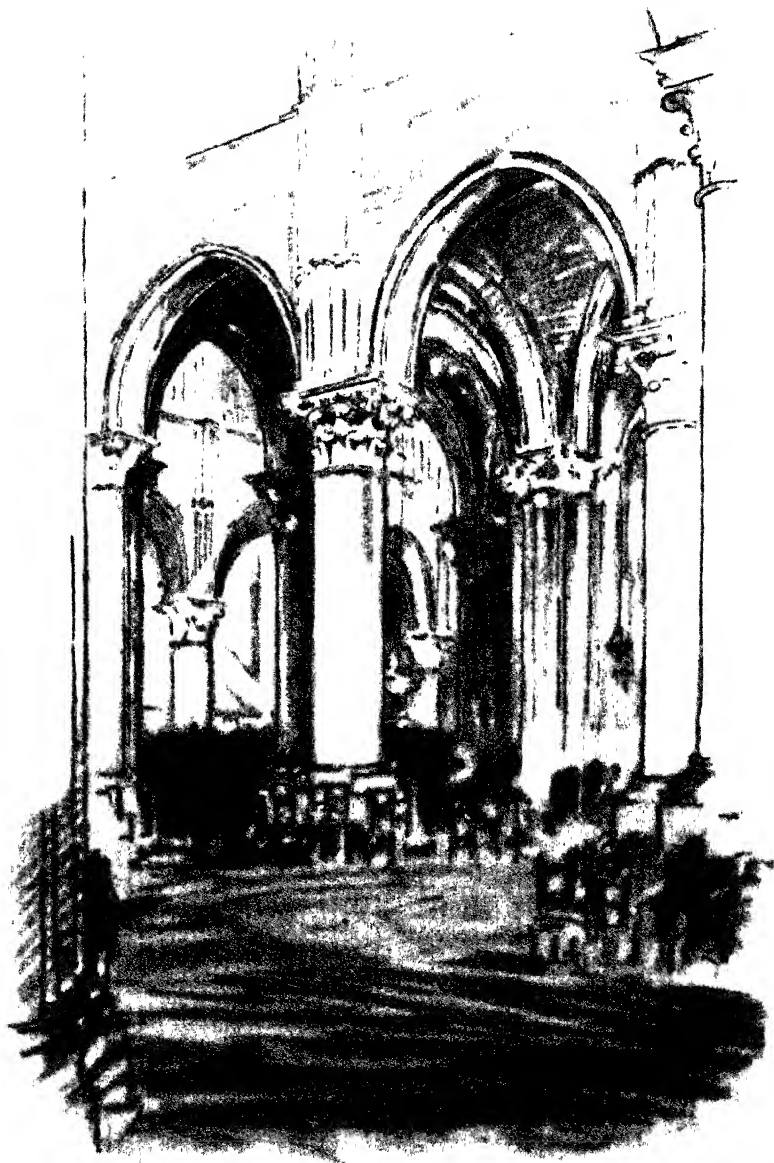
How fortunate that fate permits me to return to Paris for a day or two every three or four weeks. I should die, I think, if I did not. I hug St. Gaudens like a bear every time I see him. His wife is very kind, asks me to dinner, mends my clothes and does all manner of things. Her pretty sister is stopping with her now; and perhaps fate is also wise in allowing me to stay only for a day when in Paris.

I was, on the whole, tickled to death with Belgium and the Belgians. Plenty of fresh water, two clean towels, and sometimes the luxury of a slop basin—something almost unheard of in France. Except in the small towns, the cook-

g was excellent. Everybody talks English, and (for that matter) every language; and they are all quite ready to do everything they can for you. On the other hand, the people have very little distinctive character; they shut up their churches; and you have to pay a franc to see the pictures—so it is comparatively expensive. My trip quite rested me.

I heard Patti and Niccolini in Brussels, and had to pay the frightful price of 25 francs to do it. Nevertheless it was one of the things that had to be done, so I did it; and it really was my first piece of extravagance since Charley left me. They gave the *Barber of Seville*, and besides she sang the shadow dance and a waltz. She has a most wonderful voice. She goes from heaven knows what to the skies, and is as flexible as a piece of india rubber. She can swell on a note through six bars without a quaver—swell going down the scale or going up—take thirds and sixths and eighths and in a scale as variegated as a kaleidoscope with an accuracy that puts an instrument in the shade. She sings with feeling (sometimes) but not with taste. She doesn't even sing the music of the *Barber* (and nothing could be more suited to her voice) properly. You catch me paying 25 francs to hear her again! Niccolini's a fraud.

I found Antwerp almost as antiquated as Bruges. Fairly forged Rubenses there. Fourteen portraits in one old wainscoted room, and two by Vandyke, were enough to take our breath away. In the museum were I don't know how many pictures—heaps of fat legs and brawny arms, bleary-eyed and frowsy women whose modesty is of the most fragile kind. "Fat Mrs. Rubens," says an old author of the assumption, "sits as firmly and comfortably on the clouds as if in an arm chair, and gazes placidly on the wondrous scene around her, nor does her aerial flight cause her the slightest ecstasy or emotion. Ought she not to be ashamed



Drawn by Stanford White

INTERIOR, NOTRE DAME, PARIS

of herself to sit there in her flimsy attire and impersonate a goddess, and a virgin too?" But the *Raising* and the *Descent from the Cross* in the Cathedral are painted with an entirely different palette, and are so wonderful that you would feel like pounding the man who said Rubens was not the greatest painter in the world.

To his mother:

Laon, Saturday, Nov. 22nd, '78

Why my poor little Mama,

It is too bad to be deserted by both your sons. I felt thoroughly homesick for the first time when I got your mail today. Still even if Dick does not immediately rush into a large fortune, it will do him a lot of good. You will probably see him kiting back soon, fat as a porpoise and well braced up. If the large fortune *is waiting*, why hur-roar!

You will probably see me, too, somewhat sooner than you expect. However, that is in the hands of fate and the hotel-keepers.

I think I shall have to shave off my beard before I come home. I look like a revolving sun on the half-shell. In fact, this is quite an accurate portrait.

[*Sketch of two wide eyes, encircled by a bristle of hair and beard.*]

I wish I felt sure of your getting as good a dinner as I do every day—usually ten courses, about as follows: Soup, sometimes oysters, fish, sprouts, veal or mutton, filet or chicken, salad, *fromage*, dessert, nuts and raisins, and as much time as you choose soaking biscuits in your wine and listening to the local scandal.

Travelling alone makes you very selfish. I am as careful of my personal comfort (so long as it doesn't cost anything) as the devil himself would be.

I could get along better with my French if I had somebody to talk to: but (excepting for a few set phrases) I am utterly unable to enter into general conversation at the *able d'hôte*, and probably would be too timid if I could. In the ordinary run of things, however, I have no timidity whatever, and have got to the state of laughing at people for not understanding me. Buttons are my *bête noire*. How the devil can you tell which hole you are sewing through? I sew away for half an hour and then discover—by the button coming off—that I have been sewing through the same hole all the while.

Please don't get blue or lonely. Remember I am always within ten days of home.

Ever lovingly thy son,

STAN

To his mother:

Rheims, December 1st, '78

The end of the world is coming. We have had—actually—a fine day, beginning with a starlit morning, and ending with a starlit night, the sun shining gloriously, and a hard frost, right through the day. Just think—the first fine day since the 21st of October! It tried to be fine again today, but finished off in a snowstorm.

Do you know that nearly a month ago I passed into the decrepit age of 26? I forgot all about it until today, and—wasn't it funny?—on looking back in my account book, I found that I had gone to hear Patti on my birthday all unbeknownst to myself.

I am now in the most historical city in France; but you will probably find a much better account of it in Lippincott's *Gazette* than I can give. What interests me most is that this is the seat of the champagne trade; and I am now debating whether I can afford to get drunk on a bottle of

Sillery or no. I am afraid that I shall determine that I can.
Merry Xmas,

S. W.

Merry Xmas
Beauvais, December 12th, '78

MY DARLING MAMA,

I have let the week go by since writing you that wretched postal-card from Rheims. But Paris is like a snake. I feel its fascination a day or two before I get there; and it is only when I leave that I come back to my senses. Not that I rush into any violent dissipation—far from it. I have been in Paris but three times since McKim left me, and then but for a day or two; and I do not think I have gone to the theatre once. But I see what is worth all the theatres in the world—a friend whose shake of the hand is something more than politeness. And I can open my mouth on some subject other than the weather or the cathedrals.

You cannot imagine what a surprise I had at Rheims the day after I got there. I found the sculpture on the portals so magnificent that I telegraphed St. Gaudens to meet me there "to once." Imagine my astonishment to see him sail through the R.R. station door—with his sister-in-law on his arm!

Such a jolly time as we had in our (St. G.'s and my) room!

I ordered a bottle of champagne which she positively refused to taste. Instead she roasted apples and chestnuts in the fire. She is the most self-possessed young lady I ever came across. A Boston girl; and we had a tremendous row on the subject of woman's rights. She quietly paid me off by darning all my stockings and sewing buttons on my shirts, in spite of my most earnest protestations. In fact, she

a brick—and what is more (as I think I told you in another letter) awfully pretty.

If you imagine that I am going to pass a solemn and solitary Christmas, you are greatly mistaken. I have been asked to Christmas dinner by Mrs. St. G., and expect to go under the table with St. G., Bunce and Dr. Shipt about two in the morning. I shall then spend about a week in Paris, working on the Morgan Monument, and then (but hush!) leave Paris for the last time, wend my way down by way of Bordeaux, and Marseilles, and strike the sunny clime of Italy sometime in January.

To go sketching in France in the winter might be all right for a polar bear; but for a human being it is a little too heroic. Phew! You've no idea how cold it is! I freeze every time I go to bed (the sheets are like two marble slabs) and it requires all the determination I am capable of to get up in the morning.

Why do you have headaches? You mustn't. Tell Kate [the maid-servant] I'll remember her in my will. A million merry christmases to you and papa. 'Tis the first time we are apart. Let us drink each other's healths all the more heartily in the knowledge that we shall drink them together the more pleasantly a year from now.

STAN

II

In Paris their days were almost as full of excitement. From the studio to the apartment—where the windows of the salon looked towards the towers of St. Sulpice—their way lay through the Luxembourg Gardens. Sunday afternoons they spent at the Louvre, going later to the Padeloup concerts in the Cirque d'Hiver, returning home in high spirits after the Boccherini minuet, played as an en-

core. Occasionally, as a special treat, they would visit the Comédie Française or the Opera, taking seats in the upper galleries.

William Gedney Bunce was in Paris that winter, using a corner of St. Gaudens' studio as an easel stand. Bunce had just begun to make a name for himself, with his dreaming and sometimes lovely paintings of Venice. But long before this, color had become an obsession with him—and of all the colors in the rainbow he loved yellow best.

One evening, while Mrs. St. Gaudens waited dinner, St. Gaudens, his brother Louis and White came in, well coated with yellow paint, and apparently exhausted.

"Why," Mrs. St. Gaudens said, in some anxiety, "what's happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. Bunce had a yellow day. That's all."

"A yellow day?"

"Yes," said White. "He started smearing yellow all over one of his Venetian sketches, so we got rid of him and smeared it off again."

The most important moment of the day, so the pretty sister-in-law tells us, came at the tag-end of supper when White and Louis St. Gaudens² solemnly announced the arrival of the pudding, a creamy and filling stew of rice, raisins, sugar and milk.

After supper Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) whom they had come to know, would sometimes drop in to discuss his dyspepsia. It was their pleasure and privilege to count and record the number of black cigars he smoked—

² The sculptor of the figures of Holland and Portugal which stare down on Bowling Green from the front of the New York Customs House, and of the two angels in relief that flank La Farge's painting of *The Ascension* in the Church of the Ascension in New York City.

o vast a number that, towards midnight, he would be overcome by the perplexities of an artist's life and insist upon knowing: What is art?—Whereupon they would bundle him off home.

On Christmas Eve, after making their purchases and returning home with evergreens, for the apartment, they went out onto the Boulevard and joined in the merry-making until midnight—when they went to St. Sulpice to hear Faure sing Noël.

III

Eight months later, having exhausted his supply of cash, Stanford White made ready to return home. Addressing his mother, he wrote:

Paris, Friday, August 15th, '79

Turn down my bed spread, dust out my room, tell Kate to polish up a knife and fork for me, and above all lay in a vast stack of buttons and button holes—for, the winds and waves permitting, you will see me within ten days after getting this. Good thunder, to think that my wanderings are over, and that I shall again settle down into a respectable member of society, and no longer sleep in one bed one night and another the next, the slave of guide books and railroad indicators, and the prey of hotel-keepers, porters, beggars, pretty girls and the host of spiders that lay in wait for the unwary traveller—and above all that I shall no longer go around hitching up my trousers or pinning my collars for want of a button, but shall have a little Mama who will sew them on for me and stop me swearing (I do little else) at the same time. It's too much to think of all at once. You see this is just a way of getting around say-

ing that I am devilish glad to get back home again and that I think it a pretty nice place after all.

Anyway, my dear mother, I shall see you soon and give you a good hug—which will pay up for all the badly scrawled letters in the world, like this one.

His tour ended, White was impatient to be back at his desk, applying his eagerly acquired knowledge to some useful purpose. He wanted—as he explained later to Simmons—to “justify his existence.” Even as a small boy, he had busied himself in small ways, trying to justify his existence, running errands for his father, waiting on his mother, carrying wood and coal, or working in the garden. He had no false pride. He did not save himself, as did his brother Dick, waiting for something worth-while to turn up. If his mother required a new shelf in the kitchen or a peg moved in some closet, if there was proofreading to be done for his father or a score to be copied, if Aunt Laura found herself unable to decide on wall paper for the guest room or Aunt Fanny needed a letter of introduction to some higher-up in Boston—one and all they turned to Stanford. And he never failed them. He never failed in after life. He was always ready with a word or a loan or a suggestion. To a young girl about to start for Central Park with her skates, he said: “I will design a skating bag for you.” When he came upon Abbott Thayer picking and choosing among old frames, uncertain which to select for the Academy show, he sat down to design a frame exactly suitable to the purpose. He volunteered to draw up the constitution for the Tile Club. He supplied notes for Richardson’s biography. He found buyers for Charles Curran’s paintings and jobs for his friends’ friends. He opened doors for Royal Cortissoz and secured a ball-room for a benefit perform-

ance given by Sarah Bernhardt. He was tireless in his services, in his attention to those who needed his help.

He knew that this is—or should be—a fine and jovial world; but we must make ourselves useful. It is not enough that we seek and find our own fortunes, grow fat, and shut ourselves away behind the fences and hedges of some great estate. We must mix with and serve our fellows, for it is they (and not ourselves) who make life worth-while.

II

"Heigh-ho!" he said of the passage home, "this is the dullest business I ever came across. No amusement of any kind or description; and no one to talk to. I am so dead of *ennui* that I can't even read, much less draw or write letters. Did I ever say I liked the sea? I'm a fried pumpkin-blossom if I ever say so again."

And then the old maids—eleven of them!

He started sketching one day. In less than no time they were crowded about him—damned boarding-house Yankees!—sighing in admiration and wonder: "Oh, I didn't know . . . you're a painter, aren't you? . . . how nice . . . let me see . . . what is it? . . . now—I think you're real mean . . . well, it doesn't look like that to me . . . funny boy!"

However . . .

"Don't fail," he said, "to spend a week in London. There are oceans of things there—more even than in Paris. Hundreds of coins and medallions; and my hair alternately standing up and flattening down in front of the Greek and Assyrian bas-reliefs. I could be happy and contented, asking nothing more from life, if only I could secure casts of

some of them. And the South Kensington Museum—with at least fifty screaming Renaissance panels! Never was such a place as London! Never such a country as England! For example, do you know that at Windsor there are upwards of one hundred—mark you, one hundred—Holbein drawings? Oh, sorrow the day that we were born! Did I say: *spend a week in London?* A lifetime is too short a time in which to explore that ancient—and by us neglected—city.”

III

They steamed out of Queenstown at ten knots an hour into five days of rough weather. The first day the wind was dead ahead; and the ladies (bless them) were quite certain that all hands would be lost. White said to the third officer:

“Nice sea on.”

The officer nodded: “Yes, sir.”

“Though I don’t suppose,” White continued, “that sailors mind a little thing like this.”

“Oh, no, sir. It’s not more than a half gale.”

Next day—Monday—the wind picked up a bit.

“Pretty fresh this morning,” said White.

“Yes, sir,” said the officer.

Tuesday there was a regular gale on.

“Still,” said White, “you wouldn’t call it a storm, would you?”

“Oh, no, sir. Hardly a storm,” said the officer. “‘Dirty weather’ is what we call it.”

By Wednesday the ship had her nose down under the waves. Only six—including the captain, the purser and the doctor—turned up in the dining-room for breakfast.

After breakfast White managed somehow to climb to the upper deck. There, leaning on the rail, he saw his friend, the third officer.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of this?"

"There won't be much sleeping today."

"Still," said White, "you wouldn't call it a heavy sea."

The officer looked at him in surprise. "Good heavens, sir," he said, "what do you want? Won't you be satisfied with nothing less than a hurricane?"

That night they had a high old time. The steerage hatchway stove in; the stairway to the hurricane deck carried away: the doctor received a wave in his cabin; everything was battened down; and the air in the staterooms became so stuffy it was almost impossible to breathe.

At six Friday night they reached Fire Island. By eight they were in quarantine . . . where they lay all night.

CRITICS, and particularly foreign critics, often profess themselves as being unable to discover any guiding principle back of the various transformations that have brought American architecture from its crude beginnings along the Atlantic seaboard to a present position of world leadership. They pretend to find only a meaningless and sometimes indiscriminate aping of European forms¹—as though this country were not European, as much a part of European civilization as (let us say) Austria or Greece, and a far more important factor in European art, commerce, and finance today than any of the so-called powers. Why should they cry "thief" or "copy-cat" when Howells and Cram borrow from the Gothic—and lavish unstinted praise upon Sir Christopher Wren and Norman Shaw? As a matter of fact, we have made better use of our borrowings. In Europe, since Lebrouste and Viollet-le-Duc, there have been few architects to compare with Richardson, Hunt, McKim, Burnham, Root, Sullivan, Gilbert, Goodhue, Cram, Kendall, Hastings, Harmon, White, Frank Lloyd Wright and a half dozen others.

II

To the student the evolution of American architecture is at least explicable, if not particularly logical. The Colonial

¹ How they can pretend to greater originality passes my comprehension, for they have contributed little or nothing to the advancement of architecture since the settlement of this country—except in so far as they have been inspired by the work of American architects. In fact, the recent renaissance in European architecture is directly traceable to the influence of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright.

builders naturally adopted and adapted the various styles, whether English, Dutch, French or Spanish, brought over from their homelands. With the Revolution, however, in the general eagerness to be rid of foreign domination, the young Republic declared its independence, culturally as well as politically. There was to be a return to nature, to the freedom natural to man, and to the sound principles upon which the Greek and Roman republics were founded. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the owner of the finest architectural library in the Colonies, showed the way in architecture. While the war still raged he proposed rebuilding the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg, on the lines of a classic temple. Immediately after the adoption of the Constitution he went to France as American Minister. For five years he travelled extensively, visiting England, the Low Countries, Germany and Italy. Everywhere he studied the buildings, and particularly the monuments and ruins of the Roman world. "For me," he said, "Rome is actually existing in all its splendor." The first favorable opportunity to use this knowledge came with the building of the Virginia Capitol at Richmond, for which Jefferson proposed a modified reproduction of the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, one of the most famous of antique temples. This building, in its simplicity and dignity so expressive of the majesty of a sovereign state, fired the imagination of all beholders and ushered in, in America, a revival of classic architecture that preceded by a score of years the building of the Madeleine in Paris, first of the great European temple reproductions.

For the next forty years America built almost exclusively in Greco-Roman forms. There were, of course, exceptions. City Hall, in New York City, is wholly

French; and seldom have the elements of Eighteenth Century French architecture been combined with better grace. In the eighteen-nineties White joined in protesting against the destruction of this fine old building. Bulfinch, Thornton, Hallet, Hoban, Mills, L'Enfant, Ramee and Latrobe were all classicists—and all of them, European criticism notwithstanding, capable of fine work. The Washington Monument in Baltimore, for example, designed by Mills, is as nearly perfect as any Greek column in the world to-day; and the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C., by the same architect, has been called the most beautiful structure in America.

Whenever and wherever towns flourished and regions prospered, north, south, east and west—at Harvard, along Lafayette Street in New York, in the whaling ports of Nantucket and New Bedford, in the blue grass of Virginia and Kentucky—white porticoes appeared. Along the Gulf Coast, in Mississippi and Louisiana, it was particularly common and appropriate to have columns surrounding the house, supporting balconies suitable to the climate.

Thus Jefferson's dream came near to realization—his dream of establishing the Classic as our national architectural style. But not for long. The austerity, simplicity and refinement of classic architecture could not withstand the romanticism then sweeping over Europe, the heart-flutterings of Werther, the attitudes of Byron, the glorification of the individual implicit in all democratic dogma. There was, besides, the appeal of the English landscape garden and of the "Christian architecture" of the Middle Ages. Already in England there was a revolt, led by Pugin, against slavish imitation of the pagan forms of Greece and Rome. Soon the cry was taken up in New

York. Priests and parishioners demanded a return of church architecture to orthodoxy—and in Trinity Church on Wall Street and St. Patrick's Cathedral they had their way.

But orthodoxy was no longer possible. Ruskin attempted to impose his will upon architect and layman—and failed. He was doomed to failure. Insistence upon "moral values" could only add to the confusion. There are no "moral values" in architecture. There is no subject matter. There can be only utility, beauty of line, perfect proportion, an invitation to enter and be at ease, color and shading, the quiet or the grandeur of nature.

Finally, the spread of historical knowledge—which had contributed so much to the growth of classicism and romanticism—must contribute also to their division into Roman, Greek, Gothic, Romanesque, Baroque, Renaissance and a dozen bastard styles. Indeed, before Ruskin stepped down from his pulpit, giving place to abler counsel, matters had become so bad that commercial architects were everywhere advertising that they kept in stock plans for all types of buildings. They invited all and sundry to come and make a selection—satisfaction guaranteed: Swiss chalets, Oriental kiosques, Spanish villas, Italian palaces, French châteaux, Egyptian temples, English cottages, Dutch manor houses, or a combination of all as was attempted at Aronsmear, near Hartford.

III

Interesting as a commentary on architecture in the mid-Victorian era is this letter from Calvert Vaux, architect of Central Park, to Richard Grant White—

New York, Feb'y 6th, '60

DEAR SIR:

I hope you will carry out the idea you touched on the other eve., during our brief colloquy at the head of Dods-worth's stairs, and find some opportunity to write freely and fully on matters architectural. Tonic medicine in the shape of adequate healthy criticism is much needed. The reproof of the righteous (even if the precious balm happened to drop a little heavily some times) would benefit the professors, and a mixture of persuasion and force would perhaps rouse the public from its apathy.

Architects, I confess it mournfully, are not to be depended upon to supply this needed stimulus. They are stiff and dull with the pen and are only happy when looking at matters from a technical point of view. It is difficult, I suppose, for a man in active practice to get far enough off from his subject. He is too much behind the scenes. Some half dozen of us are now under bonds for contributions to a scheme for a popular lecture course, but I expect that nil is the result with others as it is with me.

The popular taste must be imposed indirectly, and I see no hope for an advance till the newspapers and magazines help to improve the standard. Men like Ruskin have pushed matters along with great effect in England—none of them professional men, but all cultivated students with a liking for their subject. The value of Downing's books here has been great not because of their technical excellence, for they are very poor in that quality, but because they are full of life and interest. It is the man and not the architect that wins the popular ear, and he compels his readers to allow that the subject is entertaining and enjoyable, not mere dry science or stereotyped conventional dogmatic repetition.

The time is, moreover, a good one now. A sense of star-



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

WASHINGTON ARCH, NEW YORK CITY

vation is beginning to be felt, and whenever a small supply of food arrives it seems to be accepted gratefully if there is any flavor in it.

As a general rule the press, that much bepraised institution, is altogether in arrears in art matters. The dailies, weeklies and monthlies hardly give the subject any serious thought or include it in their responsibilities. However, I hope better times are to be looked for, and that you will continue to take an interest in solving the next problem that is to occupy the attention of the people here when the Dissolution Question is settled—viz. how money makers are to become art lovers without neglecting their opportunities for improving their cash accounts.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours truly—

CALVERT VAUX, Arch't.

To Richard Grant White, Esq.

IV

Into this motley and vulgar world stepped Richardson, last of the master-masons, last of that long line of creative builders whose schemes found perfect expression in the walls of Carcassonne, the stone of Notre Dame de Paris and the clock tower of Rouen. Valiantly he tried to bring some semblance of order into the jerry-built cities spawned by the Civil War, and that were now grown fat from the plunder of a continent—and, except in New York, he had some success. But New York was already what it is today, a city of nomads. As early as 1835 the multiple family tenement had been introduced; and in the seventies, with the importation of the Paris flat, the benefits of congestion

were further extended to include the moderately well-to-do. Day after day, month after month, the residents of the city look out on bare area walls or across some narrow street to the frowning façade of a row of brick and brownstone fronts. Such a prospect never pleases. Soon or late, the New Yorker must move. Today, of course, he is moving out into the suburbs. He knows that it is impossible to make a home in the city.

V

In 1870 Richard Morris Hunt returned to America from studying at the Beaux-Arts and practising architecture in Paris. Apparently, the Vanderbilts and Astors had been waiting his return. Anxious to pattern their lives—and their homes—after the easy example of the older nobility of Europe, they commissioned Hunt to design a dozen mansions. Hunt, forceful and fearless, not to be overawed by any display of wealth, determined to make business respect the arts. He abolished the brownstone era, and established a style of town and country architecture modelled after the palaces of the Valois. For a generation Fifth Avenue took its inspiration from the châteaux he planned for William K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor and Commodore Gerry.

VI

So matters stood when Stanford White walked down the gangplank from his wanderings—and study—in Europe, determined, with his partners, to practise architecture as an art.

THE New York to which Stanford White returned late in 1879 was a city of two, three and four stories, red brick and brownstone fronts, with perhaps a dozen passenger elevators in the downtown business and financial districts. The New York telephone directory was a card listing 252 names; there were no telephone numbers; you simply gave the operator the name of the person you wanted; service, costing as much as \$20 a month, was slow, inadequate and limited to persons of wealth. Electric lights were unknown. Kerosene and gas supplied what (and it was not much) illumination there was. Matches, made with brimstone, and used to light the vilest cigars, almost choked you with their poisonous fumes. Offices, stores and residences—since there were no furnaces—were kept warm with big round stoves called Base Burners. The streets and avenues were lined with sycamores, poplars and telegraph poles. The trains and carriages were horse-drawn—with an extra horse to help out going over the hills. Men wore paper collars and cuffs and dickies: coats stopped abruptly at the hips: trousers were skin tight. In the more refined homes, wax flowers were kept on the mantel, under a round glass case. The piano legs and coal scuttle handles were adorned with wide satin sashes. In front of every cigar store stood a wooden Indian, with uplifted head, a tomahawk in one hand and a bunch of conchas in the other.¹ Archery, cricket and croquet were the most popular outdoor sports

¹ Today only two of these Indians are left on duty in New York City—one at 109 Third Avenue; and the other on Amsterdam Avenue just below 145th Street.

—though lawn tennis and baseball were slowly coming into favor . . . but not without opposition. *Harper's Weekly*, for example, in a learned essay on games, dismissed baseball as "impossible," with ill-mannered crowds disputing the umpire, declining to applaud the visiting team even though the visitors might be outplaying the local talent, and generally conducting themselves as no true sportsmen should.

And then, from nowhere in particular, came the bicycle—at first, simply an old "bone-shaker," then the high-wheeled affair of 1877, and finally the low-wheeled safety. Immediately the influence of tens of thousands of cyclists began to be felt. Cobblestones gave way to asphalt along which the endless procession could speed with pleasure. Recreation parks were created. The Bronx, Pelham Bay and Van Cortlandt, in fact, owe their planning in great measure to the bicycle craze. Every night, all summer long and late into the fall, up and down the newly laid-out Riverside Drive, moved a myriad twinkling headlights—only occasionally interrupted by the cops . . . as when they arrested the Duke of Marlborough for "scorching" . . . the Duke who protested that he was merely relaxing from his labors as suitor for the hand (and fortune) of Consuelo Vanderbilt.

II

Upon White's return from Europe, Richardson expressed a desire to employ him again; but as the original firm of McKim, Mead and Bigelow (established in 1878) was by now dissolved—Bigelow's sister having divorced McKim—and opportunity offering for a new combination, White

chose rather to assume Bigelow's place. Of these matters Mead has left a full account:

After my graduation from Amherst College in 1867,² I spent a year in an engineer's office, and in July, 1868, entered the office of Mr. Russell Sturgis, after McKim had left to go to Europe. I went into this office as a paid student, for instruction in architecture, and was put directly under the guidance of the late George Fletcher Babb, who throughout his life, was a man of the highest talent, and who became an intimate friend of the members of our firm.

In 1871 I went to Europe for a residence of a year and a half, living most of the time with my brother Larkin G. Mead, at Florence, continuing my studies at the Accademia di Belle Arti.

Curiously enough after the return of McKim in 1870, and up to the time of my departure for Europe in 1871, I had not met him. He had, in the meantime, been given an important position in the office of Gambrill and Richardson, and was closely connected with the early designs for Trinity Church in Boston. Early in the summer of 1872, McKim had secured a commission for designing several small country houses in Orange, N. J., and had decided to start in business for himself. He took two small rooms at 57 Broadway, while closing up his connection with Gambrill and Richardson.

Upon my return from Europe in the fall of 1872, I naturally went to Mr. Sturgis' offices at 57 Broadway, in the hope that I might continue my services as an architectural draftsman there. Mr. Sturgis was out of town, and

² William Rutherford Mead, son of Larkin Goldsmith and Mary Jane (Noyes) Mead, was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, August 20, 1846. The next year, on August 24, Charles Follen McKim was born to James Miller and Sarah Allibone (Speakman) McKim, at Isabella Furnace, Chester County, Pennsylvania. White, as already stated, was born in 1853.

I made a call upon Mr. McKim in his new offices, in this same building. I found that he had a quantity of work to be finished before closing with Gambrill and Richardson, and with the two or three country houses he had on hand, he was very much in need of assistance, so we at once made an arrangement that I should help him out. This was the beginning of our life long acquaintance.

In the meantime, McKim received some other work, and I secured some of my own, and for several years we planned together helping each other on our separate work without any partnership. William B. Bigelow (later McKim's brother-in-law) had returned from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and had been given a place in the office. In 1878 it was decided that our work had become so intermingled that we would form a partnership under the name of McKim, Mead & Bigelow. This partnership, owing to the retirement of Mr. Bigelow, ceased in 1879.

Stanford White, the son of Richard Grant White, had entered the office of Gambrill & Richardson as a very young man during the time that McKim had been with them. He almost immediately showed great talent and took McKim's position upon his retirement from that office, and for some years was the devoted follower and assistant of Mr. Richardson in much of his more important work, notably Trinity Church in Boston. In these years he was our close neighbor and became our very intimate friend. In 1878 he left Mr. Richardson for an extended trip in Europe with, I think, the intention of returning to him. Naturally he was ambitious to go into business for himself, and on his return in 1879, on the retirement of Mr. Bigelow, we offered Mr. White a partnership which he accepted with great enthusiasm.

In our early days all of us had a great interest in Co-

lonial architecture, and in 1877 we made what we afterwards called our 'celebrated' trip to New England, for the purpose of visiting Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth. The party consisted of Messrs. McKim, Bigelow, White and myself. We made sketches and measured drawings of many of the important Colonial houses which still remain in our scrap book. I think these must represent some of the earliest records of the Colonial period through native drawings.

One of the events of this trip which we always remembered with great pleasure was a visit to Mr. Ben Perley Poore's place, Indian Head, outside of Newburyport. For many years he was the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. He lived in a house that had been in his family since some time in the seventeenth century. Mr. Poore had maintained everything in the spirit of Colonial times and had a most wonderful collection of Colonial furniture. We had a letter of introduction to him, requesting that he give us permission to see his place, and with most generous hospitality he insisted on our staying with him for four days. We were all young men, and he had two very attractive daughters, which made the visit all the more agreeable.

I think the leaning of the office towards the classic form dates from this trip. Mr. McKim, after his sojourn in Paris, returned with a bias for the picturesque, and his sketch books from abroad were full of châteaux, round towers and "pepper-pot extinguishers."

White had been brought up in Richardson's office, and his whole early influence had carried him towards the Romanesque, in which he certainly was an adept. I had been influenced somewhat towards the study of architecture by my first view, before entering college, of the classic

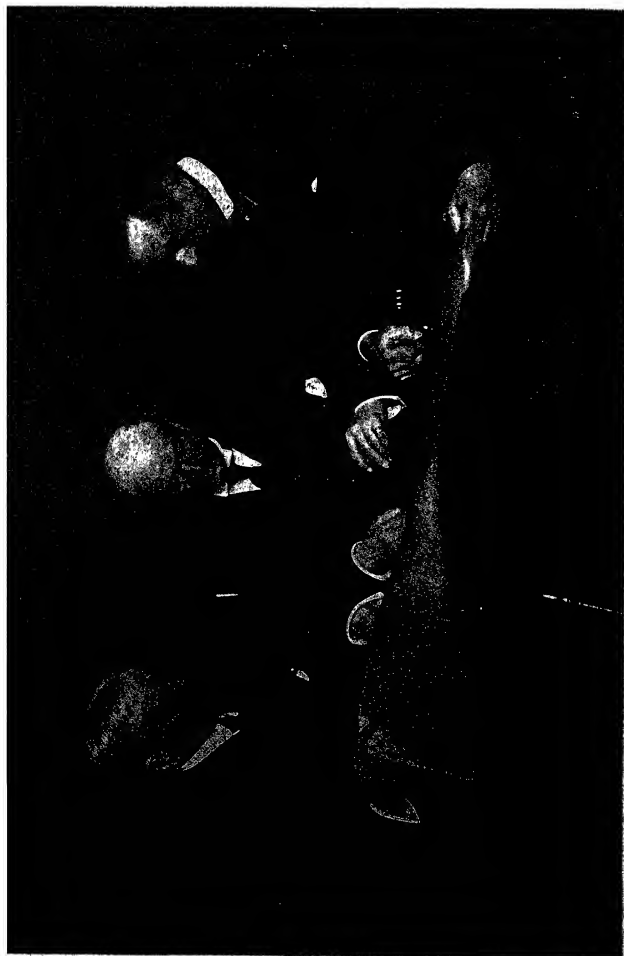
capitol building of Vermont at Montpelier, and I suppose I imbibed a love for the Renaissance from my residence in Italy.

In 1879, shortly before the establishment of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, Joseph M. Wells came into our office. Too much cannot be said of his unswerving devotion to the Italian Renaissance. He was a direct descendant of Samuel Adams, and I think no one ever got further from New England ideas than Wells did. I suppose he had merely a good high school education, but he was one of the most learned young men in literature and art whom I have ever met, and a most original thinker. I do not know what his early education in architecture was—certainly not through the schools. He had been in some of the good Boston offices before he came to us. In his quiet, almost unsocial, way he immediately made an impression upon all of us, and became our intimate friend and associate, not only in our work but in our daily lives. It was one of the shocks of my life when, in Paris, I received a cablegram announcing his death after a short illness.

As I sit here at my desk and look at a photograph of Charles McKim, Stanford White and myself, I have also before me a most remarkable photograph of Joseph M. Wells. The original was painted by his friend, Thomas W. Dewing. I recall the times when we four were working together in the bonds of true fellowship.

III

They worked together in the bonds of true fellowship, differing radically in temperament but united in their devotion to the fine arts, and particularly to the art of architecture. In fact, as Cortissov says, there probably never was an office with more effective teamwork, with fewer



William Rutherford Mead

Charles Follen McKim

Stanford White

THE FIRM: MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE
1906

bosses, with more of the atmosphere and character of a studio. Overlooking the lower harbor, from the top floor of No. 57 Broadway, at the corner of Tin Pot Alley, in New York City, it served as a council chamber where men could meet to discuss the renaissance of American art. There you could and would encounter Sargent, Dewing, Ryder, Thayer, Weir, St. Gaudens, Carrerre, Hastings, Cass Gilbert, La Farge, George de Forest Brush, Edwin A. Abbey, William M. Chase, Frank Millet and dozens of others. Naturally there were arguments and debates. But even in the most heated discussion, there was no whisper of meanness or jealousy. They differed as artists will: but they remained friends throughout their lives, never misunderstanding the motives or purposes one of the other.

They differed—McKim, Mead and White—yet, Mrs. White tells me, a better natured trio never got together. McKim, the calm and deliberate scholar, the academician, something of a pedant in his insistence upon (as the British call it) historic truth; White, the enthusiast, the firebrand, impatient of schools and formulas; Mead, the engineer. McKim the diffident and somewhat cautious son of self-denying Quakers, his quiet way of speaking masking a strong will—Charles the charmer, with his rodent-like determination. White, headstrong and impulsive, generous to a fault, the most prolific designer of his day. Mead, unruffled, unhurried, a quiet New Englander—"Dummy," as they called him—tempering the severity of McKim, checking White's enthusiasm. To McKim, every commission demanded the most careful study; every building which he produced must be worthy of his best, must be an architectural event; whereas White worked under terrific pressure and at top speed, never hesitating to be architecturally

incorrect if by "bending the axis" he could solve his problem. (Lawrence Grant White tells of a draughtsman who came to his father in despair, saying that the axis of a scheme—as indicated—could not be maintained. "Then," said White, "bend the axis.")

McKim affected the grand manner. Athlete and artist, sensitive, courageous and proud, he shrank from the rough and tumble. White, on the other hand, can be compared only to Cellini. His buildings greet you informally, invite you in; whereas McKim's seem to command, bidding you "Halt"—and kneel if need be. McKim is always correct. White is often careless.

Among the treasures left by St. Gaudens there is an amusing caricature of Mead struggling with two kites, labelled White and McKim, and pulling—of course—in opposite directions. Mead was both rudder and anchor. His commonsense steered the firm safely through a thousand difficulties. McKim the hull, White the sails, their ship might have wrecked—must have wrecked—but for Mead. In addition, Mead possessed an instinctive sense of scale and proportion, a grasp of architectural planning, which was of the greatest value to the firm. But he gave little time to designing, excusing himself by saying that his best efforts were required to keep his partners from making damn fools of themselves . . . while they insisted that but for Mead's engineering skill their finest creations must have fallen and crumbled into a heap of stone, brick and mortar. His secretary tells me that one day while Joe the bootblack was busy putting the finishing touch to Mr. Mead's shoes, the three of them fell into a discussion of Italy. Mr. Mead recounted how he had risen from his chair during an audience with the King, thereby dismissing the

King—a *faux pas* that became the talk of Rome. Suddenly turning to Joe, he said: "You must give me your mother's address. I will go and see her when next I am in Italy . . . and tell her what a fine fellow you are."

CHAPTER XIV THE PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES

It was Vitruvius who said that an architect should know how to read and write: he should be instructed in drawing and in geometry, and have some knowledge of arithmetic, history and philosophy: he should understand and appreciate music, and not be ignorant of anatomy, optics, astrology, jurisprudence or the science of building.

Yet fifty years ago, with few exceptions, American architects were dilettantes, taking things easy, seldom trusted, always curbed, often reprimanded. They occasionally supplied drawings for plans suggested by the client; but, for the most part, they occupied a position analogous to that of superintendent of construction. They knew and were supposed to know nothing about building laws, real estate values or mortgage financing. There were no typewriters; and hundred-page specifications had to be laboriously copied by hand. There were no well-equipped schools, no professional draughtsmen, no architectural journals. (Richardson, Hunt and McKim were the only graduates of Beaux-Arts then in practice in this country; all the others had studied, as White did, in the office of some established architect.) Blue prints were commercially impossible, and photostats unheard of. Even Richardson knew and cared nothing about construction—while in Chicago heavy masonry was being “floated” in mud, so little did men realize the importance of proper foundation work. In Boston, Nathaniel J. Bradley, an acknowledged leader in the profession, declared that elevators were un-

necessary, that a three-story building was high enough for any and all purposes, and that those who would not (or could not) climb three flights of stairs might as well stay home anyway.

Today our architects are extremely class conscious. They clamor for professional recognition; while at the same time insisting upon a proper respect for their abilities as business men. They point out that they must know all there is to know about materials, real estate values, building laws, plumbing, structural steel, labor costs, financing, billing, estimating, scale, roofing and design. McKim, Mead and White, on the other hand, and characteristically, preferred to win respect and confidence not as business men but as artists. They were designers. This may explain their success, since architectural firms fail (when they fail) because, too often, the business partner gets to running the designers; the designers sink to the level of hired hands; the work of the firm begins to suffer, the business suffers, the firm fails.

McKim, Mead and White was not, of course, immune to failure. As late as 1894 McKim wrote to Mead—then, in his turn, the “European partner” of the firm: “As is always more or less the case, we need a dozen large-sized jobs to keep us out of the poor house.” But the jobs were never long in coming.

McKim, Mead and White were, all of them, artists; and they never allowed themselves to become commercialized. Of course, they had to struggle, to fight for recognition, to compromise, to feel their way. But clients were plentiful, money was plentiful, and there was a growing conviction among our industrial barons that only a palace could properly house their new-found importance—all of

which spelled opportunity to McKim, Mead and White.

They went after their share of such business as offered, and secured more than their share—as a list of their clients will prove. It reads like the social register: Charles L. Tiffany, James J. Higginson, Robert Goelet, Ogden Goelet, James Stillman, Henry B. Auchincloss, James Gordon Bennett, Walter C. Tuckerman, Mrs. Frances L. Skinner, John Jacob Astor, Samuel Coleman, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Stuyvesant Fish, Isaac V. Brokaw, Clarence H. Mackay, J. Pierpont Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt, Joseph H. Choate, William C. Whitney, Payne Whitney, Ross Winans of Baltimore, and many others.

II

During the first years of the firm's existence, White's work consisted almost exclusively of private houses, built in the free informal style, inherited from Richardson, in which the roof dominates the composition. The walls are often embroidered with intricate patterns, obtained by varying the outline of the shingles, or by inserting colored materials in the stucco. But the style is always the same.

Of this early work, Lewis Mumford has written, in his pamphlet on *Architecture*:

The great problem of the architect is to mold the essential structural form in such a way as to perform all the purposes for which the building exists. It must fit its site, harmonize with or stand out from its neighbors, fulfill its own function as a shelter, a work-place, or a play-place, and give a special pleasure to every one who passes it or enters it.

The history of architecture is full of triumphs in solving this many-sided problem. If you will read Henry Adams' description of the building of Chartres, you will discover the sort of human effort and devotion that created a great religious building in the Middle Ages: but there are humbler examples, nearer at hand, which will serve just as well. H. H. Richardson, for instance, in the middle of the eighties, had developed a type of cottage, using stained and unstained shingles, with long, steep roofs, wide windows, and ample bays, which was admirably suited to the domestic needs of the day. The best of Richardson's cottages, and those of the same quality at first built by his pupil, White, were fine adaptations to the climate of our Atlantic seaboard, and our modern mode of life. They mellowed into the landscape year by year, and their greens, yellows, crimsons, blues, and russet browns became as native to the land as the goldenrod, asters and sumach. These houses were thoroughly domestic; they were modern; they belonged to the scene; they were traditional in their use of materials, and fresh and vigorous in their working out of new forms. In short, they answered satisfactorily all the practical and æsthetic problems that could confront an architect in the years between 1880 and 1890.

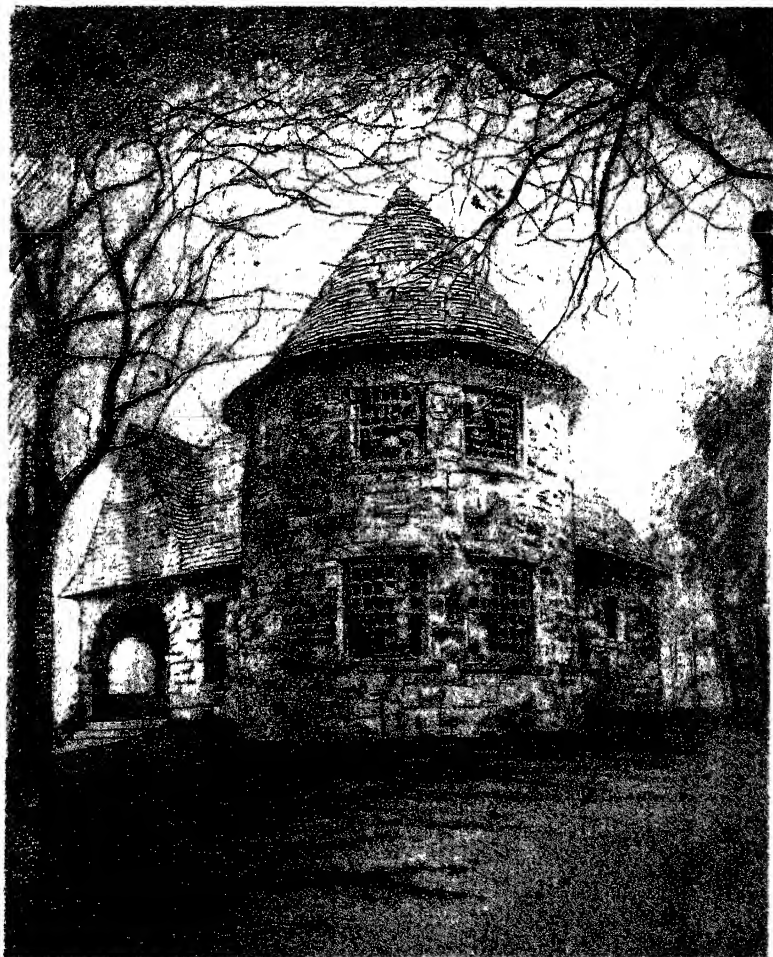
III

Characteristic of White's work during this period is the Osborn House in Mamaroneck, N. Y.—though Royal Cortissoz insists that it was the Robert Goelet house in Newport, designed by White in 1883, that really set the pace and ushered in the renaissance in American domestic architecture. Of another of White's early designs—the Ross Winans house on St. Paul Street in Baltimore—the *Baltimore Sun* said: "This is one of the finest residences

in town. Its architecture is a free rendering of early French Renaissance, at once gracious and noble, wholly in keeping with the spirit of its owner." Another and possibly the best known example of French Renaissance architecture in America, also designed by White, and in the mood and manner of François Premier, is the Clarence Mackay house, Harbor Hill, at Roslyn, L. I., built in 1902.

The most successful—it was to be the last—of White's designs in the Romanesque is the original, skilful and imposing Tiffany house, still standing on the corner of Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, in New York. According to the *New York World* of March 29, 1884, this two-family dwelling "created no end of talk both on the part of the public and in professional circles, as being about the largest private residence in the city, a bold departure from all stereotyped forms, and yet a great success." Indeed, the talk even reached Europe via Sir Edmund Gosse, who, writing his "Impressions of America" in the *Critic* for January, 1885, said, among other nice things about New York:

The Tiffany House on Madison Avenue is the one that pleased me most in America. That seems to me to be the realization of an architect's dream; and I think that it is the most beautiful domestic building that I have almost ever seen—just as I think that Trinity Church in Boston is the most beautiful modern ecclesiastical building that I have ever seen. The Tiffany House gave me the same impression that some of the grand Seventeenth Century chalets in Switzerland give, a sort of vastness as if it had grown like a mountain. Too many houses have a gimcrack look as if they had come in the night like a mushroom. And in America I have seen a tendency to combine the



LODGE, CHARLES J. OSBORN'S RESIDENCE
MAMARONECK, N. Y.

Designed and Drawn by Stanford White
1885

arts, to make the sculptor and the architect work together, that seems to me to be the right thing. I was delighted to find men like John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens and Stanford White—painter, sculptor and architect—working together.

The first of White's many designs in Italian Renaissance was the Columbia Bank Building on the southeast corner of Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue. (It has long since gone the way of destruction that beckons to so many buildings in New York.) Six stories high, with two rectangular bays, topped by balconies, projecting several feet onto Forty-Second Street, this building owed its effect—which was excellent—to the simplicity and massiveness of its treatment. It gave an impression of "walliness," which was further enhanced by the texture of the stone and by the emphasis given to the masonic substructure. In color, too, the work was fortunate, both in the relation of the stone to the brickwork, and particularly in the careful blending of brick and terra cotta. It had, in fact, an air of gaiety, something of that carnival spirit that was to make Madison Square Garden the center of the amusement world.

IV

McKim, Mead and White, then and always, respected their materials. In his essay on the firm, Royal Cortissoz says that to McKim building materials were what pigments are to the painter: "He handled them with the same intensely personal feeling that a great technician of the brush brings to the manipulation of his colors." This was, of course, equally true of his partners—it had been true

of Richardson, of Wren, of Ictinus and Callicrates. It explains, in part, the sobriety of St. Gaudens who always insisted upon the impossibility of expressing violent emotion in marble. It is only the smaller fry who bluff, who paint their plaster to resemble bronze and grain their metal in a cheap imitation of wood. But few have been so scrupulous, so careful, so honest in their use of materials as were McKim and White.

Writing in the *Century Magazine*, August, 1884, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Richardson's biographer, said of the Columbia Bank Building: "Look at the lower story and you will see what I mean by good structural finish. The stones are neither too large nor too small, too rough nor too smooth, for their position and for appropriate contrast with the brick wall above; and they are disposed in a way which gives them a truly decorative beauty of their own." Later on in the same article, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: "I have been told that the bricks used in the upper stories of the Tiffany House on Madison Avenue were made under Stanford White's own direction, the best commercial pressed brick being too hard and close to accomplish his purpose."

To White also belongs the honor (such as it is) of introducing Pompeian or mottled terra cotta. In 1870 when the architectural use of terra cotta was first suggested, the leaders of the profession said: "It will never do; it's been tried over and over again; and every trial has ended in failure. It may be useful in Europe, but—you take our word for it—it will never withstand the rigors of the American climate."

"What rigors?" asked White; and went ahead with his use of terra cotta—for the Tiffany House, for the Rus-

sell and Erwin Building in New Britain, Conn., for the Hotel Imperial, for Madison Square Garden—in fact, whenever and wherever he pleased.

v

From an unidentifiable clipping found among Mead's papers—I quote "Certain Hints and Cautions." The advice is still good:—

Persons about to build—and others who are planning to remodel their homes—will thank us for the hint to visit the yards of the companies and persons who undertake the removal of old buildings, and who sell for a fraction of their cost marble and wooden mantels, doors, windows with their frames and shutters, wall panellings, and, in general, all the larger ironwork, woodwork and wrought stone of the buildings that they take down. It is well known that some of the most beautiful "colonial" and other mantelpieces which now adorn certain remodelled houses in New York were picked up by Mr. Stanford White in the yards of a housewrecker on the East Side near the river.

CHAPTER XV THE FARRAGUT, THE RANDALL AND THE MORGAN MONUMENTS

AND now to return to St. Gaudens—the “god-like sculptor,” as Robert Louis Stevenson called him—and the Farragut statue, the Randall memorial, Morgan’s angels, and the letters exchanged by White in New York and St. Gaudens in Paris, introducing the correspondence with a quotation from Homer St. Gaudens, the sculptor’s son: ¹

White’s letters to my father are fragmentary, hard to decipher, frequently written on tracing paper, more often on both sides of the sheet, jotted down in pencil and at the headlong speed with which the architect accomplished all things. . . . From the outset White displayed unusual devotion and energy in the cause of his friend. Indeed, this correspondence is made chiefly valuable by exhibiting the manner in which the generous-hearted architect was ever intent upon the welfare of others, lavish with his advice and encouragement, untiring in his efforts to aid. Big in mind and body, White possessed not one belittling drop of jealousy. Never was a man more ready to recognize good work in another, never a man more quick to praise, never a man more modest concerning his own production.

The letters are interesting, also, as disclosing the effort, the care, the patient attention to detail that made possible the “rightness,” the vigor and the beauty of, for instance, the Farragut Monument. We are made to understand what “art” means to the artist, his joy in his creation, his devotion to the task in hand, his fight against public indiffer-

¹ From the *Architectural Record*, Volume XXX.

ence and against the public-spirited citizens who must have their finger in every pie.

The letters begin with a note written by White on board the *Olympus*, homeward bound, Saturday, September 6, 1879, at the conclusion of his first tour of Europe:

MR. HORGUSTUS GAUDENS,

I did not answer your question about the height of the Farragut figure. My feeling would be to lower it. It would be in better proportion to the pedestal. But you can settle the matter very easily by having Louis make a Farragut eight feet two in paper and seeing the effect. One reason I did not answer your question was because I thought I would wait until I could see the Lafayette in Union Square and send you the measure. I don't care a damn about the Lafayette myself, but I will measure it on my arrival and write you what it is.

Arriving home, White wrote again:

57 Broadway, New York
Tuesday, 9th of September, 1879

MY BELOVED SNOOKS:

Yesterday I made three unsuccessful attempts to measure the Lafayette and get in the lock-up. Today I came near to succeeding in both. Here is the result. It is impossible to get an accurate measure without a step-ladder and a requisition on the city government! But I will swear that it is not over eight feet five nor under eight feet three. If it had not come so near to our figure, I should have telegraphed you. Stick to eight feet six, and I do not think you will go far wrong. Though I should most certainly advise reducing the figure and base to eight feet six.

I have gone into partnership with McKim and Mead on

the same proposition made to me in Mead's letter. It really, after all, was quite as liberal as I could expect for the first year.² If I can get a little decorative work outside the office, I shall manage all right. Tomorrow I shall be engulfed in business.

I saw La Farge for a moment and cannot see him again until next week. His grand scheme is likely to fall through; but he seems fat and cheerful. He asked in the warmest way after you and your work.

STAN.

The following Sunday he wrote again:

MY DEAR GAUDENS:

You can form no idea of what a fearful state of drive I am in. I have been home but eight days; I have had to spend four of them out of town; and with McKim's business, as well as yours and mine, pressing from all sides, I have done nothing but rush. Things to do seem to crop up like hydras' heads all round me.

I had a long talk with Richardson and Olmstead about the Farragut pedestal. Both like it very much, Richardson especially. Olmstead felt sure you could have any site you might choose. He favors the front of the Worth Monument, and not Madison Square. He thinks Madison Square a sort of shiftless place, which would give the statue no prominence whatever. He suggested the triangles formed by the intersection of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, the little parks to be made to conform to the pedestal, or the entrance to the Central Park, or just north of the fountain in Union Square. Myself, I still favor the Madison

² The agreement was written by Mead, on yellow scratch paper, and called for a division of profits—after all expenses had been paid—as follows: McKim, 42%; Mead, 33%; and White 25%. That first year the profits amounted to something less than \$5,000.

Square site, its very quietness being a recommendation. Of the other sites, the one north of the fountain in Union Square seems to me far the best. The elevated railway knocks the others.

I have not seen La Farge about the pedestal, or Babb—on whose judgment I mostly rely. La Farge is not going abroad, the affair he wrote about is all glass bubbles. He asked most kindly after you. He has gone extensively into stained glass, making all kinds of experiments. Some of his work impressed me as much as ever; but his decoration and figure looked pretty sloppy, after the old work.

About Morgan's monument, I have both good and bad news. His son has died; and Mead says he is in a most howling hurry for his monument. I have not seen him yet—I believe he is not in town—nor have I been able to understand completely Casoni and Isola's failure, and must see them before I see him. But it does not complicate us in any way: and but for this unhappy affair of Morgan's son dying, I might have managed things so it would have been better for you. I may do it yet, and shall try with all my might. But, of course, I can tell nothing till I see him.

STAN.

Two days later:—

57 Broadway, New York
Tuesday, September, 1879

Mr. Horgustus Gaudens,
No Artist,
Paris.

I feel quite sot up. Babb likes the new pedestal better nor the old one, and likes it very much. He thinks eight feet three to eight feet five a very good size for the statue. He said he wouldn't make it smaller.

I am going to see Morgan tomorrow; and I tremble in my boots.

I've got my trunk! I've got my peacock's skin! Had to pay 5 5 5 5, four little gold pieces, for the pleasure. But I got 'em. And the next time they go on a railway travel, I'll eat trunk, peacock's feathers and railroad officials.

Did I say anything about conventionalization of the sea for the Farragut? The sea was altogether too much for me to draw. As to conventionalization, by reason of place and material, I believe it necessary the more I think of it. And I think you think so too, even though you won't acknowledge it. Also I am sure that whatever you do will be bully and much better than if anybody else meddled with it.

(Signed by White's caricature.)

Again:—

57 Broadway, New York
Opposite Exchange Place
October 15, 1879

DEAR (caricature of Saint Gaudens):

Some time ago I took the two pedestals to La Farge. His criticism was very quick and to the point. He liked them both; but liked the first sketch the best for the reason that he thought it simpler and more of a whole, and that of two designs he liked the one that could fall back on precedent rather than the more original one, unless the original one was so astonishingly good that it compensated for its strangeness.

Funny, coming from La Farge, wasn't it?

I then asked him to sail into the last pedestal and tell us what was the matter with it and how to better it.

He said the curving, or rising, of the line upwards from the ends toward the pedestal proper was an insuperable



Statue by Augustus St. Gaudens

Pedestal by Stanford White

FARRAGUT MONUMENT, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

objection. He disliked it anyway, and gave as his chief reason that it was antagonistic with the circular plan of the seat and destroyed the perspective almost entirely. He liked the decorative treatment very much, and the dolphins very much.

Now the only thing that troubles me about his criticism is his objection to the curved rising line of the back of the seat, for the reason that it bothered me considerably and had lain on my conscience like pancakes in summer. I am sure it will not look well, and I am almost equally sure a straight back or one slightly and subtly rising will. Almost everybody, architects, has spoken about it. Still—if you feel very strongly about it, let's keep it. I send you some tracings with this and you can see what I mean.

As you have lowered your figure three inches, we might lower the pedestal by that amount, raise the ends of the wall three inches, and lower it three inches where it joins the pedestal. Then the bulk would be very little more than the present design, and I do not see how it could injure the figure. Of course, I should know about this as soon as possible, as I have to know it before I send you the full size outlines of the pedestal and back. If you think it necessary, you can telegraph, but it will only gain ten days.

Also, you clay-daubing wretch, why didn't you tell me which site you wished? You wrote me that you "thought them all good." I myself strongly like the Madison Square site and "so do we all of us." But you must decide, and for God's sake do so and then hire a hall forever afterward.

(Signed by White's caricature.)

Again:—

October 17th, 1879

MY DEAR OLD BOY,

Here is the long promised epistle—not more than forty-

eleven pages. But you must not think that I have been put to too much trouble. I am just as much interested in the success of the pedestal as you are; nor, alas! shall I see many such chances in my life to do work in so entirely an artistic spirit, unhampered by the—well—small hells that encircle us on every side; women who want closets, for instance.

I arrived in New York Saturday the 6th of September and went to the office on Monday the 8th. For the first week I had my hands and my head as full as ever I wish them to be of things to do and think over. I wrote you a letter at the end of it coming down the Hudson on the *Powell*. That brings us to Monday the 15th.

On the 17th, I think it was, I wrote to Fordyce & Browning—the contractors who gave the bid on the old pedestal—to call at the office and give me a bid on the revised design.

Mr. Fordyce called the next day and took the drawings away with him, but did not bring his estimate in until six days later!

I had seen Olmstead meanwhile and written you about the site. But I did not think it advisable to see Cisco, or send your letter to the park commissioners, until I had a definite bid on the pedestal.

Meanwhile I had begun to be pretty worried and scared, for both prices and labor had gone up nearly twenty-five percent; and I was not at all surprised when Mr. Fordyce told me the lowest bid he could make on the pedestal was two thousand seven hundred dollars. We went over the plans carefully but could see no way of cutting down.

So I sat down, said "Hell and damn it," and then made up my mind that if we died we would die hard. I sent Cisco your letter, and one from myself asking for an appointment; drank a brandy cocktail; and told Fordyce

that if he couldn't devise some way of reducing the bid, never to darken the door of McKim, Mead & White's offices again.

Next morning I got a letter from Cisco saying he would be in Saturday the hull day long.

And Fordyce appears with a sort of yaller green bluestone in his hand which, he says, is the grandest (he's a Scotchman) stone on the market; and that he will build the pedestal for three hundred and fifty dollars cheaper: that is, for two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. He swore it was as sound as the bluestone, and to prove it picked up a bluestone and hit them together and smashed his own stone into a thousand splinters! Convincing, wasn't it? Nevertheless, the stone turned out to be a very good stone and a very stunning color. I'll send you a specimen of it.

So Saturday noon I sailed down to Cisco's office, with the photographs in one hand and my stone in the other. He received me very kindly, read over your letter again, and asked me what he could do for me. I told him how long we had worked on the pedestal and how anxious we were to have it built, how the bids had come over the amount in hand, and how we hoped for the Committee's assistance. He said, "Ah, dear me!" two or three times, thought pedestal No. 1 would be very grand, and liked pedestal No. 2 almost as well, liked the stone too. And at the end he rose from his seat, and said he was very sorry that General Dix was not alive, that he would have been the proper person to apply to, that as for himself he really could do nothing about it, that the two thousand dollars would always be at my disposal, and then wished me "good morning."

"Then you do not think any more money could be raised?" I said as I shook hands with him.

"Possibly—possibly," he replied. "You had better see Morgan, as he is Mr. St. Gaudens' friend."

I went away quite discouraged.

The Committee is evidently utterly disorganized and without a head. But what disheartened me was Cisco's apparent lack of interest in the whole matter.

I then wrote him three notes in rapid succession about a mile long, but very wisely tore them up and boiled them down to the four-page letter which I sent you.

After seeing Cisco, I spoke to my father and asked his advice. (Cisco, by the way, at first supposed that I was the man who was going to contract for the pedestal.) So my dad told me he would give me a formal letter of introduction to him which would make him at least listen courteously to what I had to say. What he did write was a letter of about a dozen lines, expressing our cause very strongly and putting the point to Cisco in a way worth my four pages together. The plan I had formed was to get the list of subscribers and then make attacks on all of them, with my dad's assistance, until I came across some feller who took enough interest in the thing to make the cause his own. I sent my dad's letter and my own to Cisco in the same envelope and was asked to call on him next day.

He was as kind as before, told me he had computed the interest and found there was two thousand four hundred and fifty dollars, just the sum we want to build the plain shell, above the nine thousand dollars. He said it would be next to impossible to get a list of the subscribers, and that it would be very foolish for me to try to do anything about raising any money right now, especially as the statue was behind hand, but that *when the statue and pedestal were put up*, if they were a success, he thought that *there would be no doubt but that the extra six hundred dollars*

or so could be raised among a dozen or so of the subscribers. For instance, he would give fifty dollars, perhaps Morgan one hundred, and so on. He then bade me "good morning," and told me to see Morgan and get his advice.

So I marched off with joy in my soul, and had hard work stopping myself from writing you a high-cockalorum of a letter at once.

I did not write before for the reason that nothing was settled. And I saw no reason for disheartening you when possibly matters might turn out for the best. After seeing Cisco, I thought it safer to see Morgan rather than write a pæan of victory to you and have to take it all back by next post.

* Alas, I did only too wisely. But I won't say "alas." Who the devil cares for Morgan?

I saw him three times after this; but on each occasion he was in a bad humor, and I did not venture upon the pedestal. Last week I called to see him again about his old mausoleum, and took photographs of the pedestal with me in case the opportunity was favorable. He did not want to see me about his monument, although he had told me to call, but asked what I had in my hands. I thought I had better settle matters at once, so I showed him the pedestal, and told him as quietly and shortly as I could how we stood and what Cisco had said.

He immediately got up on a high horse and acted in a most outrageous manner, misunderstood everything I said, and in fact would listen to nothing.

"The Committee wouldn't guarantee a cent. . . . Mr. St. Gaudens has a contract and he should stick to it. . . . The idea of asking for more money. . . . The Committee wouldn't pay a cent, nor would they go begging. . . . Cisco could speak for himself. . . . Let him stick to his contract." etc., etc.

He finished by raising up his hand and calling on his secretary to witness that he wouldn't give a cent, not a damn cent.

Then he said that he didn't want to talk any more about it. So I picked up my hat and walked out of his office, with my fingers itching to clutch him by the throat.

His whole manner of acting was as if we were trying to come some game over the Committee, and that he brushed us away as being beneath listening to.

I was boiling mad; and at first a little troubled what to do, and wisely slept over it.

Next morning I wrote him the letter enclosed and went immediately down to see Cisco, told him what had happened and showed him the letter I had sent to Morgan. He metaphorically patted me on the back, and told me not to mind Morgan, that (this is *entre nous*) his physicians had told him that he couldn't live more than two or three years and that in consequence he was in a constantly depressed and morbid condition.

So I went away again highly elated, as I had feared Cisco would say: "Well, you had better drop the whole matter and do what the contract calls for." At least he is our friend; and I am sure will gather others to us. *This was four days ago.*

Now you know all about it. You must draw your own inferences and tell me what to do. There will be, above the contract for the pedestal, about six hundred to seven hundred dollars extra for the cutting of the reliefs. Toward this, in a pinch, the difference in the cost of casting a figure eight feet three instead of nine feet might legitimately go; and I feel almost sure that the balance can be raised among the subscribers when the time comes. But, of course, it is risky. You must decide for yourself.

I have told you everything. Now the pack is on your

shoulders, and you can throw it off which way you choose. You're boss, and I await your orders.

If you so decide, we have plenty of time to design a new "chaste and inexpensive" pedestal. If, however, you decide—as I think you will—to go on with our last design, write me at once.

The contractors can cut the stone in the winter and put up the whole pedestal, foundations and all, within three weeks, in the spring. So we are not more than moderately pressed.

But it is important that you should start immediately making the reliefs, etc. Therefore, telegraph "Stanford, New York." I will leave word to have any telegrams so addressed sent to the office; and I will understand that you mean "go ahead," and will contract for the pedestal at once.

Assez! Assez! C'est fini!

Look up! Hire a hall! I have spent two evenings writing this. For you that must read it, all I can say is "God pity you and be with you, old boy, forever."

S. W.

Six days later White wrote again:

Probably October 23, 1879
New York

MY BELOVED SNOOKS:

The plans were sent to Batterson in Hartford; and he returned them with the same bid as Fisher & Bird, which is twelve thousand five hundred dollars. This seemed to Morgan mighty suspicious; and he was kind enough to suggest that perhaps I told one man what the other's bid was. I could hardly resent this as I should have wished, since so much hung on avoiding a row with him. I asked

him, however, rather sharply if he meant to insult me, so he has not repeated the remark again, but has acted in such a manner that it was hard work restraining myself from walking right out of his office. Anyway I've resolved not to go near him again unless he sends for me. When he will decide about his monument, I haven't the slightest idea.

The first or second time I saw him, he asked about you and your work. I told him that the cross was almost finished, and that you were working on the angels and would probably have them cut in place, and that you might be four or five months behind hand on them on account of sickness, etc., etc. Morgan said he was afraid you had taken too much to do. "We mustn't be too greedy," he said. I told him that whatever work you undertook he could be sure you would not slight. Whether this satisfied a man who has no idea beyond "sticking to his contract" I am sure I don't know.

He also expressed a desire to see photographs of his work. I told him the work was in too rough a condition yet; and he again was very much perturbed at your not having contracted for your block of marble as "marbles were going up."

While in New York he spoke to La Farge about your being behind hand; and La Farge told him that you could work better and quicker under pressure of time than any man he knew.

Still—save the time when I saw him about the Farragut pedestal—Morgan has always spoken pleasantly about you. By all means keep friends with him. As Cisco says, he is troubled and morose and may not mean to be as piggy as he is. I should write him a very pleasant note saying how sorry you were to hear of his son's death; that you had the cross finished, and would send it over at once; that you are working on the angels, but might be behind hand on ac-

count of sickness, etc., etc.; that you were coming home in the spring, and to avoid any delay in the work you would, if necessary, have the block put up and the angels cut in place.

STAN.

To which St. Gaudens replied:

Paris, November 6, '79

DEAR STAN:

I have made up my mind to the disposition of the figures as you see them in the photograph. I've tried putting two angels between the trees instead of one; but it won't work. I want you to have the moulding in the stone directly under the figures left *uncut*, because I think it would be better straight up with lettering occupying that space.

I've indicated the inscription a little; and you can see it in the photograph. Tell me what you think of this, and if it can be done; or what you can suggest instead. Is it absolutely necessary that that moulding should be there? Again, tell me how you like the tree and whether you would object to its coming over and consequently almost entirely concealing the moulding over the angels. Or must I make the leafage come under the moulding? About this your word is law.

I have not the slightest doubt but that all will be all right. Morgan's contract with me is that he pays for the marble delivered in Paris. I will see tonight, but I think nothing is said about the freight to New York. I never pay that; and he knows it. Of course, if I can't bring the marble to Paris, I'm certainly not going to pay the freight to New York from Italy. He gets his tomb cheap enough as it is. I must say though that Morgan used to be very brutal to me at times; and yet afterwards did all he

could to push me. Perhaps his bark is worse than his bite. Either way it's disgusting.

I'll finish the cross in a day or so, as I have leisure, and send it right on. I don't think I'll write Morgan until then, and when I do, I will say but a few words and send you a copy of what I send him. We "too greedy"? What would a person call him, I wonder?

Affy,
Gus.

But White could not see it that way, and hurriedly answered:

BELOVED:

By all means I think you'd better write Morgan about his angels. I think they are bustin'; and so do all of us. But Morgan—and above all Mrs. Morgan—may have some preconceived notions. So if you write, she will know something of what to expect.

I say this because somebody was in the office, saw the photographs, and asked me if it was a musical party; and seemed somewhat shocked when I told him it was to go on a tomb.

Some people are such damned asses they always think of death as a gloomy performance instead of resurrection.

Then Morgan and Madame are blue-nosed Presbyterians. I would see them all to the devil, though.

I think, however, to break their fall I should write them a buncombe note about looking at death as a resurrection, etc., etc.; that you have placed three angels in front, one praying, two playing on a harp and lute, and all chanting the lines Alleluia, etc., etc., which are written underneath; and that from the back springs a symbol of the tree of life, the leaves of which form a cover over the heads of the angels.

You, of course, will write this a damn sight better, and I only bore you with it because two fellows sometimes think more than one.

About the angels: I think they are perfectly lovely. McKim said, "By Golly, what a fellow St. Gaudens is!" and borrowed them to show to Mrs. Butler and Bunce. And Weir thought they were gorgeous. And even Babb said, "H—m—m," which is lots for him.

Now for the architectural criticism: Don't mind if I tread on your side of the question sometimes. I think, of course, that they ought to be (and that you will make them) as severe and unpicturesque as possible. As for the angels in the front, I will get down on my knees and say nothing. ~~And~~ I think you should make the tree, trunks and limbs and foliage, very architectural. I like, however, the trunk and limb shown on the three-quarter view very much. I am sure that I would make the angel behind with a scroll. I have enclosed some tracings I made over the photographs. I would not have the edge of the leafage so sharp and flat. You certainly want deep masses and dark shadows. But you must take care to make your holes so the water will run off; then, when it freezes, it won't take off a head or a hand or leaf. I think some of the leaves should be well under cover. But in no case let the light of heaven come through the canopy of leaves—that is, don't have a hole in it. That's all.

S. W.

And now back to the Farragut . . . and Cisco:—

57 Broadway, New York
December 17, 1879

DEAR OLD FELLOW:

When I saw Cisco yesterday he said he "did not feel authorized to sign any paper," as they had a contract with

you to furnish a pedestal, and as soon as you furnished it they would pay you the money; but if Messrs. Fisher & Bird would call, he would assure them that it would be all right.

As contractors, however, usually want something safer than assurances, and Fisher & Bird said they would feel entirely satisfied if I went your security, I forthwith did it and enclose you a copy of my engagement.

As I "ain't got" a cent, and therefore run no risk, I consider this the most magnificent exemplification of friendship "wot ever occurred."

I wouldn't say anything about the security but for this reason. In case, God forbid, you should happen to part company with this world, complications might arise. So just write an order asking the treasurer of the Farragut, etc., etc., whatever it is, to pay Messrs. Fisher & Bird the total amount of money accumulated for the pedestal; send the paper to me; and I will stick it in our safe to await contingencies.

I feel that I should have my tail kicked for making you wait so long for your measurements. The truth is I had the thing pretty well along when, one Sunday, Babb came in, damn him, and said in his usual way of springing a bomb-shell: "Well, if you take the rise out of the back of the seat, you'll get the pedestal too heavy and make the figure look thin." Then, as usual, he shut up like a clam and wouldn't say any more. Now—as I care too much for Babb's opinion, and my conscience would never forgive me if I got the pedestal too heavy—I began floundering around trying to improve matters, until McKim came along and said: "You're a damn fool—you've got a good thing; why don't you stick to it?" So I've stuck to it. All I've got to say is if any Greek temple had any more parabolic, bucolic or any other olic kind of curves about it than this, or if the

architect had to draw them out full size, a lunatic asylum or a hospital must have been an addenda to an architect's office.

Now about the models: The ones we want first, of course, are the fish and the sea and the sword. They are in the contract. Everybody likes the fishes; so I would make them like the little model "better as you can." As to the sea; do as you damn please, and it will be sure to be bully. You must make it stormy though. As for conventionalization, fire away as you choose. Our difference of opinion is only one of words.

By the way, did you ever read the description of the horse in the Book of Job? "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength."

Of course, a horse's neck is not clothed with thunder. It's all damned nonsense. But would a realistic description have gone to your guts so?

I've got to stop now or I'll drop. Loads of love to Louis and the kindest remembrances to your wife and sister-in-law. To thyself the hug of a bear.

(Signed by White's caricature.)

Again:

57 Broadway, New York
Saturday morning, Dec. 27, 1879

DEAR OLD HOSS:

This is the last about the Farragut until I hear from you.

You will notice the height of your figures. The bas-relief is reduced by about four inches. This is a little bad for the figures, but it is better for the statue, and to that everything should be sacrificed. I am going to try another

step near the sidewalk and terrace up nine or ten inches, thus getting the statue as much up above the eye as it is in the little clay model.

I will tell you something which will be much worse than the Fifth Avenue Hotel. That is Bartholdi's huge hand and arm which is right opposite the Worth Monument.

Here is an elevation [sketch] of Madison Avenue from Twenty-Sixth Street to Twenty-Third Street. Seward would be about nineteen feet if he stood up.

Never mind. It's not size but guts that tells. You could stick the Parthenon inside a small ring of the Grand Central Depot.

STAN.

Again:

February 24

BELoved:

Biz. first, pummelling afterward. I suppose you are much obliged to me for the *Life of Farragut*. Now that you have sent the statue to the casters I send you the *Life*. It goes by Thursday's steamer.

There is another thing that I wish to know, namely, the inscription. I submitted to my dad a draft of the one we decided on in Paris, and then took it up and saw young Farragut and madame. They liked it very much. But the trouble is my dad did not like it at all. He said it would be a most difficult thing to do; and thinking, until lately, that you were coming over in May, and that we would have time to settle its definite form then, I planned to invest in Farragut's *Life* and go over it with my dad and then let him make up something of his own which we could talk over when you appeared. I will now attend to it at once to be ready for any contingency. Your idea, however, is to draw it on the stone here and perhaps have Louis and

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT

an assistant cut it, is it not? Yet what time will you have to have that done? I wish you could hurry Barbeza up. The middle of June is not a fortunate time for the unveiling, not because it is so warm, but because everybody will have gone out of town, and I am afraid it will put the members of the Committee badly out of humor. Both Cisco and young Farragut said very strongly that the inauguration ought to take place before the first of June. Still what is, and I wouldn't hurt the figure. But I would certainly do all in my power to have the inauguration not after the first week in June for the figure's sake as well as your own.

I have been to the site of the Farragut at least fifty times. Sometimes I think it is a bully site and sometimes I think a better one could be found. I have gone there with lots of people, and their opinions differ as much as mine do. There has been no need of hurrying about it, as we are sure of the site, and they won't begin laying the foundations before April. I have been on the point of writing that formal application to the Park Commissioners twice; but both times have been stopped, the last time by your letter saying there should be twenty-five feet from the sidewalk to the figure. This upset me, for in that site it can't be did. I went up with tape lines and found that it brought the figure just in the worst place and smack in the path. Your wife's letter, however, makes it all right.

I am very glad, nevertheless, that I was stirred up in my mind, for I have come myself to the almost decided conclusion that the Twenty-Sixth Street corner of Madison Park and Fifth Avenue is a better place. It is more removed from the other statues and is altogether a more select, quiet and distinguished place, if it is not so public. It is in a sweller part of the Park, just where the aristocratic part of the Avenue begins and right opposite Delmonico's and the Hotel Brunswick; and the stream of people walking

STANFORD WHITE

down Fifth Avenue would see it at once. It also would have a more northerly light, and you wouldn't have any white reflections to dread.

Here is the whole plan of the Park.

[*sketch*]

Here is a larger view of the end.

[*another sketch*]

Now if it was put here, I do not know exactly whether it would be best to place him corner-wise, as line A-B, or parallel with the Avenue, as B-C. I myself prefer A-B. What do you think? Everybody I have asked favors the last site most. I will consult Olmstead and Cisco and Field; and if they like it best I will apply for it, if it is necessary, before hearing from you. If you *strongly object*, you must telegraph. I won't write the application before sixteen days. *Write at once*, however.

I will not telegraph you about the sea, but will write you—that is, unless you give reasons for my telegraphing.

What has become of the model for the cross? I hope you have decided about Morgan's things. Prices are going up like lightning; and he will (I am afraid) be in a frightful rage.

You must think me a hell of a feller to be digging pins in you this way all the time.

Now I am going to bust you in the snout. What do you mean by writing Bunce that your sister would leave about a week after you wrote your letter, and that she would arrive about "a week or ten days" after he received this? I immediately thought she had put off sailing for a week. WHY? However, I went down to the *Scythia*, which arrived the day after your letter, and saw Miss Homer, and it took all my courage to do so, for I was sick as a dog, had a frightful cold, and a nose on me as swollen as Bardolph's and as red as her cheeks. She was the perfect picture of

loveliness and health. I only saw her for a short time, as she was very well taken care of, and one is apt to be in the way in such cases. But I certainly mean some way or other to get to Boston soon, not only for the pleasure of seeing her, but to ask five hundred and fifty questions. All this ought to be written to your wife—indeed is. Give her my best regards. Louis also.

Ever lovingly thine
(Signed by White's caricature.)

Again:

April 1st, All Fools' Day, '80

DOUBLY BELOVED:

Damn Fisher & Bird! Damn Morgan! And damn, oh! damn, Babcock! You're such a bully boy by contrast that I would do anything for you. Oh! cuss it all!

I can't say what I want to say. For heaven's sake, don't make me feel as mean as you have made me feel by saying you are bothering me and feeling sorry for things you did in Italy and what not. Good God, man, hell and the devil, what do you mean? If ever a man acted well, you did. And I ought to have been kicked for many reasons. Thunder and guns! Nuff said.

Also—if you think I'm going to charge any friend, much less you, with any crazy telegram of sixty words, you're pretty damn mistaken. Also the idea of my having any bill against you is a little too thin. I've been utterly ashamed of myself for not sending your wife my share of the expenses while in Paris. In not doing it I have kept my promise to you. Look out that you do the same to me. It shall go soon, though, and pretty damn soon.

I'll write you about the Randall definitely in a few weeks. A simple pedestal is all we can have. I'm afraid.

Damn it all when will ever the time come when I can write you something you would like to hear.

Yes, you're right—your sister-in-law Mademoiselle Genée is a brick of the first water. I wish I could find time to go and see her; but life at present is a burden to me. McKim has been quite sick. I'm writing this at his bedside. He'll be all right soon.

Love to Louis and Madame.

Affectionately

S. W.

Five weeks later White wrote another—and a last—letter, concerned principally with the Randall Monument:—

May 8, 1880

DEAR OLD BOY:

I was darn glad to get your last of April 21st. Why in hell didn't you write me before? After the account I received of your sufferings I have been solemnly sitting on a picket fence imagining all sorts of things, and the day before I received your letter I wrote to Miss Eugenia to know how you was.

I am devilish glad you are coming home so soon. Let me see. You are going to sail on the 26th? I have then but one month more to write you. "Thank God!" I hear you saying. I suppose you will have to give up your visit to Lille and the Low Countries—but don't miss a day at the South Kensington and a day at the British Museum. *Be sure not to*. It will fire you all up. Go to the Royal Academy too and see the early fellows there.

Now I will tell you, as shortly as I can, what has happened about the Randall pedestal. I am getting sick and tired of writing you long accounts in which I seem to have had a devil of a trouble and a hell of a time—which is all damn nonsense.

Sometime in January I received a letter from Thomas Greenleaf, controller of Sailors' Sung Harbor, asking me to call on him in reference to the pedestal, which I did. I then made a sketch of a pedestal with a big seat behind it; showed it to Dix who liked it; went down to Staten Island to see the site—which I objected to at once; hobnobbed with the superintendent and got some points as to price, etc., from him. Then I prepared for the committee a drawing from our first sketch that I am sure would have come out well. The seat was about forty feet across. In front of the pedestal was a long stone on which I thought you could put a relief of a yawl boat in a storm or something of the kind, and around the back of the seat there ran a bronze inscription. All this cost about seventy-five thousand dollars. Also, to make sure, I prepared an alternative design, costing about forty-five thousand dollars. I sent these two, with a strong letter, insisting on your desire to have a horizontal line to oppose your perpendicular one, and strongly advocating bluestone. So far everything had gone all right. Nothing had been said about your having to finish the design; and I kept discreetly silent. But I knew Babcock was on the committee and so did not go off on any exultation war-whoops to you. I knew him only too well.

Six weeks passed. I received a letter from Dix asking me to meet him, Dr. Paxton and Mr. Babcock in reference to the pedestal. Dr. Paxton couldn't come; and I found, to my dismay, that Babcock led Dix around by the nose. I don't know whether you know Babcock. He is President of the Board of Commerce, one of the sharpest and meanest business men in New York, a perfect blockhead about art, and the most pig-headed man I know of.

In the first place—they (he) did not want the seat, would not have it under any consideration. They (he) wanted a single pedestal like those in the Park. The Webster

was the best. (It's the damnedest thing in the city.)

"Had I seen the Webster?"

"No, I hadn't."

"Well, I'd better see it and form some idea of what they (he) wanted."

I thanked him; and said I had supposed that the reason they consulted me was to have something *you* wanted; and in all cases that was what I proposed to make.

Babcock got red in the face; but Dix came to my support and said: "Precisely."

Babcock then said, "I suppose you know Mr. St. Gaudens' contract includes the design for the pedestal."

I said, "Yes."

He then read the contract; and Dix chimed in with: "Oh, yes, I suppose, of course, Mr. White understands that. Indeed Mr. St. Gaudens introduces him to me as his representative in his absence."

He then read your letter—which, unfortunately, could be read both ways—though, of course, it made no difference.

I said that that was a matter for them to settle with you.

Then Babcock objected to bluestone, and said the base must be of granite.

They asked me to prepare a new design to be presented at next month's meeting of the board; and Babcock made the enlightened proposition that I need only make the sketch, as all these "granite men" had draughtsmen in their employ who would make all the details, etc., etc., and save me a lot of trouble.

I thereupon—in your name and mine—refused to have anything to do with it, unless the work was to be carried out properly.

And Dix again came to my assistance with: "Precisely. I suppose the work will be cut under your direction."

"Certainly," I replied, "or not at all."

Then I cleared out.

The second design I made as severe and simple as possible, one stone on top of another. I should have made it like your sketch in the photograph, but it had to be made in two stones on account of the enormous expense of one. As it is, the approximate estimates come to four thousand six hundred dollars.

Since sending the sketches I have heard nothing from them. Perhaps they are disgusted with the plainness of the design. If so, I should say—as you have to furnish the design—that that is a question for you to settle.

Perhaps Babcock is having one of his "granite men, who, etc.," carry out the design. If he is, I shall have the whole office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate down on him. But this is not at all likely. They are probably, like most committees, inactive. I shall stir up Dix and find out what has been settled on.

There—I've written you a long letter. Believe me, it is more trouble to write than I have been to in the whole affair. I enjoyed making the first designs and have them for my pains. Otherwise, save my contempt for Babcock, I have gotten along well with everybody. If the Committee so "graciously decide" I shall put the thing through. And if we can strike them for anything—well and good. But if you say anything more about "bill" to me, I'll retaliate on you in a way you least expect.

I cannot tell you how driven I am with business on account of McKim's absence from the office. For the last month I have been nearly frantic, being often at my office till midnight. Poor McKim is much better, but still unable to work. He will have to go abroad again. He will be devilish sorry to miss you. Damn strong-minded women! say I. I tell you. "You no catchee me marry."

Loads, heaps and piles of love to Louis,³ and my sincere regards to your wife, to whom I still owe a letter as well as other things, and to yourself the hug of a bear.

Lovingly,

(Signed by White's caricature)

³ Louis was lovable, and probably the chief love of Augustus' life. He was gone once, nobody knew where. When he returned he announced that he was married. Before his brother could collect himself for a question, he continued, "She's dead." And that's all Augustus ever knew of Louis' marriage.

AFTER three years of architectural practice, Stanford White went on a visit with St. Gaudens, to his older brother, Richard Mansfield White, mining engineer, in New Mexico. Three letters tell the story—the first two written from Socorro, N. M., and the last from Batopilas across the Mexican border.

March 2, 1882

For the love of heaven, send some summer underclothing!

Dick weighs 185 pounds and looks accordingly. I find him the same bully fellow he ever was. His face is the color of a Chinese lobster; and his vocabulary contains some very choice selections out of the New Mexican grammar. But the cuisine is rather limited. Golly, for something good to eat! Here it is impossible to obtain a glass of milk or a fresh egg. Everything is canned. The butter comes from Massachusetts, and the meat from Missouri.

We live in a shanty on the outskirts of town. I wouldn't live at one of the hotels for a fortune. Bugs! Here we are at least free from them.

I stood the mountain trip pretty well, with the stars for a canopy twice, colder than blazes. We have an old and experienced Indian scout with us, two Winchesters, a Sharp, two double-barreled shot guns and four revolvers—to say nothing of bowie knives and match boxes. There is about as much danger of my being shot here as of my being run over in New York—or of my being scalped by the Indians as of my being smashed up in a railway collision—so though your causes for anxiety may not be lessened,

neither are they increased. If I do come home in a pine box, it will be caused by Dick's style of living. I would give a hundred dollars to have you here to see him cook a beefsteak. I'm going to peg the next one and use it for the sole of my boot.

Please send nothing down here. There's no place to put it. Dick has been swearing ever since I came on account of the things I brought from Park & Tilford's.

March 27

I've about won my spurs from the charge of tenderfootism. Time and again I have slept in the open in storms; I've walked 40 miles in a day, been 14 hours in the saddle, and worked seven days solid ten hours' work with pick and drill. Dick, however, insists that I am still a tenderfoot because I insist upon getting something decent to eat whenever I can. He says that leather beefsteaks must be stuck to whether better things can be obtained or not.

This is an infernal country—no trees, no water—and generally looks like the entrance to Hell. And life here is dangerous. Those who come here, and those who have friends and relatives here, must make up their minds to that. Yet as soon as the novelty wears off, you get used to the dangers and don't mind any more than you mind the dangers round home.

The Indians are reported out again, but there is probably no truth in the story.

We go to the Black range tomorrow, and I go on from there for a short trip into Mexico.

April 26

It is too hot to write or to do anything else. Either that or possibly by example from those around me I have inhaled the inherent laziness of the country. You never saw

such people! The Italians are nothing to them. They live from day to day, perfectly satisfied with enough to eat and shelter from the sun. And yet they can work if they will. Their powers of endurance are much greater than ours. A Mexican courier will make the distance from here to Chihuahua—300 miles—inside of five days, carrying fifty pounds, and taking with him as food only a bag of Indian meal.

We made part of our journey here in a stage; the balance (180 miles) we did on mule back in four days and two hours—which was very fair time. I was pretty tired and stiff, and my mule more so. Our runners, however, were quite fresh. The Indians whom we met and who inhabit the Sierras are perfectly harmless—the most peaceful set of people in the world. Generally they stampeded the minute they clapped eyes on us. Their costume is practically nakedness, and some of them had splendid figures.

The trip was a most beautiful one, and the country quite like that at home. It is a high table-land, broken up into mountains, plains and valleys, full of water and woods, up hill, down dale, over seemingly impassable precipices, and by the side of beautiful streams. One time we wound five hours through an arroya by the side of a small river. And again the trail led through a pine forest, 15 miles long, on a mesa eight thousand feet in the air and flat as a board. This lasted until the evening of the day before the last of our journey. We then crossed the divide, reaching an elevation of about nine thousand feet. Next day the scene changed utterly—to one of tremendous and desolate grandeur—and we spent the whole day in one steady descent to Batopilas and the tropics.

We are guests here of Mr. Sheppard at the Hacienda, and are treated with every consideration and kindness. It was rather unexpected; and I was utterly unprepared for petti-

coats and champagne. Having nothing but old clothes to wear, I feel at times somewhat uncomfortable.

There is one thing I am sadly disappointed in—the fruit is not yet ripe here, and will not be before I leave which will be in a week or so. There is a fine river to bathe in, though, mules to ride, and the sport in the Sierras is as good as one could wish. I should have gotten four deer yesterday morning; but either because my rifle is not long range or because I am not a good enough shot, I only got two. I find 200 yards is quite enough for me to manage.

I shall get back to Socorro about the 20th of May. I am not going to Oregon,¹ and so shall be home sooner than I expected.

II

The Ramona School in Santa Fe, N. M., is (if not a memorial) at least a reminder of this trip. I quote from the school paper, under date of 1886–1887.

Through the kind interest of R. W. Gilder, Esq., Editor of the *Century Magazine*, and the generosity of Mr. Stanford White, the celebrated architect, of New York City, we have had presented to our work for the Indian girls of the Southwest an unique and original design for the building to be dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. It is made expressly by Mr. White for this purpose, and embodies his conceptions of the typical style of architecture suited to the history, climate and surroundings of New Mexico. It revives, in some of its most prominent features, the ancient cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Ari-

¹ McKim was in Oregon, with H. M. Whidden, in connection with designs for the Hotel Portland, a commission secured through the good offices of Henry Villard.

zona, with its low tile roof, projecting vegas, its porticoes, and quadrangular structure around a spacious court.

. . . Designs, plans and specifications have been generously contributed by Mr. White.

IN 1880, McKim introduced Stanford White to the family of "Bull Smiths." Three years later, after a protracted siege (to use Prescott Hall Butler's¹ phrase) the fortress surrendered, and White became engaged to Miss Bessie Springs Smith, youngest of the thirteen children of Judge J. Lawrence Smith, of Smithtown, Long Island. McKim was naturally delighted. He had watched and aided his partner's wooing. The girl he had known from her earliest school days. To her he had recounted many fine and glamorous tales of White's doings. Immediately upon announcement of the engagement he wrote to welcome her into the firm of McKim, Mead and White:

But how can I say it—*it* that I wish to say—that I wish you both all that is good and best and happiest—and to you that you are very welcome among us whose office is now yours. We will pull in one boat; and we will all pull together. And all I have got to say is that if the financial weather don't clear up soon we will keep a-pulling till it does. Meanwhile on the voyage HOME all we ask of the Captain is Civility—Stan will some day tell you the rest.² And when you bring him to dine with me in 35th St., very soon I hope, he shall carve and you shall pour out the tea

¹ Prescott Hall Butler, Harvard '69, where he and McKim first became acquainted. In 1872 Butler married Cornelia, eldest daughter of Judge T. Lawrence Smith. Later Butler became a partner in the law firm of Evarts, Choate and Beaman. He died in 1901.

² The "rest" is explained in another letter of McKim's, written in August, 1893: "You remember the ship's captain who commanded one of his sailors: Silence and damned little of that—to which the sailor replied: All I asks of you is civility, and that of the commonest damned sort."

after dinner just as if I were the guest and it were already 1884.

KIMMIE.

"Kimmie," she had always called him. "Kimmie" he was to remain always . . . until his death at Smithtown, September 14, 1909.

II

Bessie Springs Smith was descended on both sides from families long established in this country, among them the original grantees of Smithtown, Setauket and Islip—the Smiths, Woodhulls, Floyds and Nicolls. She was eighth in descent from Oloff Stevens Van Cortlandt, Burgomaster of New Amsterdam. Her great great-uncle, William Floyd, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her great great-grandfather, Nathaniel Woodhull, served as president of the Provincial Congress and as a general in the Revolutionary army. Another great great-grandfather, Benjamin Nicoll, was one of the founders of King's College, now Columbia University: and his great-grandfather, Matthias Nicoll, six years after landing in this country in 1665, was elected mayor of New York. Her mother's great-grandfather, Edward Holland, was successively mayor of Albany and (from 1747 to 1756) mayor of New York. He died in 1776.

The Smiths, however, stuck to Smithtown. So strong indeed, was their love of the soil that Bessie and three of her sisters all brought their husbands to live at Smithtown. The Whites first rented and then purchased a hill—remembered and loved by Mrs. White from her earliest girl-

hood—a hill commanding a wide view of the Sound. The three sisters lived on adjoining estates.

White immediately set about remodelling the gawky cottage on their property. Today it is a rambling and comfortable old house, with wide porches: the exterior is covered with pebbles; the walls and ceilings of the living-room are lined with bamboo; the staircase is of green glazed tile; one side of the dining-room is glass; another is of Dutch tile. Upstairs and down the house is filled with treasure gathered on their wedding journey and various other excursions to Europe and the Near East—rugs, tapestries, plates, paintings, lamps, chairs, fine books, columns, carvings, vases, statuary, tables and large majolica jars. It is proof of White's contention that if a thing be good, no matter what its period, it can stand comparison with the good things of other times and other places—that the decorator's art consist in this: taste. "Is it good?" is the only question he need ask himself. But, then, White always disliked periods and formulas.

In much the same way, giving rein to his fancy, he decorated their New York home on Gramercy Park, at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-First Street. There the main floor had an uninterrupted vista 150 feet deep. At the top of the house was a picture gallery, approached through a vestibule lined with Italian Renaissance bas-reliefs set in a background of brilliantly colored Rhodian tiles. In the dining-room was an antique marble fountain in which swam live trout. In the music-room hung Robert Chanler's vast and striking decoration of silver giraffes eating golden oranges from birch trees, recently exhibited in the Luxembourg in Paris. In the reception room hung Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII and

Edward VI—destroyed in the disastrous fire of March, 1905, when Stanford White lost a collection of art objects which today would be worth a million dollars, possibly much more.

Shortly after this fire, McKim wrote from the Black Swamp, below Garnet, South Carolina, to Mrs. Stanford White, then in Europe:

Don't think me heartless in talking only of the things that interest me. Stanford has behaved and borne up like a soldier in the loss of his things; and the sympathy has been universal—I never knew anything like it—for him and you. It is too terribly sad that all those beautiful things that meant so much, not only to you both but to all your friends, should be gone. (After two days of stony misery, poor old Stan broke down completely at the breakfast table and sobbed like a child. Then he made up his mind to it and threw it, so that one would think he had forgotten all about it.)

III

Under date of January 15th, 1884, Mr. Richard Grant White received a note requesting the pleasure of his company at a dinner proposed to be given to Mr. Stanford White at Martinelli's, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, on the second of February, 1884. This note was signed by Loyall Farragut, R. Percy Alden, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Alden Weir, Dr. Richard H. Derby, Robert Goelet, Richard Watson Gilder and Prescott Hall Butler. A list of those present at the dinner is interesting as disclosing the names of White's more intimate friends—then and throughout his life, for White, his friends say, never lost a friend: the architects Charles

Follen McKim, William Rutherford Mead, Joseph M. Wells, Richard M. Hunt, and Prof. William R. Ware of Columbia University; the painters Francis D. Millet, Francis Lathrop, Thomas W. Dewing, R. Swain Gifford, George Maynard, Charles S. Reinhart, C. A. Spofford, A. P. Ryder, J. Carroll Beckwith, William M. Chase and Alfred Parsons; A. W. Drake, art editor of *Century Magazine*; the sculptors Louis St. Gaudens and Olin L. Warner; F. Hopkinson Smith, civil engineer, novelist, essayist, playwright and painter; D. Maitland Armstrong; C. Bozenka; E. Roosevelt; G. R. Halm; C. C. Lee; Daniel R. Newhall of the Pennsylvania Railroad; C. C. Beaman; Dr. Charles Hitchcock, physician and man about town; Charles T. Barney; L. DeForest; J. C. Bancroft; Charles S. Brown; W. C. Tucker; G. H. Tweed, attorney; J. H. Jones; F. L. Olmstead; A. D. Russell, and Dr. David L. Haight, the son of "Lady" Haight, one of the leaders of New York society.

The dinner started off bravely:

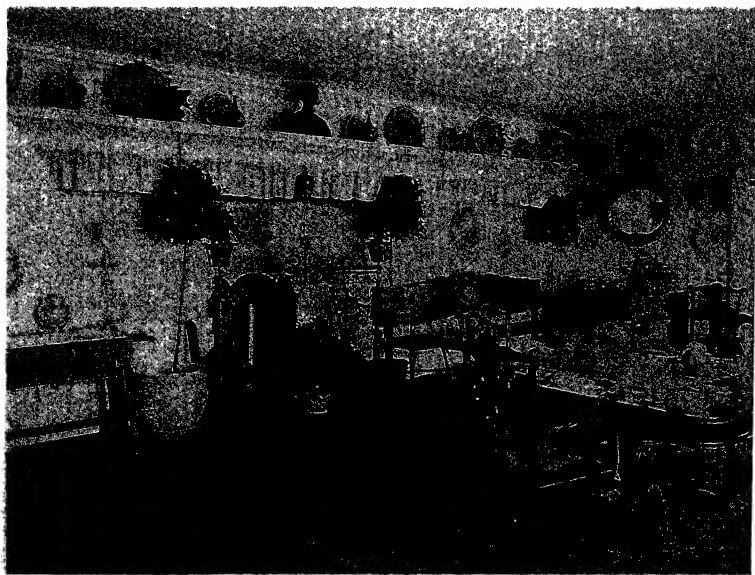
Petites Huîtres Salées
Hors d'Œuvre à l'Orientale
Crème de Céleri aux Croutons Soufflés
Green Salmon à la Montgomery—
avec Croquettes de Pommes
Bouchées à l'Impératrice
Chateaubriand à la Périgord Truffée

—the purpose being, as the menu had it, to compliment Stanford White.

The menu card had been designed by St. Gaudens, and was decorated with a dozen caricatures of White in various attitudes, always with a full beard—in fact, in one White



MUSIC ROOM, STANFORD WHITE'S RESIDENCE
GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY



is little more than beard, hair and eyes; yet he is easily recognizable. On page two, together with a list of the guests, appeared these appropriate verses:

WHO BUILDS WELL
ESCAPES HELL:
STANFORD WHITE
BUILDS ARIGHT:
HONOR HIS ART,
HIS HEAD, HIS HEART

At last they arrived at the dessert:

Glacés à la Polacca
Fruits de Saison
Pâtisserie Assortie

Richard Watson Gilder rose at his place and motioned for silence. There was to be a "discourse" by White; but first he must read some verses composed for this auspicious and (if laughter were any clue) happy occasion:

At Heaven's earthward portal
Loud knocked a mortal:
Peter began to swear,
And cried "Who's there?"

"I'm a young man
From Man-hat-tan!
I'm the tail of the kite
Of McKim, Mead, and White,
My hair stands up straight,
I am five minutes late,
And, as usual with me,
In a terrible hurree!"

"But wait," Peter said.
"To what trade were you bred?
Forgive me if I trouble you,
What are M. M. and W.?"
(Of course, twixt me and you,
Peter all the time knew.)

But the young man replied:
"To build we have tried—
We are architects, that is,
With a very genteel biz."

Then old Peter grunts:
"What, those brownstone fronts?"
"Heaven forbid!" the youth said,
"If we did, strike me dead."

"Some twelve-storied flat?"

"Praise the Lord, not that."

"If you built the new P. O.
Satan wants you down below.
If you for old Vander built
Your blood must be spilt.
If for Stewart, you shall sit
In the bottomless pit."

Then answered Stanford White:
"Peter, you are not polite.
But pardon me, Old Keys,
Your suspicions do not please.
I am sorry if you suppose
I had to do with those."

Then Peter shook his head,
And to Stanford White said:

"If you built on the plan
Of the unfortunate Queen Anne,
Which was good till it began
To be copied by young apes
From the lakes to the capes:—
If you ran this into the ground
You're a duffer and a hound,
And I'll bid you farewell
And start you for hell."

Said White: "This is not nice;
For my personal prejudice
Is for Italian Renaissance
Which I pursue with patience,
And for early Christ-i-an."

Said St. Peter, with a smile:
"That's exactly my style:
You may come in, young man!"

White's discourse was short. There followed then some impromptu dancing by F. Hopkinson Smith and Loyall Farragut ³ . . . and so to bed.

IV

On February 7th, 1884, Bessie Springs Smith and Stanford White were married at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York City, Bishop Littlejohn officiating,

³ The son of Admiral Farragut, and reputed the most popular member of the Century Club.

assisted by the Rev. James Bloomfield Wetherill, Rector of St. Asaph's and husband of the bride's sister, Kate.⁴

That same evening Stanford White scribbled a note to his mother:—

I hardly had time to speak to you before I went off, but we will have plenty of time before I sail. I do not wish you to think that you are the least bit less to me than before I was married. If you have any troubles you must always tell them to me: and you may be sure that I will do everything in my power to help you. It will be your own fault if you don't tell me. You have indeed gained a very lovely daughter—and you must always think of me as your loving son,

STANFORD WHITE.

A few days later Mr. and Mrs. White set sail for a six months' tour of Europe, travelling as far east as Constantinople, where the brilliantly colored art of the East so captured his fancy that, among other treasures, he purchased a mosque-full of tiles—which, unfortunately, were lost in a wreck off Bermuda and never reached America.

From the train, somewhere in the Austrian Tyrol, White wrote to his mother:

April 23rd, '84

We have escaped from the whirlpool of Paris and are now flying along between Munich and Vienna. We had a very gay time in Paris, although I had to work pretty hard getting the tapestries. We went to the theatre every night.

⁴ Later that same year Mead, in Europe, married Miss Olga Kileny of Budapest.

Miss Burckhart who came over with us gave us a dinner; and Bessie's uncle gave us several, and has been very kind to us. I liked them all very much.

We went to the Conservatoire one day and saw some instruments that would set Papa's hair on end.

Bess stands the racket pretty well and is now sound asleep in the carriage.

Munich seemed rather tame after Paris, but still I liked it. The streets are alive with soldiers and bands of music, and you meet officers at every step. Tonight we get to Vienna where we shall stop a few days, and then off we are in earnest for Constantinople where we arrive Sunday morning. It seems hard to believe.

Returning from Constantinople, he wrote again:—

May 6th, '84

It's too bad that Papa should be bothered so, but it seems that a man is bound to get a certain amount of abuse in this world and it is a great mistake to let it bother you or to pay any attention to it.

We have been in Asia. Constantinople is the most wonderful place in the world. I meant to write you a long letter about it, but can just squeeze this into the mail. We are well and turn our faces westward tomorrow.

From the steamer, bound west for Naples, he wrote to his father:

Grand Hotel d'Angleterre,
Athens, Greece,
May 18, 1884

It is the funniest thing in the world on landing on the Piraeus to see all the signs in the street in Greek. It is something you never get used to. Nor could I (all the time

that I was there) imagine myself amongst Greeks. As for the language—it might as well be Choctaw. Of course, this is caused by my English education. I had the cheek to ask a rather splendid Greek girl (who, by the way, spoke Turkish, American, Russian, German, Italian, French—and English quite as well as I do): “Why the Greeks did not talk their language more as the old Greeks did?”—and she laughed and said that perhaps the reason I thought they didn’t was because I did not know how to talk old Greek myself.

Modern Athens is an extremely uninteresting city—bright, new and horribly dusty—and, shades of Phidias, there is a steam tramway running around the base of the Acropolis. Poor Athens!

The modern Greeks don’t wash too much, but you can not help sympathizing with them—they have had such hard luck. What little was left them was stolen by the English; and it was only the insurrection which saved the Parthenon and Erectheum from complete restoration at the hands of the Bavarians. It is funny, however, to think that they are still digging up things. I have seen the Treasure of Priam and the Tombs of Agamemnon and feel quite sot up. Old Homer was not such a liar, after all, as some people have tried to make him out to be.

Schliemann is a funny little German, with a big head, and his house is frescoed over with scenes from the life of Schliemann.⁵

We took dinner twice with “little Schuyler” who is minister to Greece and to whom I had letters. Both he and his wife were very kind.

We are now on the steamer bound for Sicily, well and happy.

I send you a Greek paper.

⁵ The discoverer and excavator of Troy, and the subject of a recent biography by the indefatigable Ludwig.

From Italy he wrote to his mother:—

July 2nd, '84

Bessie received your letter and I the one after it. We are both in exuberant health and spirits. The weather is cool and delightful, and nobody could be having a better time. The other day I saw in the paper news about the cholera in France, and I have no doubt but that you know more about it than we do—and probably also let it worry you. It certainly does not worry us.

From St. Moritz, in the Engadine, he wrote:—

July 14th, '84

Here we are safe and sound, seven thousand feet in the air, in the heart of the Alps. It is not cold—oh no!—and if in an inadvertent moment you take a drink, you have to be taken in and thawed out in front of the kitchen range. The swell rig is fur-lined caps and overcoats: and Bess and I deliberate every morning whether we shall put on three or four undershirts.

Today is our second day here. This morning, before breakfast, I shinned up a ten thousand foot high be-glacier-covered Alp and skinned all my toes coming down. Here is an edelweiss I picked—not in a snow bank—the pink flower was though.

I suppose you have all been worrying about the cholera. It is indeed a matter not to be joked about. Everybody here is pretty well scared, and the unhappy "tourists'" plans are likely to be changed at any moment. My sole idee now is to dodge the quarantine. We just escaped sulphuric fumigation on the Swiss border. We shall get out of Switzerland by a pass that only nanny-goats use—and so I hope to get the best of the Austrian government. Of course, if cholera spreads through France we shall not go back there. Should

it get to England before we do, I do not think it will attack two travellers on the through express between Dover and Liverpool. So do not trouble yourself about us.

To his mother, from London:—

Sunday, August 22nd, '84

We went to Paris in spite of the cholera and are here none the worse for going. I do not know where I got the idea—but I had one—that London was a rather more inexpensive place to stay in than the continent; but a more outrageously dear place I hope it may never be my misfortune to strike. Neither Bess nor I could find a decent umbrella for less than six or seven dollars; and every time we go to the theatre it means two dollars and a half apiece. I doubt if I will have enough spondulics left to fee the porters for taking our luggage off the steamer. We sail, as you know, on the billowy ocean.

P.S. I have forgotten the most important piece of news, to wit: that you must invest in a pair of spectacles and a few gray hairs forinst our arrival, for I cannot get the idea out of Bessie's head that she means to present you with a grandchild before the year is out.

v

On June, 25, 1885, two weddings took place in Lenox, Mass. At ten-thirty, Miss Marian Alice Appleton married George von Lengerke Meyer, of Boston, later ambassador to Italy, to Russia, Postmaster-General in the second Roosevelt Cabinet, and Secretary of the Navy in the Taft Cabinet. At eleven-fifteen, her sister, Miss Julia Amory Appleton, married Charles Follen McKim. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. McKim left on a wedding journey through Europe. Two months later, at the



ST. GAUDENS' PORTRAIT OF MRS. STANFORD WHITE

Hague, they received word of the death of Richard Grant White, 2nd, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White. At once McKim wrote to his partner:

August 22nd, 1885

MY DEAR STAN:

A letter from Garrison received today has brought us a great sadness, small part though it be of what Bessie and you are suffering.

It is impossible to express the sympathy that one feels, and it becomes the harder to do so when one's best friends are concerned, and so I will only send this line now to let you know how truly my wife and I have been with you ever since the sad tidings reached us. More than once I have described my little Godson to Julia and told her of him as if I were speaking of one of my own blood, and she has been interested to follow your and Bessie's history and to know about the little fellow whose life seemed to be as full and fair as the courtship that preceded it. Oh, it is very sorrowful and very hard, and the mystery of such a blow remains such a mystery still—but you will not despair and you still have much in the recollection of what cannot be taken away from you, though you are deprived of it for now. Do write to me soon fully when you can, and I will follow this before long with an account of some of our doings—but not now.

With much love to you both and the most earnest wishes that the help you so much need may be given to you,

Aff'y ever

CHARLES.

A year and a half later Mrs. McKim died suddenly in their New York home—a blow that staggered McKim, and from which he never fully recovered.

VI

From the train, between Charleston and Savannah, White wrote to his mother early in 1886:

Monday.

Here we are—happy as two Long Island clams at high water—tearing through the Georgia pine forests. The thermometer is 75 in the shade, the air balmy, green trees all around us, and strawberries in blossom. The fruit of the country seems to consist chiefly of small niggers—always on a fence. We are, in fact, in Dixie's land, and a very pleasant land it is too. In a few minutes we will be in Savannah. By tomorrow we reach Jacksonville, which will be our headquarters for the short time we remain in Florida.

We were both wild over Charleston. It is a most lovely old city, with about the swellest old houses I have ever seen on this side of the water. The Battery is almost as pretty as ours must have been.

S. W.

VII

On September 26, 1887, a second son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White, and christened Lawrence Grant White. This event called forth a letter from Francis D. Millet:

Russell House, Broadway,
Worcestershire, England
November 1st, 1887

DEAR OLD MAN:—

My warmest congratulations on the birth of a boy. Shake! I hope both are doing well. Introduce me.

Bully for you for taking such an interest in my house.

Your letters came and also Leaner's describing your visits. I appreciate your kindness and know how busy you are and how much of a burden every additional thing is; but you have done me a great service and have lifted a load from me. I can't sufficiently thank you.

If you want anything brought over, shout!—for I am fetching a lot of furniture from here and can take an additional crate or two very well and with little trouble.

I had a letter from [John Singer] Sargent yesterday saying he had seen you at Newport. He seems to be very prosperous. I am glad he is. He deserves it. I want to propose him for the Tile Club. All here vote for him—Boughton, Abbey, Parsons and Millet. Try him on when he comes to New York.

Ned [Abbey] is here; Alfred [Parsons] comes tomorrow—and all want to be remembered to you with all their hearts.

Yours
FRANK
MILLET
detto
Il Bulgaro

WHITE returned from his wedding trip, his imagination enormously enriched, his horizon broadened. He felt himself, at last, equipped to play a leading part in the reformation of American architecture, and impatient to be at the business of erecting beautiful and satisfying buildings. Restless, driven by his dæmon, he had no false notions of modesty—or, as it is better called, “indecision.” And he had no wish to be “original.” He knew that the Greeks had borrowed from the Egyptians; that the Gothic cathedral had been inspired by the Crusades and by social contact with the East; that the Renaissance—that breathless period of unexampled artistic achievement—had been a rebirth, a reawakening; that every great age is a revival, demanding the best that tradition has to offer. He would take his good where good could be found, translating the historic idioms of the past and recreating them to suit his purpose. Whistler had already said that there is nothing new—the story of the beautiful has been told, hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon, ’broidered with birds upon the fans of Hokusai. Conrad was to say—in *Nostramo*—that the only value in a sentence lies, not in its originality, but in the personality that utters it. “You can do anything you want to,” said St. Gaudens; “it’s how you do it that makes the difference.”

There is nothing new. But the story of the beautiful will bear retelling—as witness Richardson’s Romanesque churches, Ryder’s seascapes and Pater’s prose. Did Sargent scorn to learn from Holbein? Or Booth from Kean? And

were they any the less important because they used forms and expressions common to generations of men on both sides of the Atlantic? The heritage and domain of art is at least as wide as the world. Why, then, restrict the artist to the inspirations of the moment, to the vocabulary of his neighbor and the satisfaction of his contemporaries? Why seek—as so many insist we must—for an American culture, American art and architecture? Surely art can and must break through the barriers that separate us from other peoples. The music of Beethoven was not directed solely to Germans. Shakespeare lifted his plays from the Italian, his characters from Plutarch or Holinshed, his phrases from Ovid and Euphues. Is he then French or Middle Roman or late Renaissance—or is he English? And must we—because we are Americans—abandon him, close his books and put them away? He has been dead three hundred years, and was never in his life further from London than a short three hours' drive by motor bus; yet there is more present satisfaction in his verse than in the last minute slang of much of our writing. And so it is with architecture. Age cannot invalidate its beauty.

II

The genius of Richardson imposed Richardson's personal preferences upon American architecture, and for twelve long years persuaded White that Romanesque alone suited the temper of the times. But White's wedding tour through Europe opened his eyes. Returning, supported by Wells, he began to practise—and preach—Italian Renaissance as a style and a tradition better suited to American needs than any or all phases of Gothic, Romanesque or

(*pace* McKim) strictly classic architecture. After all, our modern social and intellectual life dates from the Renaissance, an age that could be imitative without sacrifice of its own individuality, and daringly original without losing touch with the corrective and leavening traditions of the past.

But though he became predominantly early Italian in his sympathies, White could and did design in Roman, Colonial, Georgian, Byzantine, François Premier or Louis Seize.¹ Indeed, the firm was early criticized for its eclecticism since (so they were told) what America most needed at that time was a clear definition of architectural aims, not a wider, more inviting and therefore more confusing catalogue of forms. Be that as it may, the firm—and the age—is today chiefly remembered and chiefly memorable for White's revival of the Renaissance . . . and McKim's monumental labors in behalf of Greco-Roman architecture.

III

White's firm was unique among architectural firms, at home and abroad, in the volume and variety of its work; yet White—probably the most versatile designer this country has yet produced—found his most congenial tasks, in youth and in maturity, in the design of private houses. This may have been because he was, after all, more interested in people than in æsthetics—and because you can never make an office building warm and human. It remains, in spite of your best efforts, an office building, ignoble and temporary; whereas a home . . . Here are

¹ At a time when the architectural journals were complaining that there was a conspiracy afoot to saddle this country with the traditions of French architecture.

brief descriptions of four houses designed by White during the years 1885-1886.

In January, 1885, the Pittsfield *Evening Journal* was saying:

Mrs. Mark Hopkins' palace will be a bonanza to Great Barrington, though the cost, according to her financial agents, is at present one of those things that no fellow can find out. The New York *World* reports a figure of over \$5,000,000; other unauthoritative authorities go as low as \$500,000. However, \$750,000 would probably duplicate the house should any Pittsfield editor or plumber have such an amount to invest in a home. McKim, Mead & White are the architects; and Mr. White is himself personally superintending the work. The design is most imposing and splendid.²

In December of the same year the *Art Age* gave this description of a house then building in Newport:

Newport has long been a byword among architects and builders for the oddity and straining-for-effect of many of its residences. In broad contrast is this house by Mr. Stanford White. Colonial architecture was chosen, and in its simplicity and broadness it makes a fit picture for the historical frame of old Newport which surrounds it. Rising from the lawn by a broad flight of stone steps, you come upon a terrace which does duty for a piazza. A massive solid look is infused into the structure by the large amount of wall surface, which is comparatively unbroken, and this feeling is added to by the chimneys which rise in four heavy double stacks, connected by arches.

Of the Choate house at Stockbridge, Mass., the New York *Tribune* said, in October, 1886:

² Imposing, perhaps, but monstrous, tasteless and boastful.

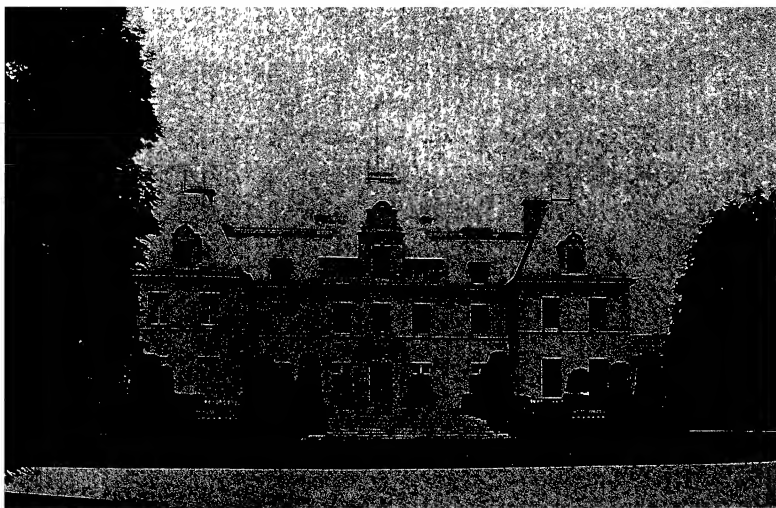
From every point of view the house has dignity, the mass being large and well-balanced, and the details skilfully handled; and there is a sort of brilliant audacity in perching it at the brink of a hill, and then fortifying it by earthworks in the form of terraces—so that it attracts attention almost as much from its position as from its architecture. It is old English, shingled down to the basement, and without paint except on the trimmings. A truly notable building.

And now a quotation from the *Real Estate & Builders Monthly* of Buffalo, N. Y.:

One condition of building, say in New England, in the days of our great grandfathers, was that good material was mostly abundant, while skilled labor was scarce. The result was a style of construction in which use, comfort and solidity were more thought of than ornament; and this is the impression conveyed by the Metcalfe mansion designed by Mr. Stanford White. It is substantial and plain almost to homeliness, the long steep pitch of its red-tiled roof suggesting ample provision against the rigors of a northern winter. But it is in the interior arrangement and finish that the chief excellence of the design is seen. Here all that a good housekeeper's heart could desire has been done for convenience, utility and economy. The ceilings are purposely made low—9½ feet on the first floor, and 9 feet on the second—on the triple score of saving in heating, furnishing and care. The ventilation is perfect.

IV

During this time White was also busy redesigning the chancel of the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue at Tenth Street, in New York City. This church had been built originally under the direction of Dr. Eastburn, leader



CLARENCE H. MACKAY'S RESIDENCE, ROSLYN, L. I.
1902



JAMES L. BREESE'S RESIDENCE, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.
1906

of the "low church" party, and later Bishop of Massachusetts. When Upjohn, the architect, suggested a chancel such as is usual in Gothic churches, the good doctor shook his head. "No," he said, "it must be shallow, leaving no room for high church doings." In 1882 Dr. E. Winchester Donald became rector. Two years later Dr. Donald called White and La Farge into consultation. It was planned, he said, to deepen the chancel and place back of the altar a painting of the Ascension. White and La Farge set to work. But the chancel was never deepened. However, the painting is there, executed by La Farge, and generally considered the finest mural in America. The reredos and the architectural setting are by White—who worked at top speed. Yet the scaffolding remained in place for years. La Farge, it seems, needed time. White vainly, and profanely, urged him to hurry. The rector, too, objected, and quite rightly, to the delay. "It's perfectly hellish," said White. To which Donald replied: "Thank you; I'm a clergyman, White, but you express my sentiments admirably."

La Farge, it seems, could never hurry. For which good reason he is not represented in the Boston Public Library, though both White and McKim insisted that a place be made for him. A place was made, space allotted—it is still vacant. "I haven't heard a word from him," Frederick L. Ames, one of the trustees, said; "and I am so busy that I have neither time nor inclination to follow him further. I think that if you two cannot bring him to time, I cannot, and we had better abandon the idea of employing him." The idea was abandoned. But McKim saw to it that no lesser man usurped the place of honor once reserved for La Farge.

Some years later the Reverend Dr. Donald removed to

Boston where he became rector of Trinity Church, succeeding Phillips Brooks, and where (he said) after the rush of New York it was like being drowned in a park fountain. From Boston, in 1893, McKim wrote to White:

DEAR STAN:

Donald wants a bully sketch right off for a pulpit for Trinity Church in stone, to cost not less than five nor more than ten thousand dollars, money to be raised on the sketch. He asked whether we would do it. I told him that we would, and that I knew that you would regard it as a personal satisfaction to make the design. Please send me \$25 in return for this endorsement, and the sketch to Donald at the earliest moment. He wants something big, broad, ample and simple, but rich in the right places—just what it ought to be—see!

C. F. McK.

V

A later rector of the Church of the Ascension, the Reverend Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, said in an address before the New York Advertising Club: "The J. Hampden Robb house by Stanford White, which you have purchased for your new clubhouse, is one of the finest in New York—a work of art, on a fine wide street, in what I consider the finest part of the city. Don't let any other architect tear it apart and remove the touches of White's genius. Save as much of White as possible. He had a wonderful sense of proportion. There is something about a house where he had a free hand that gives you a special feeling of comfort. That's why I say, as I have said before,

that I would rather have a Stanford White house than a painting by Rembrandt. My one suggestion to you, therefore, is— Make sure that you keep the genius of Stanford White present.”

"A GOOD artist is always a good talker." So said Sir William Van Horne, paraphrasing Thackeray, and continuing: "Take White. His lively personality and wide interests were a continual amazement and wonder to me. He found time and talent for painting, jewelry,¹ rugs, lamps, books and their binding. He designed cabins for some of the finest yachts Herreshoff built. And it wouldn't make any difference what we were discussing, whether art or the draft-gear of a freight train, fishing, canoeing or music, his voice would rise with his enthusiasm—like a bagpipe."

His voice is stilled, but something of the quality of his talk, his wide and eager interests, his enthusiasms, found its way into his letters. Here, for instance, is one that tells a fish story. It is addressed to his father, and dated Saturday, June 8th, 1885:

Ristigouche Salmon Club, Matapedia, Quebec

I have just come in from killing my first salmon under somewhat exciting circumstances.

Sport was good here up to the 4th, the day of my arrival. That day twenty-two salmon were taken by eight rods. Since then the average has been three a day to many more rods—the reason being that the weather has been hot and clear, and the salmon are beginning to play out.

So I got my Indians this morning to put the boat on top of a freight train and went ten miles up the river to

¹His collection of scarf pins was famous, finally getting into the newspapers when a discharged gardener made off with five of them, valued at from \$8.50 to \$1,000 a piece.

try my luck there. When we got off, I discovered to my horror that the men had forgotten the gaff, and—what is more—one of them had lost his hat off the top of the car with all the leaders and flies in it. So there was nothing to do but get in the canoe and shoot down the river home again—as trying to get a salmon without a gaff is like shooting a buffalo with a pea shooter.

I had an extra leader and fly in my pocket, and, as we passed a most gorgeous pool, I made the men stop and made a cast just for fun. The fly lit on the water, and just as I whipped it out to throw again a great thirty pounder rose at it three feet in the air. He took the second throw right in his mouth, and away he rushed, boiling through the water and making my reel sing A sharp for a half a minute. Here was a pretty kettle of fish—a huge salmon on my line and no gaff to kill him. So I settled down to hard work and played the beast for three mortal hours until I was nearly ready to drop. I had sent one of the Indians to see if he could not get something or other, and just as I was giving out he came up with an old broken pitch fork. So we stirred the fish into a fury, and as I reeled him the Indian rushed into the water and jabbed him with the pitch fork. It was the greatest fun I ever had! I am going into the wilderness tomorrow—and expect lots of fish.

S. W.

Fishing was White's chief, and practically his only sport; but the record for the Ristigouche Salmon Club belonged, until recently, to Mrs. White. Today an Episcopalian bishop holds the record.

And like all fisherman, White occasionally made promises that he did not—possibly could not—keep, as witness this complaint from D. Maitland Armstrong, under date of July 22, 1883:

I am glad that you had such fine salmon fishing, and trust that it has brought back to your face some of the purple bloom of youth which you gained in New Mexico, but which you seem to have lost during the wild and dissipated career that you have been madly pursuing of late. (N.B. I charge nothing for this little sermon.)

By the way—a friend of mine, or rather one who professed himself my friend, was lately at this same fishing club. Perhaps you met him. He is very tall, a distinguished looking man, about your age, with—what shall I say?—reddish hair and bristling mustache. He promised me a salmon; and yet though he caught nine, he failed to send me one. . . .

However, notwithstanding that salmon fraud, believe me, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX BOSTON SPEAKS ITS MIND CONCERNING MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE

WHITE, of course, shared in both the fame and the infamy that, with the passage of time, attached itself to the firm name of McKim, Mead & White. The fame, I have no doubt, was sweet. It opened doors. It brought in clients with fat commissions. It furnished a footing on the common ground where men of talent meet, whether they come from the arts, the business or the professional worlds. And since it was properly salted with criticism, with the bitter resentment of disappointed rivals and the raillery of certain informed and uninformed critics, it turned no heads. But the infamy—that was both another and, in many respects, a gayer matter, critics who rail being, for some reason, more amusing than those who praise.

It began, on a large scale, this ill will, with the award of the Boston Public Library commission; and it lasted until long after White's death. As part of the record I must refer to it briefly here . . . and again later on.

II

Late in 1887 there appeared anonymously in the gossip columns of the New York press a syndicated interview, as follows:

I hear that Boston architects are in an unhappy frame of mind because McKim, Mead & White have carried off the big Boston prize in architecture—the commission to

design a new public library. Possibly if Mr. Richardson had not died, McKim, Mead & White would not have been the winners. It was a question of taste during Richardson's lifetime between him and McKim, Mead & White; but since his death the question has resolved itself into one of fact. Today McKim, Mead & White certainly stand at the head of American architects. And not only have they carried off this Boston prize, but they have carried off a western prize of equally great proportions. I heard Mr. White say the other day that he had about come to the end of his rope; that he did not see how it was possible for him to do any more work for a long time to come. His firm, by the way, has just put up a very stunning building at the corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street, on a portion of the old Goelet farm.¹ It is perfectly simple in style, and yet very impressive, and is certainly the handsomest building for business purposes in the city. When Mr. White gets tired of designing houses, he relaxes his brain with designs for picture frames. He does a limited number of these, most of them for personal friends, and whoever is the proud possessor of one may regard himself as peculiarly fortunate. For there is the same chaste elegance about a White frame as there is about a White building. But I am afraid that these prize winnings will prevent Mr. White from designing any more frames for a long time to come.

This was written, as noted, in 1887 after McKim's plans had been accepted by the Boston Library Trustees and long after the arguments pro and con had worn themselves down to a (by comparison) whisper of complaint. Before that time, as early as November, 1885, when it

¹ This was the third of White's commissions from Robert and Ogden Goelet, for whom he later designed the Judge and other buildings, and the Imperial Hotel.

was first rumored that a New York firm of architects might be—and quite possibly had been—selected by the trustees, the *Boston Globe*, crying, or trying to cry, a halt, said editorially:

Before making a final decision the Trustees should take a car on Washington Street, get off and walk along Concord Street across Harrison Avenue to Albany Street. As they go along they will please look into the City Hospital yard. There they will see a long, low, plain building partially hidden by trees; and then, will be struck by the resemblance it bears to the proposed new library. That building is the City Morgue where all the unknown and unclaimed dead of Boston are placed. Let them look well and decide if they want a morgue on the Back Bay. Should they decide in favor of the morgue, perhaps we, the people of Boston, should decide in favor of a new board of trustees.

To all of which the trustees replied by appointing McKim, Mead & White architects of the Boston Public Library . . . without competition.

III

But once the battle had been won—to the undisguised joy of the *Boston Pilot* which announced, without quibbling, “No public building in America will outrank the new Library”²—McKim’s native timidity asserted itself. Here he was face to face with the greatest problem and the greatest opportunity of his career, his first monu-

² It is, I think, just and proper to say of the Library that it is a very beautiful building in which the plays of Shakespeare have been subordinated to the murals of John Singer Sargent—in which literature plays a poor second to architecture.

mental building; and only Mead, White, Wells and an officeful of assistants to lean upon. He must go to Paris at once where, amid the enduring architectural triumphs of the past, he could work out the details of his exterior.

Fortunately Mead caught him before he embarked. In a letter which, as Charles Moore has said, reflects both the temperament of McKim and the hard commonsense of Mead, the Paris flight was vetoed:

57 Broadway, New York
Dec. 19, 1887

DEAR MCKIM:

I did not wire you today because I found that White held the same opinion that I do about the advisability of your leaving the Library drawings at this time. It seems decidedly to me that now that you have got a vote of the committee authorizing us to proceed with the working drawings, the proper thing to do is to pitch in. You have got a design accepted which as a scheme has had a lot of study, and if you leave it, and get under the influence of Doumet or anybody, you will simply come back and knock into fits the accepted design and all the work done in your absence.

I know you pretty well and I say this because I do. If the Library is to be built or started under this committee you may be sure it had better be started in early spring. Once started it cannot be stopped. It will require all your efforts to get everything ready for a start.

It is now nearly the first of January. The three months you would be away would bring you to the first of April, the time when you ought to have your contracts signed. I say most firmly—complete your drawings, get your con-

tracts signed, and then, if it is necessary to go abroad to refine the design in its details, go.

I tell you, with your temperament you are in great danger of getting in doubt about the design and suggesting all manner of changes, even thinking you have an altogether better scheme, if you leave it for a moment. You stand in a good position now, and we are ready to back you, but nobody but yourself can take care of the Library for the next three months.

I do not say anything about the financial condition of the office, and the necessity of pushing all the work we have on that account. I say all I have said because I want the Library to be a success, and I know that it cannot be left in other hands without great danger.

I am not going to string out my letter, but you have my views.

Yours,
MEAD

Speaking of finances: When the architects came to figure their profits from the Library commission—and no profit was possible until the last two payments had been made—they found that, after eight years of work, they were \$22,000 to the good; from which sum if they deducted interest at 4% on the deferred payments (\$5,280), the net profits were but \$16,720, or a trifle over \$2,000 a year.

IV

But all was not lost. The Library was a fine advertisement. There was even a charge, made and carried by the

press to the four corners of the continent, that the firm had "used the Library to advertise their firm." To quote again from the *Globe*:

The young men who designed and supervised the construction of Boston's magnificent new public library³ are certainly original in their methods. Some time ago it was discovered that they had devised a scheme whereby their names would be transmitted to posterity as the designers of this great home of learning,⁴ through the instrumentality of an innocent little acrostic constructed with the names of some of the world's great authors inscribed across the front of the building.⁵ But this was discovered in time and removed by order of the trustees.⁶

Their latest escapade is in keeping with the progressive methods of the firm. At a recent meeting the trustees received a communication from the architects asking to be allowed the privilege of holding a reception in the library building in honor of Messrs. E. A. Abbey and John S. Sargent, the two artists whose works are now being placed in the edifice. The matter was referred to Mr. Richards. Imagine, then, the trustees' surprise when, on assembling for their regular meeting yesterday, Mr. Richards announced that Messrs. McKim, Mead and White had taken time by the forelock and issued several hundred invitations to friends in this city, regardless of what the trustees might think about the matter. Among those who received an invitation was Mayor Curtis whose card read:

³ You will remember that—upon first looking over the plans submitted by the young men—the *Globe* compared them unfavorably to the City Morgue.

⁴ And why not? Why must the architect be forever condemned to a footless anonymity? Is he not at least as deserving of recognition as the featured writers syndicated by the press, radio crooners, queens of Rumania and ex-pugilists?

⁵ The work of one of the draughtsmen.

⁶ No, no—it was McKim who gave the order and paid the costs.

Mr. Charles F. McKim
Mr. William Rutherford Mead
and
Mr. Stanford White
request the pleasure of
the Mayor and Mrs. Curtis' company
on Thursday evening, April 25th,
at 10 o'clock, at the
Boston Public Library
to meet
Mr. Edwin A. Abbey
and
Mr. John S. Sargent
160 Fifth Avenue
New York

Next day the *Traveller* demanded to know:

Who owns the Library? City Hall officials have all along held that the new and magnificent library was the property of the citizens of Boston. This, however, seems to be an erroneous idea. The Board of Aldermen claim that the citizens have a right to use the building in view of the fact that it has been turned over to the city and accepted, but the city fathers are all wrong about this. The building is still in the possession of the architects who plan to use it for a reception to their society friends. Did the trustees consent to such an outrageous proceeding? And if they did, what explanation have they to offer? What explanation can they offer? The mayor as president of the board of trustees knows nothing—or so he says—about this strange affair.

"Well," said Mr. S. A. B. Abbott, speaking for the trustees, "our explanation is simple. The reception occurs

after 10 o'clock at which time the library is closed for the day. It can in no way interfere with the public use of the building. The architects have designed for Boston what some of the best judges declare to be the finest of modern buildings. Few things, in recent years, have done more for the credit of Boston in the eyes of the rest of the world. In giving the architects an opportunity to invite their friends to inspect their work—of which they have every reason to be proud—the trustees are merely acknowledging the debt we all owe to these young men."

Whereupon McKim, changing the subject, commissioned Frederick MacMonnies to design a Bacchante as a gift from the architects to the good if not always sober people of Boston. It was intended that this Bacchante—a charming if not particularly inspired young lady—should stand, in a cloud of spray, in the courtyard of the Library. She stands, as you probably know, naked as always, in one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Boston would have none of her . . . or of McKim when he came, like a Greek, bearing gifts, of pseudo-Greek statuary. But let me tell the story in the words of the *Buffalo Courier*:

When the work was exhibited, a strange thing happened. The doors were thrown open; a number of people rushed in; and then, of a sudden, three women fell to the floor in a swoon. Another shrieked and fled. A clergyman, flushing scarlet, raised his umbrella menacingly, thought better of his impulse, and turning dashed madly from the room. "What's the row?" asked a New Yorker who chanced to be passing. "That bronze in there," whispered a Harvard freshman, who had retired from the scene with a handkerchief held modestly before his eyes, "Why,

what's wrong with it?" asked the New Yorker, in some alarm. "Why," said the freshman, and he almost choked on the words, "the drab hasn't a dud on: and you know people don't go trotting through the Common like that." "Worst luck, no," said the New Yorker, starting up the stairs. The freshman shook his head. "It will never do for the Library," he said, but the New Yorker was already lost to view, fighting his way through the mob that crowded the Library doors.

Again the press demanded to know for whom the Library had been planned. Were the women and children of Boston to come and go freely, borrowing books without thought of evil, or was their way to be barred by a drunken dancer in her birthday suit? Speak, trustees! Have we not already suffered enough from the firm of McKim, Mead & White and their shameless trafficking in the arts? What if the statue be acclaimed a masterpiece by every critic in the world? Is Boston to take its opinion in these matters at second hand? No—a thousand times no!

And "no" it was—with President Eliot of Harvard heading the list of signers from Cambridge, protesting against "that shameless exaltation of wine, women and song," MacMonnies' innocent and inoffensive Bacchante.

SUCCESSIVELY Dutch, British, anti-British, Irish and even today anything but 100% American, New York City has always been peculiarly proud of its place in the affections and fame of George Washington. The city had served as his headquarters early in the War of Independence. It had been the scene of his (or rather of his army's) lucky escape from the encircling forces of Lord Howe, the scene of his triumphant return at the conclusion of the war, and the scene of his farewell to his staff before the surrender of his commission as general. Last and most important, it was to New York that he came to take the oath of office as President on April 30, 1789—an event commemorated by his statue on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets.

One hundred years later, in April, 1889, the city entered upon a three-day celebration. President Harrison was summoned from the White House to be rowed, as Washington had been, in a decorated barge from Elizabethtown to the Battery. Whittier composed an ode to be read by the mayor, and Chauncey Depew made a speech. There were banners to make gay the streets and avenues, and on Washington Square a triumphal arch, suggested by William Rhinelanders Stewart and built entirely of wood from designs contributed by Stanford White. On a pedestal on the apex of the arch stood a wooden statue of General Washington, said to have been erected on the Battery in 1792, the first statue in the city.

The ode, the speeches, the celebration, even Harrison, are now forgotten. So, too, of course, is the arch. But in its place there stands a sturdier and more durable memorial of marble, also from designs contributed by White. For no sooner was the celebration well under way than there arose in the press such a clamor, such an insistent demand that the noble arch on Washington Square be made permanent as a reminder of the centennial, that William Rhinelander Stewart was forced to organize a committee to receive subscriptions. By May 31, over \$40,000 had been subscribed.

Then occurred the Johnstown Flood in which several hundred persons lost their lives. Stewart ordered all active work on behalf of the "arch fund" to cease, saying that the interests of the flood survivors must come first. It was, therefore, not until almost a year later, on April 30, that the committee was able to break ground—without formal ceremony.

On May 19th, 1890, the books showed over \$80,000 in hand. Work on the foundation was pushed and finished in time for the laying of the cornerstone on May 30—when ex-President Cleveland escorted Bishop Potter to a seat on the platform. The Bishop opened the exercises with a prayer. A choir of 200 voices, led by Frank H. Damrosch, sang hymns especially written by Robert Underwood Johnson. George William Curtis made a stirring address, concluding with a quotation from Washington's address to the Constitutional Convention—"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair." Two years went by; and in May, 1892, the Arch was completed, under a contract awarded to David H. King, Jr., who had agreed to do the work at cost—roughly \$128,000.

Another two years passed; and in January, 1894, the newspapers announced that the Washington Arch was crumbling and must be removed. White, with Gilder and others of the Committee, rushed down to the Square. After a hasty examination, he reported that cracks were visible, but that all that the marble needed was "pointing." However, that must wait for warmer weather.

Another year—the sixth—and finally, on May 4, 1895, after one postponement on account of rain, the day of dedication arrived. Troops appeared along the Avenue. Governor Levi P. Morton took his seat in the grandstand. Bishop Potter again delivered the invocation; and General Horace Porter rose to deliver a speech. He began by glaring at White, saying that "the true purpose of this work is not the display of architectural skill, but the perpetuation of the memory of the exalted patriot who founded this republic." There then followed, according to the *Buffalo News*, a lengthy (though by no means absorbing) analysis of the character and career of General Washington who seems to have resembled General Porter more closely than had been previously supposed.

Of course, generals have peculiar—if not perverted—ideas. They write books to prove that, single-handed, they conquered Gaul or Germany or the Boer Republic. And so, perhaps, it should occasion no surprise to learn that General Porter was of the opinion that Washington founded this republic—Washington who was not even present when the Declaration of Independence was signed. However, in spite of the General, the "true purpose" of a work of art is art; and the purpose of the Washington Arch was—and is to this day—"the display of architectural skill." It is the name, and not the arch, that per-

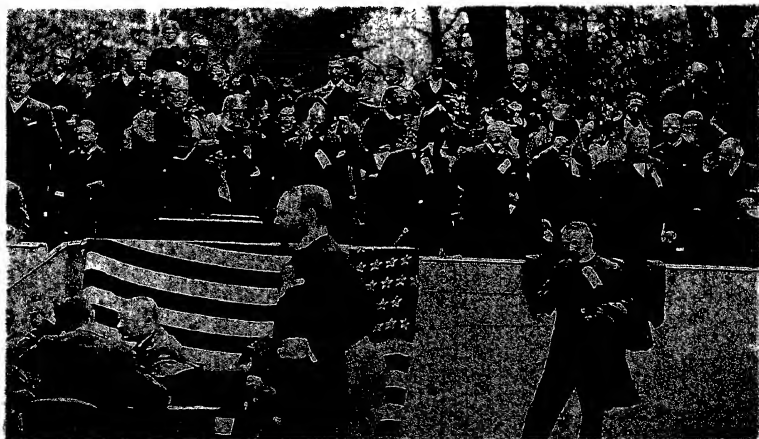


R. W. Gilder

Stanford White

Wm. R. Stewart

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE WASHINGTON ARCH



Bishop Potter
Wm. R. Stewart

Grover Cleveland
Stanford White

petuates the memory of Washington. Change the name; call it the Fifth Avenue Arch: and General Porter's speech becomes—as, indeed, it always was—nonsense.

I am reminded of a paragraph in *The Roll Call*, by Arnold Bennett:—

George was so astounded that he caught scarcely anything of the speech. It was incredible to him that he, the creative artist, who was solely responsible for the architecture and decoration of the monument, in whose mind it had existed long before the second brick had been placed upon the first, should be bracketed in a toast with the tradesmen and middlemen who had merely supervised the execution of his scheme according to rules of thumb. He flushed . . . Throughout the day he had no recognition; and as regarded the future, few, while ignorantly admiring the monument, would give a thought to the artist. Books were eternally signed, and music, picture and sculpture. But the architect was forgotten. What did it matter? If the creators of Gothic cathedrals had to expect oblivion, he might. The tower of the town hall should be his signature. And no artist could imprint his influence so powerfully and so mysteriously upon the unconscious city as he was doing.

II

In the official program put out on the occasion of the dedication of the arch, there is this description, written by White:

In style this monument is distinctly classic, and by this term is meant Roman in contradistinction to the less robust, more fanciful, and more "personal" style of the Ren-

aissance. Although having a discreet flavor of its own, this quality has been kept in abeyance to the conservatism which seems proper in the designs of a structure intended to stand for all time and to outlast any local or passing fashions. When brought in close comparison, however, with the triumphal arches of Rome and the Roman Empire, many differences are to be noted—that of the size of the opening being the most striking, though not the most important. No arch of antiquity containing but one opening has a span as great as that at New York, the nearest approach to it being the arch at Aosta, which has a span of about 29 feet 8 inches. The arch at Salonika has its central opening 36 feet wide, which is the largest span of all Roman triumphal arches—this, however, is a construction with three openings. In architectural treatment the Washington Arch differs from its classical predecessors in being generally lighter, in the prominence of the frieze, in the reduced height of the attic, and lastly and most important, in the absence of the Orders. Of the few remaining Roman examples of arches without orders, perhaps the best known is that at Alcantra.

III

The White who designed the Washington Arch appears briefly in the *Sunday Gazette* of Washington D. C., under date of February 17, 1889:

Stanford White the architect is said to look very much like the description given by Mrs. Humphrey Ward of her hero, Robert Elsmere. He is all of six feet three in his boots, is loosely built, and wears his sandy hair brushed up straight till it forms a sort of halo about his head.

THE New York that Stanford White knew was a city in the making, a city of change, that had trebled in population—from 500,000 to over 1,500,000—between the day of his birth and the day when, in 1889, he joined with other men of wealth and imagination to erect, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street, the "most magnificent amusement palace in the world," larger even than London's Agricultural Hall.

The idea originated with Hiram Hitchcock, who soon interested, among others, such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, Frank K. Sturgis, Andrew Carnegie,¹ James Stillman, Herman Oelrichs, James T. Hyde, Adrian Iselin, Edward S. Stokes, and Stanford White. These men formed the Madison Square Garden Company which paid \$400,000 to the Vanderbilts for Gilmore's Garden, a converted train shed that had once served the Hudson River Railroad as a passenger station. On August 7, the work of tearing down began. "The old building," said the *Tribune*, "will be sadly missed by the bill posters, by those who went there in the old days to listen to the band concerts given by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore or to watch John L. Sullivan put some over-ambitious rival through his paces . . . and, of course, there can be no horse show this year."

It was planned to erect on the site a building 465 feet long and 200 feet wide, with side walls rising to a height

¹ Carnegie later withdrew to organize and build a music hall at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street—described as "an undertaking by gentlemen interested in the advancement of music."

of 65 feet, capable of housing a concert hall, an amphitheatre, a theatre, a roof garden, a restaurant, and a row of shops. Architects were invited to submit plans to Professor William R. Ware of Columbia University who would select the winning design, thereby avoiding (if possible) the jealous heart-burnings so prevalent in the architectural and other professions. The award went to McKim, Mead and White.² And early in June, 1890, the new Madison Square Garden was ready—made ready, some said, “at a cost of \$4,000,000 and well worth it.” (Actually the cost was nearer \$1,575,000, which did not include the architects’ fees of \$75,000.)

But worth it or not, the Garden was, from the beginning, a financial failure. The first year it lost \$18,000, and the second year \$16,000. Except for four or five years, it showed a deficit every year; and even during the best years, it failed to pay dividends on the common stock. The cost of operation averaged about \$20,000 a month; and the rental was never more than \$1,000 to \$1,800 a night. City taxes mounted from \$19,000 in 1890 to over \$39,000 in 1908, and insurance charges from \$7,000 to \$12,000 a year. Repairs ranged from \$15,000 to \$20,000 annually. And there were days and weeks and months when it was impossible to find a tenant at any price, to say nothing of the days lost while tenants were moving in and out.

“For all that,” said the *Herald*, “there is probably not in the whole world a handsomer building, nor any more exquisitely proportioned.”

² Montgomery Schuyler tells of being present when Dick Hunt, seeking to please McKim, attributed to him the design for Madison Square Garden. “White,” said McKim. And so far as Schuyler could discover, that was all he would say on the subject.

II

Handsome and gay the Garden may have seemed when first seen from across Madison Square; but as time passed, it faded. It gathered dust as theatres have a way of doing. It became a one night stand, used to the abuse of roustabouts. The long rows of shallow arches, the walls of buff brick and terra cotta, echoed to the cries of peanut vendors. The roof was flat, or nearly so, the skyline being broken on the Madison Avenue end by the colonnade of the roof garden which extended for one hundred feet on either side, ending on Twenty-Sixth Street in the loveliest tower in all the world—a tower that was once as much a part of New York as the Battery or Central Park. At the corners of Fourth Avenue there were two other towers. But it was the central tower that made the Garden. Modelled after the Giralda in Seville, Spain, it rose three hundred feet above the sidewalk, fourteen feet higher than the spire of Trinity Church, and only nine feet lower than the dome of the World Building, then the highest building in New York. It expressed perfectly the mood the Garden was intended to evoke, a mood demanding music, dancing, parades of wooden soldiers, banners and the sound of horses' hoofs.

There is a story, told by a reporter for the *Sun*, concerning the building of this tower:

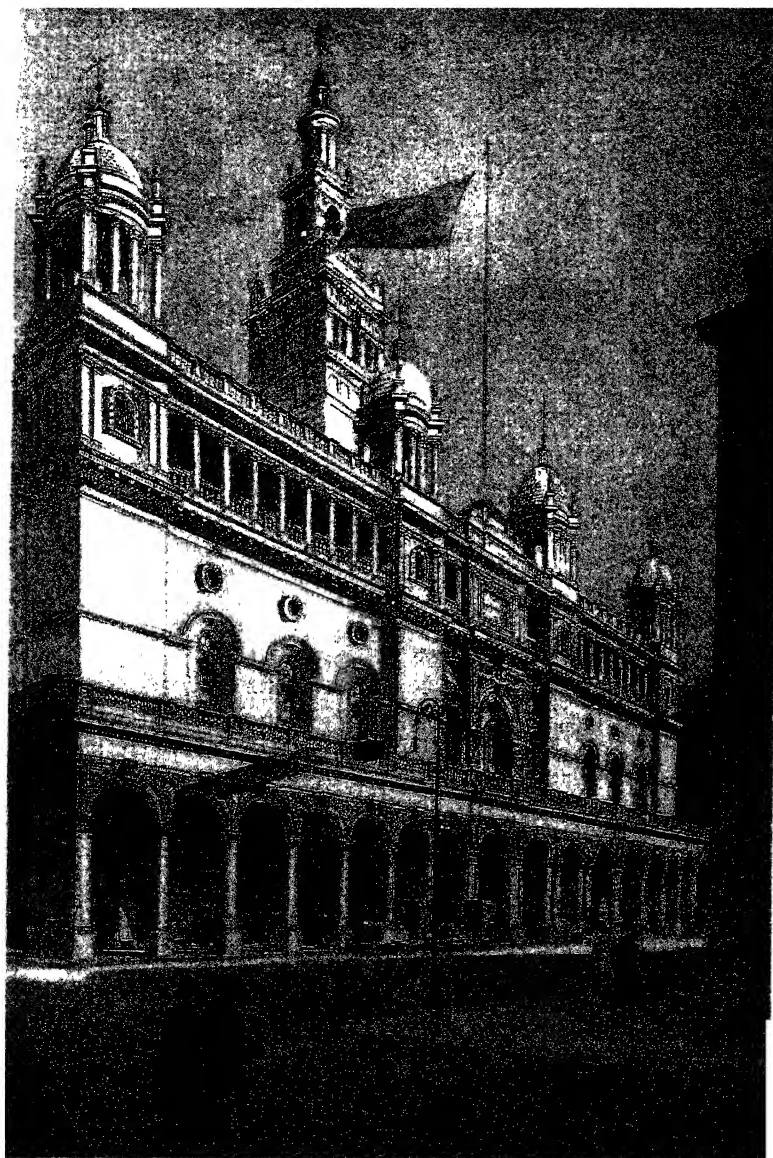
Mr. White is very positive in his opinions: and it is solely owing to this quality that we have any tower at all on Madison Square Garden. When the plans were accepted they included, of course, the tower, but as the building

progressed the expenses piled up so high that the committee who had the matter in charge began to consider whether it would not be possible to get along with a smaller tower; and it was finally decided to do without such an adjunct altogether. When Mr. White heard this he was at first unable to believe it. But it was true. He thereupon kicked furiously to each member of the committee in turn, and afterwards to every one in any way connected with the building, down to the bricklayers. And he kept at it. At last Mr. David King, the contractor, went to one of the more important members of the committee and said: "Look here, White is raising such a row about this thing that he is simply hounding me into my grave. Suppose we build the tower. We've got to shut him up somehow. I'll put up half the amount necessary if you will raise the other half." To this the committeeman secured the consent of his associates. \$450,000 was pledged, half of it to be supplied by Mr. King. And Mr. White immediately became reasonable again.

III

Of course, White's interest in the Garden did not cease with the completion of the building. He had invested heavily in the enterprise; he was a member of the board of directors, and later a vice-president. Naturally he looked forward, with interest and some anxiety, to the formal opening planned for Monday, June 16th, 1890.

And then, on May 11, Charles S. Wilbur, chief of the special agents of the Treasury Department, made what he considered a "clever catch." On complaint of Dazian & Company, theatrical costumers, he went down to the Cunard docks and seized the costumes of forty-eight European



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY

1891

ballet girls. These girls had been engaged "to carve with their graceful limbs the ambient atmosphere of the Garden." Naturally they were outraged. They expressed their varying opinions of Mr. Wilbur, the United States Government and the Garden in seven different languages and as many *schimpfname* as they could command. But, according to the *Boston Globe*, this only added to the confusion. Finally, after days of wrangling, upon payment of duties and penalties amounting to \$7,358, the costumes were released. Later it was reported that Dazian & Company had bid for a contract to costume the ballet . . . and lost. This was their way of proving that their bid was not too high—if you consider the import duties.

Nor was this all. The next arrivals, the much advertised Edward Strauss Orchestra from the *Hofoper* in Vienna, were threatened with action by the Musical Protective Society on the ground that the members of the orchestra were not artists but common laborers. "Quite right," said all those who had listened to *Der Schoene Eddie* in Vienna. Others begged for time to consider and reconsider the matter. While the critics, both musical and dramatic, talked of bad manners, boors and what-not. The more travelled even went so far as to insist that Eddie be given a hearing. "All good music," they said, "comes from Germany—or, at any rate, from the Continent of Europe." As is often the case, Europe won. *Der Schoene Eddie* was admitted, with his orchestra, free from any suspicion of laboring over his music.

But there was worse to come. With the opening scheduled and less than a week away, the theatrical managers from Broadway and Fourteenth Street leagued together and petitioned the mayor to refuse a license to the Madison

Square Garden Company on the assumption that the building was unsafe. However, with Mr. Morgan thundering from the left, the license was granted.

And then, as an anticlimax, Carmencita, who had been taken up by New York society, refused an offer of \$250 a week to dance with the ballet. She said, contemptuously, that she had been deluged with such offers.

IV

At last the opening night arrived—a night that was to be, according to the *Globe*, “far ahead of anything yet seen in lighting, new incandescent electric lamps being used.”

But the *World* was not so much interested in the lighting as in the human aspects of the scene—which were apparently appalling. “Flunkeyism,” for example, “could hardly have been carried to greater extremes. However, to the ushers’ credit be it said, they kicked like steers over the livery they were forced to wear. The native of these shores, true to democratic traditions, is sure to rebel at any garb which labels him a menial. But even if the Madison Square Garden ushers had been of the kind who rush as gladly into livery as they would into the kingdom of heaven, they could still halt appalled before the hideous terra cotta coat and trousers and the flame-colored waistcoats designed for their use. ‘They make us look like guys,’ said one.” Yet they wore them.

Now to more practical matters.

As pointed out by the *Telegram*, “had there been a fire or a panic, the five or six thousand persons present could never have escaped from the building alive—the most noticeable thing about the performance being the difficulty

of getting in and out of that vast auditorium between the acts."

As a matter of fact, there were 17,000 persons present; and after the performance the building was emptied in four and a half minutes. There were ten exits, all—save one—with inclined ramps. In the prospectus and in the specifications, the building is described as "absolutely fire-proof throughout."

Herr Strauss' appearance was also something of a disappointment, if we are to believe the *Herald*, which declared that it was only by comparison with the other members of his orchestra that he deserved the title of *Der Schoene Eddie*. Almost any Eddie picked up casually on Broadway or Fourteenth Street would have been as beautiful and (probably) as interesting.

However, not all the notices were bad. The *Tribune* called for "a tiger for Maestro Strauss!" Continuing: "A veritable Prince Charming. Old dowagers, ancient bucks, fresh blades, young brides, dewy buds, belles and sprigging beaux followed the lissome wave of his baton as though spell-bound . . . until, unfortunately, he made the mistake of introducing several operatic selections of which it is kinder (and possibly better) not to speak."

V

A month later, with curiosity and interest somewhat abated, *Town Topics* was saying: "So the big, bare, cheerless Madison Square Garden is to become a beer hall, after all. Well, that's about all it is fit for." It was even rumored that Wanamaker intended to purchase the building and convert it into a dry goods emporium.

But White's enthusiasm never faltered. There was the horse show for which to make ready. There would be dog shows and food shows and flower shows, and in the spring P. T. Barnum's Circus, and later possibly, if he could be persuaded to leave his old stamping ground on Staten Island, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. In the summer the place could be converted into a miniature Venice, with visitors floating idly in gondolas, listening to music, or dining on a green-dressed island. It might even be possible to arrange an Actors' Fair—if White would organize a committee to take charge, make the designs and supervise the construction . . . all of which he gladly undertook, giving his time and services, reproducing the Globe Theatre in London, Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon and Goethe's home in Weimar, Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, and literally hundreds of booths in remembrance of St. Bartholomew's Fair. Later he was busy with plans for a children's exhibition, a toy-town that remained open during the Christmas holidays, and that proved to be a great success, a counterfeit of old Nuremburg, with Albrecht Dürer's house around the corner, the castle, the market place and over one hundred toy shops, clowns running in and out of doorways, performing dogs, marionettes and a Punch and Judy show. In 1893, he suggested an Industrial Art Exhibition, the first ever contemplated in this country, to which every manufacturer in America was invited to send examples of the work of his factories. And in 1899 the amphitheatre was converted into a miniature ocean, whereon the battle of Santiago was fought in miniature but realistic fashion.

However, one man's enthusiasm is not enough to keep alive so vast and complicated an enterprise. Besides, as the-

atrical prophets pointed out again and again, the Garden had received, on its opening night, a "black eye" from which it could not possibly recover. When the critics booed *Der Schoene Eddie* and faintly praised the European ballet girls, they damned the Garden forever. Even the restaurant on the southwest corner proved a failure. It had been designed as one of the great restaurants of the city—yet no reputable caterer would undertake its management. Why? Because one day there would be a demand for lobsters à la Newburg and champagne, and the next day repeated calls for frankfurters and beer from the fight fans come to see Dempsey or the Boston Tar Baby. No restaurateur living could hope to cope with such a situation. He must please both the box holders during horse show week and the gallery gods who came to heckle Bryan. Small wonder that Sherry's and Delmonico's, though offered the premises rent free, both refused it.

In 1897, the National Horse Show Association started a row about rentals during which J. A. Bailey of Barnum and Bailey's Circus, charging the management with incompetence, threatened to withdraw the circus from New York unless President Sturgis resigned. Sturgis retorted that because of the extravagance and magnificence with which the building had been constructed, neither he nor any one else could possibly wring one cent of profit out of the enterprise.³

All of which caused the *Providence Bulletin* to remark: "New York can't support anything. Even the stock market is without a prop."

³ Among the more important stockholders at the time were J. Pierpont Morgan, 2,693 shares; J. R. Dos Passos, 1,300 shares; Stanford White 1,100 shares; Walter P. Horn, 1,000 shares; William Waldorf Astor, 500 shares; McKim, Mead, & White, 350 shares . . . and a \$2,000,000 mortgage.

BUT it was the tower, and not the amphitheatre, that made the Garden a success—as a building and as a symbol of gaiety in a world of cross-purposes and complaint. Atop the tower, silhouetted against the sky, tiptoed Diana, St. Gaudens' Diana, maid of the moon, and soon (such is our contempt for moon maidens) the butt of every scribbler's wit—as witness this from the *Mercury*:

During the past two weeks there has been a marked change in the character of the frequenters of Madison Square. Formerly this beautiful little park was the gathering place of children. Now all this is changed. Occasionally a stray child may still be seen, but more generally what children come there are rushed through at breakneck speed in the tow of a nurse or some other older person. In their place the Square is now thronged with clubmen armed with field glasses. Where babyhood once disported itself, today elderly gentlemen, Delmonico elegants, Casino Johnnies and every other variety of local dude linger in listless idleness. So complete a transformation arouses a not unnatural curiosity; and the *Mercury* reporter remarked as much to the park policeman.

"It's all along of her," that functionary replied, pointing to the summit of the Garden tower where Diana, adorned only in her beauty and a thin veneer of gilt, blazed in the sun. The great size of the figure, and the strong relief it found against the clear blue of the heavens, rendered every detail of the modelling startlingly plain to the view.

"People as has kids," said the policeman, "says as how she is immoralizing, and so they won't let their young ones come here no more. Not as I blames them. I don't think no such statue should be allowed myself, not in a public place."

And yet this brazen—or more properly, copper—image has been praised by artists and art critics as one of the great productions of modern sculpture, and acclaimed by connoisseurs as the only proper, fit and appropriate crown to the work of the architect who gave us Madison Square Garden. Nonetheless, as every lounge in the park knows, this Diana is nothing more nor less than a female person as she might appear after she has locked her bathroom door and is prepared to make her ablutions safe from prying eyes. *No such figure has ever before been publicly exhibited in the United States.* While the *Mercury* reporter was making these moral observation to himself, along came a gentleman who stands high in the business world and is well-known as a collector of art objects.

"Studying the nude, I see," he said. "Well, what do you think of it? A public outrage, I say."

"Isn't that pretty strong?" asked the reporter.

Quick as a flash came the reply: "You can't be too strong in such matters. I own bronzes, marbles and paintings as free in their display of flesh as that thing up there; but rather than exhibit them where they might offend the public, I would burn them and lose every cent they have cost me. I wonder Anthony Comstock hasn't done something about it before this; but I suppose there's too much money behind it or under it for him to dare to interfere."

And that, the reporter discovered in his wanderings, is the opinion of all decent people: *Don't look at Diana, the garden goddess gloated over by clubmen and Johnnies.*

II

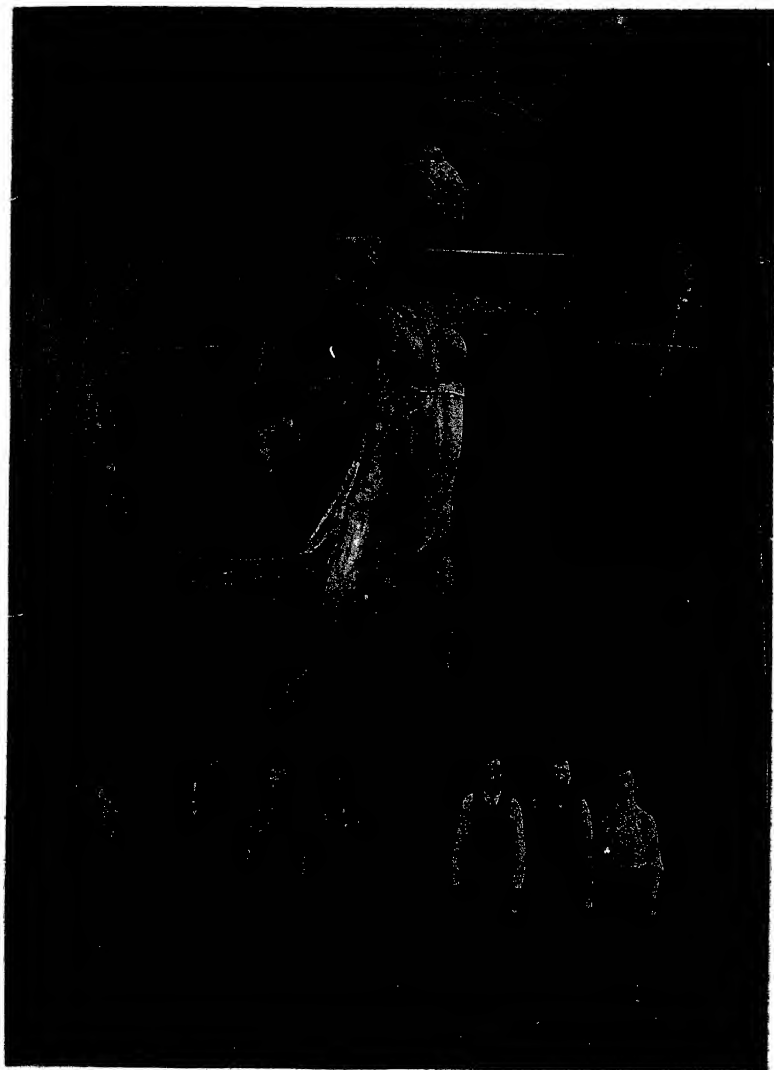
This was written in November, 1891. In September, 1892, Cholly Knickerbocker was saying in the *New York Recorder*:

So our pretty Diana, the highest kicker of them all, is to be taken down and sent to aim her tardy arrow through the murky and musty atmosphere of Chicago. Stanford White says she is too big for her place,¹ and so a gin pole will be used to bring her down. Which causes Cholly to remark, in behalf of himself and the many thirsty dudes in town, that she's not the only conspicuous object about the Garden that's too big for its place, and that a gin pole or a handy pole might well be erected right in the barroom of the Roof Garden to yank out the most disgusting supply of liquors that any one ever attempted to sell in a public place of any pretensions to decency. I'll venture—and leave it to a committee composed of Billy Wharton, Billy Haynes and Stanford White—that there isn't a genuine drop of liquor sold over the bar of Madison Square Garden, except during horse show and dog show times when the privilege is rented out to McGrath.

But Chicago, having heard little that was good of Diana, drew back affronted while the *Herald*, of that usually (and unusually) hospitable city, thundered:

Is Chicago to be made a dumping-ground, an asylum for all the cast-off statues, the errors in judgment, of New York or any other city? And, in particular, why invite Diana the huntress to tiptoe next summer, during the World's Fair, above a building dedicated to agriculture? Is that the proper caper?

¹ She was eighteen feet six inches tall, of beaten copper.



THE FIRST DIANA

When Dewing heard she was to be eighteen feet high, he protested, saying that neither White nor St. Gaudens had any sense of scale; but they refused to listen to his criticism since (as they pointed out) he was "only a painter."

Well, the agricultural building was designed by McKim, and McKim never, so far as I know, consulted either editors or the public about the capers to be cut above his buildings. So when Foreman Knight (who had received a gold watch and chain from Stanford White for placing Diana on her pedestal) put a rope around her waist to bring her down, the crate was waiting, labelled, ready to carry her to Chicago. When she arrived, thousands (including some of the oldest inhabitants) blushed. Extras appeared on the streets announcing the arrival of a perfectly nude statue in the railroad yards. To make matters worse, Mrs. Potter Palmer, under the impression that the World's Fair officials had refused the goddess sanctuary, offered to pay all costs of hoisting her up on top of the Women's Building. What! (with one voice, shouted the Windy City—or at any rate, the better elements) a statue without a stitch of clothing on top of the Women's Building! The idea! Later the art critics—who, at that time, according to the *Morning Journal*, could be counted by the tens of thousands—demanded that the creature be cremated . . . possibly, as one reporter suggested, because her feet were out of proportion to the rest of her body.

Meantime the W.C.T.U. was debating whether or not it was an offense against public decency to be born naked . . . thereby, as the *Chicago Times* indignantly exclaimed, making the city a laughing-stock before the peoples of the world, a by-word on the boulevards and a hissing in Shanghai. Why, said the learned editor, even truth is naked!

And so the matter rested . . . until such time, as Chicago could announce that Diana, driven from New York on account of the scantiness of her attire, had found refuge and appreciation for her beauty and pose in the more cul-

tured capital of the West. For a while she served as a weathervane for Montgomery Ward & Company. Later her head was exhibited in the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts. The New York Diana, since the demolition of Madison Square Garden, has reposed in a storage warehouse, the property of the New York Life Insurance Company.

III

"As a matter of fact, all this fuss and fury," to quote the New York correspondent of the Rochester *Post-Express*, "is simply further evidence of the love of the architect for his work, for all the expense of removing the old statue and replacing it with a smaller model is being borne by Stanford White. This, however, is only a minor feat for Mr. White who, with his white stone and yellow brick, is transforming New York from one of the dullest, brownest, most monotonous cities on earth to one of the most interesting and beautiful, at least in so far as its architecture is concerned."

ONE element in the success of McKim, Mead & White lay in the fact that all three partners enjoyed life to the full. They could be seen at the opera, the theatres, the horse shows and yacht races. They belonged, one or another of them, to almost every club in town. They had a share in every art movement. Vigorous, versatile and interested, they were part and parcel of the times, entering into the activities of their clients, designing homes, clubs, churches, museums, memorials and office buildings, for a whole generation of men—even going so far in New York as to take charge of the streets on gala occasions.

II

New York, in the nineties, was just emerging into the city that we know today. Theatres were beginning to edge their way uptown from Fourteenth Street—the old Rialto—where, in 1891, *The Old Homestead* completed a three years' run at the Academy of Music. Residences moved north along Madison and Fifth Avenues. The shopping center transferred to Twenty-Third Street. Approaching the city from the Jersey shore the visitor could see the square red tower of the Produce Exchange, the spires of Trinity Church and St. Paul's, the dome of the World Building, the Tribune Building and in the distance the towers of Brooklyn Bridge. Cable cars swooped around Dead Man's Curve where Broadway crosses Fourteenth Street. Tiffany's, Brentano's and the Century Company

were considering leaving Union Square. Meanwhile the state legislature debated the possibilities of creating a greater city that should embrace Manhattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island and the Bronx¹—while Mayor Gilroy complained that the city was already overcrowded, and the rapid transit problem no nearer solution than it had been two years earlier.

In 1892 the restless and inspired Dr. Parkhurst—for whom White later designed Madison Square Presbyterian Church—began his long and bitterly contested campaign against organized vice and political corruption; and Mrs. Astor gave her celebrated ball, sending out four hundred invitations, and thereby originating (with Ward McAllister) the term "Four Hundred." It was a year of great excitement. The Metropolitan Opera House burned down; the cathedral on Morningside Heights was begun with the laying of the cornerstone; John Drew made his début as an actor; and the Italians presented the city with a statue of Christopher Columbus.

There was some argument about the statue. 1892 marked, of course, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. As the date of celebration approached, the city anxiously awaited the return of a professional costumer who had been despatched to Spain to arrange an historical pageant. "A pageant is all very well in its way," said the Italians; "but we must have some more permanent memorial." *Il Progresso* had opened a subscription list for a monument. Subscriptions poured in. With the monument assured, the

¹ The idea originated with Andrew H. Green of Brooklyn to whose energies and public spirit we owe the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, the Museum of Natural History, the New York Zoological Park and the establishment of Central Park.

promoters went to the Park Commission and demanded the finest site in the city. The Commission demurred. The finest site—where Broadway skirts the corner of Central Park—must be reserved for the monument that the city would some day erect to the soldiers and sailors of New York who perished in the War of Independence. But while the Commission deliberated, it was discovered that New Yorkers care little or nothing for the heroes of the Revolution; New York is not an American city, but a Columbian city; to the vast majority of New Yorkers, in 1892, the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe meant nothing, whereas the name of Columbus meant—to millions of Italians, Germans, Russians, Jews, Hungarians and Irish—freedom from conditions approaching slavery, a place to live and a liberator to honor. They had heard of Columbus long before they ever heard of New York. These millions insisted that New York listen to them. The Park Commission bowed. The Grand Circle was renamed Columbus Circle. And there Columbus stands today—the discoverer of a world that, in his philosophy, did not exist.

October 10th drew nearer, the day on which thousands of school children were to parade down Fifth Avenue, led by Mayor Grant. White was put in charge of the decorations. Speaking for himself and Louis C. Tiffany, he said: "The question of color is most important, and we therefore urge a simple and concentrated color scheme. The keynote in each case should be confined to one color, if possible, and not to a mixture of red, white, blue, yellow and green. This is always objectionable. Let the basis of the decoration never be more than two colors, confining the American colors to a single spot. Of all colors yellow and white are

the most effective as groundwork and a foil for spots. The Spanish colors, red and yellow, are, of course, appropriate in this instance and should be used occasionally."

There were to be two arches, the prize memorial arch at Fifth Avenue and the Park—designed by Harry Hertz, of Columbia University—and a trellis arch designed by Stanford White and erected at Fifth Avenue and Broadway. In between were White's decorations, one block entirely in yellow, the next in white, and the third red and yellow. Particolored streamers were strung across the Avenue from ropes attached to tall brown masts, hung with Venetian flags and shields bearing the arms of Isabella, Ferdinand and Columbus. The trees of Madison Square were hung with lanterns, and there until past midnight of the third day thousands waited for the historical pageant that (when it appeared) turned out to be an escort of police, followed by a seemingly endless stream of bicycles.

In addition, there was a Columbian Loan Exhibition of Art at the National Academy of Design, the bulk of the paintings coming from the collections of Stanford White, William T. Evans, W. I. Havemeyer and Thomas B. Clarke—in spite of the fact that over four hundred invitations were sent out.

Altogether, according to the *Boston Globe*, the affair was a great success—"thanks to Stanford White, the master spirit, without whom very little that is decorative could be accomplished in New York."

Going even further *Harper's Weekly*, described the decorations as "a triumph—Mr. White should have a municipal Commissionership of Public Beauty created for him."

III

But the triumph belonged not so much to White as to the common people of New York who crowded Broadway, Fifth Avenue and the side streets on October 12th, according to the lowest estimate, two million strong, one-thirtieth of the then population of these United States. Police superintendent Byrnes had given orders that during the three days of the celebration no policeman should draw his club except in self-defense; and during those three days, for the first time since the organization of the police force thirty-five years before, no clubs were used. The temper of the crowd may be judged from two incidents reported by *Harper's Weekly*:

They were waiting for the night pageant. They had been waiting for hours when a young man climbed onto a barrel in front of one of the Postal Telegraph's offices and motioned for silence.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I desire to take advantage of this brief delay to say a few words to you upon the subject of the tariff."

The crowd laughed—at itself for the serious attention that, on any day but Columbus Day, it would have given to a confused discussion of the tariff.

And down in front of the Postoffice, another mounted a fire plug and shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen, I desire to say on behalf of the committee that the show is off. Columbus did not land today. He expected to land, but was detained in quarantine."

Such was the temper of the New York of the nineties when on holiday bent.

As early as 1881 James Gordon Bennett had urged upon the Newport colony that McKim, Mead & White be commissioned to design a Casino where tennis matches and horse shows might be held and concerts given. That Casino still stands, a patchwork of buildings expressive of the fluttering tastes of the time. In 1885 two other commissions came from Bennett—his yacht *Namouna*, and 28 Ann Street, New York City, both assigned to White. White also designed the interior of Bennett's yacht, *Lysistrata*. Finally, in 1892, Mr. Bennett sent for White to discuss plans for the new Herald Building.

The *Herald* was then housed downtown—obscurely housed for so adventurous a journal, or so Mr. Bennett thought. How much more appropriate a modernly equipped plant in the center of the theatre district where Broadway and Sixth Avenue intersect? Let Greeley and Pulitzer pre-empt Park Row, rearing their graceless towers to look down on City Hall Park. Who—aside from newspapermen and politicians—visits City Hall anyway? The *Herald* should have a far more conspicuous place in public attention where all the world passes under the "L" at Thirty-Fourth Street. There, facing the square—which should be re-named Herald Square—Mr. Bennett would cause to be built an exact replica of the Doges' Palace in Venice. His mind was made up to that. It should be as graceful as sticks and stones could make it, a home, not an office building, as gay as Daly's, it's neighbor down the street. Those that entered should not be swallowed up as



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

HERALD BUILDING
BROADWAY AT 34TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
1894

a skyscraper swallows its thousands every day. They should be invited in. And the man of all men in the world to design such a building was—as Bennett knew—Stanford White.¹

But White balked at reproducing the Doges' Palace. He agreed with Bennett that the Renaissance, with its awakened enthusiasms, was nearer in spirit to the awakening nineties than either the Middle Ages² or the classic austerity of Rome. But why the Doges' Palace? Why not an adaptation of the Consiglio in Verona, equally beautiful and more appropriate because less well known? After all, the Doges' Palace belongs to Venice. It is as much a part of the city as the canals or the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. The Consiglio, on the other hand, is only one of the hundreds of beautiful buildings inherited from the Renaissance. It has no special significance. It is not associated, in the public mind, with the functions of government or the pride of princes.

And so, persuaded by White, Bennett agreed that Verona offered the proper inspiration for the new Herald Building. How well White succeeded in capturing and adapt-

¹ Earlier in the year, reporting the plans for the Columbus Celebration, the *Herald* had referred to Stanford White as "the one man in New York who seems to be omnipotent in matters pertaining to structural beauty." Years later, rumor has it, Bennett, hearing of White's death, cabled to the *Herald* from Paris: "Give him Hell!" They had quarrelled. Indeed, it was impossible not to quarrel with the (in my opinion) silly Bennett.

² Already in 1892 the *Architectural Record* was remarking upon the absurdity of building a great cathedral on Morningside Heights in New York City. "Why not admit," the editor asks, "that a cathedral is a medieval monument, as the castle was, or the monastery, and that to go to work in cold blood at the close of the nineteenth century to build such a monument in New York is as ridiculous as it would be to put a moat and wall around the city? The true artist will recognize and acknowledge, with whatever regret, that the Gothic cathedral, like the Greek temple, is a thing of the past; and that though a pale counterfeit of it may be within the reach of the swollen fortunes of Wall Street, the real thing is beyond their power."

ing the beauty and convenience of the Consiglio may be judged from the enthusiastic comments of the press.

"Every one," said the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, "is taking an interest in the New Herald Building." "For it is," said the Denver *Times*, "an ornament to the city, architecturally beautiful and as practical inside as a newspaper home can be"—"An almost perfect workshop," according to the Buffalo *Commercial*.

But it remained for the *Journalist* of New York, that now forgotten mouthpiece of the craft, to sum up in true editorial style, with the proper flourishes and bows: "A tremendous lot of talking has been done about the Herald Building; yet the half of it has not been told. It breathes independence, and bears upon its face the stamp of enterprise, ambition and foresight. Its broad roofs, spacious apartments, generous architecture and massive decorations tell a story of success. . . . Though rich and royal, there is nothing bizarre about it. A newspaper palace it was intended to be, a newspaper palace it remains, a monument to the wisdom of James Gordon Bennett."

Today, of course, it is a mutilated fragment, bisected to allow standing room for a skyscraper.

II

A few weeks later the New York *Recorder* was saying:

The genius of Stanford White, architect, artist, art critic and man about town, has given to New York another beautiful example of pure Italian Renaissance in the Houston Street Power House of the Broadway Cable Railway, now approaching completion at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street.

CHAPTER XXVI THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AND
COLUMBIA COLLEGE

THE earliest college buildings in America—at Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale—were in the same vein of barren simplicity as the early churches. Essentially they were barracks, justifying, in spite of the pleasant texture of their brickwork, the scornful later comment of Jefferson: "But that they have roofs, they might be mistaken for brick kilns." It was not until after the Revolution—when Jefferson himself supplied the plans—that the function of collegiate architecture came to be understood. In 1810 Jefferson wrote:

I consider the common plan followed in this country . . . of making one large and expensive building as unfortunately erroneous. It is infinitely better to erect a small and separate lodge for each separate professorship, with only a hall below for his class, and two chambers above for himself: joining these lodges by barracks for a certain portion of the students, opening into a covered way to give dry communication between all the schools. The whole of these arranged around an open square of grass and trees would make it, what it should be in fact, an academical village.

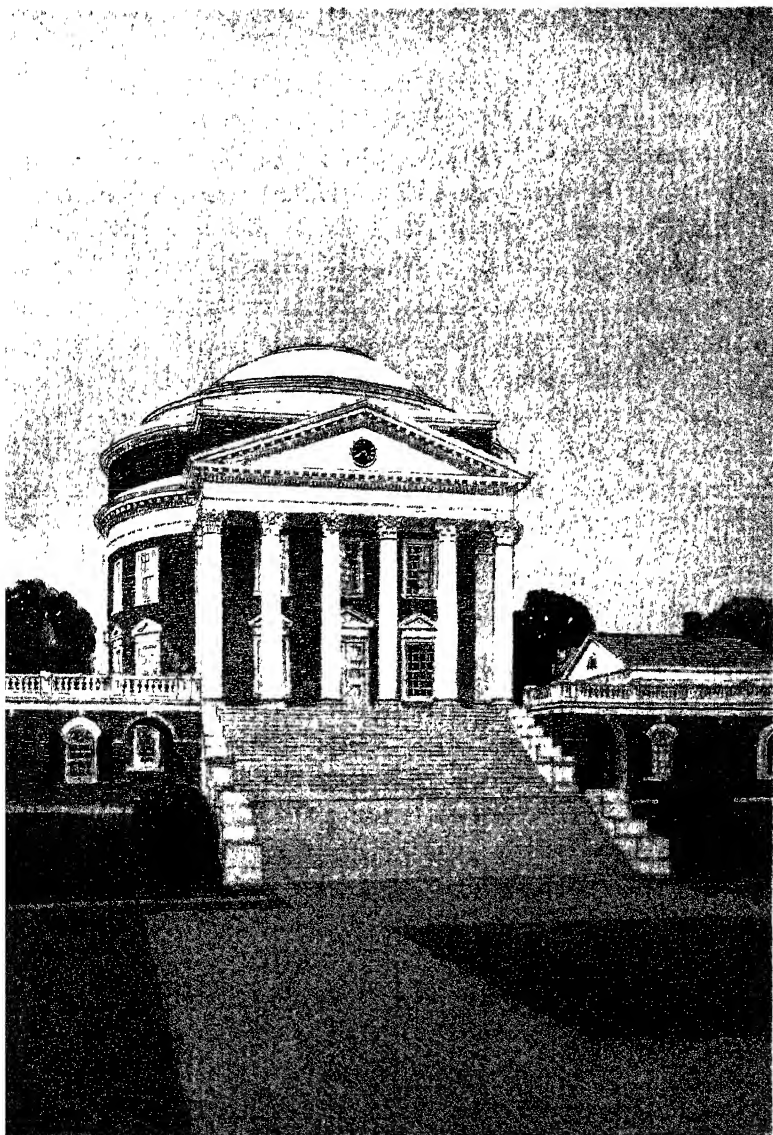
This sane conception of a university was realized in the University of Virginia, designed by Thomas Jefferson.

II

Long afterwards, in 1897, Edward Simmons¹ was in the Players Club in New York when White returned from the University of Virginia, where he had gone in answer to a request to prepare plays for restoring the Rotunda which had been destroyed by fire. "As we sat together over something to drink," Simmons says, "Stannie seemed puzzled, confused and silent, unlike his real self. 'What's the matter?' I asked. He started and came out of his mood. 'It's that job down South,' he said; 'I've seen his plans'—and then, speaking with great deference: 'they're wonderful: and I'm scared to death.'"

And they are wonderful. Either side the shaded Lawn rise the tall, stone porticoes of the Pavilions which once housed the ten schools and their masters. At regular intervals, fronting the dormitories and joining the Pavilions, appear the long rows of the colonnades. At one end, dominating the campus from its higher ground, stands the Rotunda, modelled after the Pantheon in Rome, with its lofty dome and spacious Corinthian porch, a splendid example of "spherical architecture," as Jefferson intended it should be, in contrast to the "cubical architecture" of the Pavilions. Beyond the Lawn, facing outward, are secondary rows of dormitories, the Ranges with their red arches. Probably the most beautiful campus in America. "It stirs the blood," Fiske Kimball has said, in his *American Architecture*, "with a magic rarely felt on this side of the Atlantic."

¹ According to the *Illustrated American* of that year, "the most successful and sought after mural painter in America."



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
1898

In 1895 the Rotunda burned. On appeal to the alumni a restoration fund of \$250,000 was raised—curiously enough the exact cost of Jefferson's university. Restoration and extension of the original architecture was entrusted to White who restored the Rotunda, not to its original state, but to Jefferson's original intention, by omitting the intermediate floor and by opening the interior into one undivided apartment, constructed throughout of fireproof materials. The extension consisted in the erection, at the south end of the Lawn, of a counterpart of the Rotunda, flanked by the architecturally united and unified Physical and Mechanical Laboratories. The style and scale of Jefferson's work is maintained; the material is bettered.

III

White was the better able to follow Jefferson's plans since he had himself been thinking in terms of "an academical village" since before 1892 when the trustees of New York University first asked him to obtain estimates on the cost of removing their school from Washington Square to the Heights overlooking the Harlem River. About the same time the trustees of Columbia College decided to move their school from Madison Avenue to Morningside Heights, calling into consultation Richard M. Hunt, Charles Coolidge Haight and McKim, Mead & White. White's father had graduated from New York University; and since McKim looked upon Columbia as a "glorious opportunity: the trick being to grasp it," they agreed to divide the work. Columbia became McKim's personal problem; and New York University, White's.

White rushed to his own task talking excitedly, arguing, debating, scheming. At first he suggested that the materials of the old building be preserved and used, thereby saving \$50,000, and keeping intact the walls to which, he thought, the alumni must be attached through long association. But alumni are not so tender-minded; and this plan had to be abandoned. White turned, then, to the larger problem of designing a new and complete university group, carefully studying the functions of a university which must provide for a library, classrooms, dormitories, laboratories, administration buildings, auditoriums, a gymnasium, a museum, a chapel, a stadium and, in this case, a Hall of Fame.

Let us compare the work of the two partners. Go first to Morningside Heights and stand before McKim's Library, with its decastyle Ionic portico and stone-paved terrace. You will agree that it is carefully studied, throned like a queen, aloof and dignified. A little pompous, perhaps, inhuman and cold; but sphinx-like, demanding and receiving homage. I, for one, would be loath to lose it. I would, of course, be equally loath to lose to it any book that I had learned to love. Books live—or should live—a life beyond life; and this library is a tomb, unfriendly and forbidding.² Do you wonder that the architects of the later buildings—of Barnard, in particular—made haste to get away from the "style" imposed by McKim's nucleal group?

² "I disagree with you," says Lawrence Grant White. "I think the Columbia Library is, to choose its counterpart, better than the Library at New York University. It is on a grander scale, more imposing, even though the reading room is perhaps a little overpowering in its austerity." But I object to the grandeur and austerity of Columbia. After all, Einstein—to name but one of the fine scholars of the day—is a simple, and not an awe-inspiring, person. And we need Einsteins if we are to make this world habitable for unpretentious men and women. We have had enough and too much of grandeur and austerity.

Montgomery Schuyler³ once said that their haste was so obvious as to constitute a protest against the snobbery of Columbia's main buildings. And do you notice that the further they depart from McKim's conception of a university as a monument to the dignity and learning of pedants, the nearer they approach to Jefferson's conception of a university as a seat of learning, a community of scholars, a place of residence as well as of instruction?

Now let us consider New York University. The peristylar colonnade—or, rather, pierade—of the Hall of Fame, with the spreading dome above, dominates the bluff. The architecture is, of course, classic; yet it seems somehow admirably suited to its place and purpose—just as the buildings of the University proper seem made (as they were) for a democratic school in a city where wealth and poverty, without offense, rub elbows and share in a community of interests. They belong to America. In their free and easy use of the classic orders they recall the graceful porticoes and cupolas of Colonial New England and Virginia. They are not proud and forbidding. They cannot frown. Their learning (and it is much) is carried lightly. They invite discussion. In their gay and seemingly unforced treatment of yellow brick and gray stone, they express what Jefferson had in mind when he said that a university should be a homogeneous group, an academical village, not a solemn conclave of grammarians.⁴

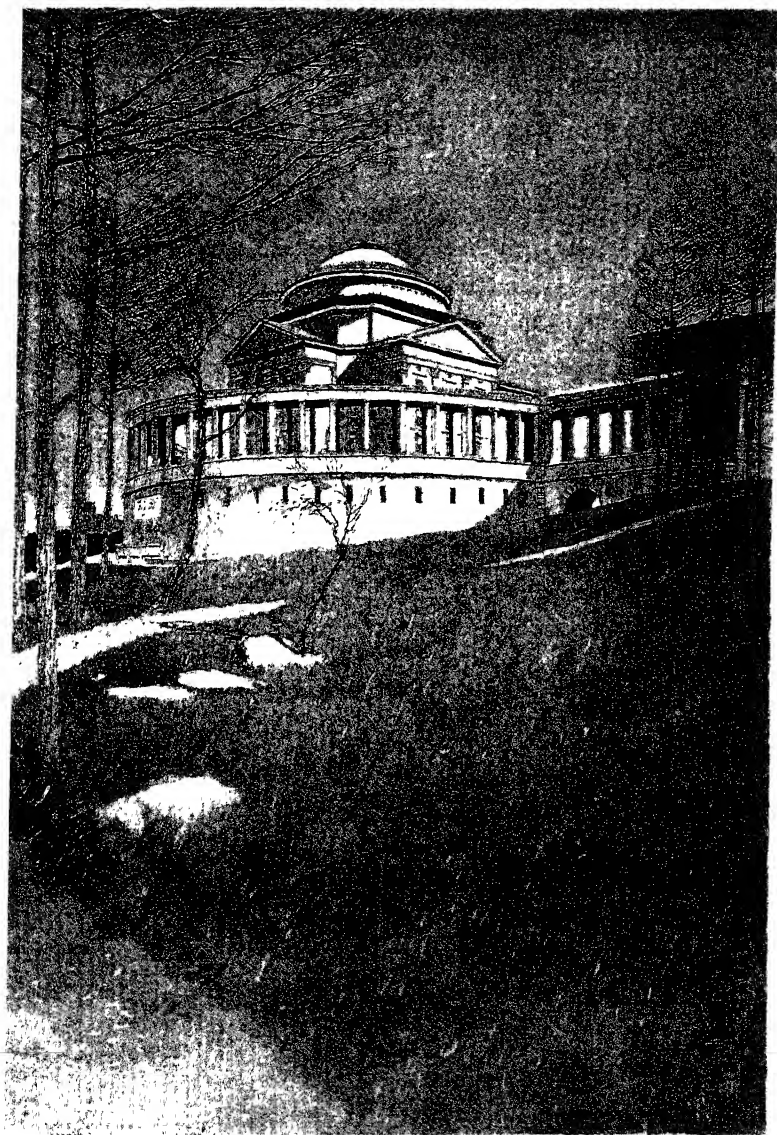
³ Montgomery Schuyler was the ablest critic of architecture of his day and generation, and usually an admirer of McKim and all McKim's work.

⁴ "For the third time," says Larry White, "I must interrupt. I think the Columbia Library gains immensely from its setting and by contrast with the lesser buildings. Their brick serves as a foil for the culminating mass of the Library. However, you are right: it is interesting to compare the two universities and to see how the two partners solved two very similar problems. As you know, in front of the Columbia Library there is an inscription to McKim; and the bronze doors on the Library at New York University are a memorial to my father."

IV

During the years 1892-1894, in addition to Columbia, McKim busied himself with the Boston Public Library, the Chicago World's Fair, the Rhode Island State House at Providence, the Boston Symphony Hall, Harvard University, the establishment of an American School of Architecture in Rome, and a long and leisurely tour of Europe. Burnham, McKim's chief associate on the committee in charge of building for the Chicago Fair, once said: "Make no small plans: they have no magic to stir men's blood." This struck McKim as excellent doctrine. Never a man for half-measures, he decided that thereafter he would devote himself exclusively to large plans. In the Columbia project, for example, he would make the Library a monument that should defy criticism or comparison.

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Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

THE HALL OF FAME, NEW YORK CITY

1901

INTERESTED in men and women, in the ways of the world, White wanted his buildings to be useful: to be beautiful, of course; gay if possible; but livable first, and comfortable, not austere memorials to his art¹ nor trivial tiers of cells piled one upon another. He loved life; and he knew (as who doesn't?) that a cottage where the seasons pass in a clamor of activity is better than an office building gathering dust and decay among the clouds. He knew that business is not a religion, that it cannot raise monuments to itself; that it is not more enduring than brass. Business is, in fact, never gracious, no matter how honorable it may be; and the average business man is—more often than not—objectionable,² with his foolish insistence upon the respectability of avarice and greed. Skyscrapers may impress the stranger as hives of activity, pillars of progress and symbols of man's humanity, of service to one's fellows;

¹ When Henry Adams returned from the South Seas in 1892, he went at once to Washington, D. C., to visit the memorial to his wife erected during his absence by White and St. Gaudens. He had previously refused to look at the preliminary sketches, saying that if they were futile and silly it would ruin his trip. When he saw that figure, so quiet, yet so alive, he could scarcely speak. Again and again he returned . . . and always when he went away he was at peace, with the world and with the fates.

² Henry Adams' brother, Charles Francis Adams, who had been president of the Union Pacific Railway, once said: "As I approach the end I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success—money-getting. It comes from a rather low instinct. Certainly, so far as my observation goes, it is rarely met in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many successful men, men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought or refinement."

but they depress those who must live in their far-leaning shadows. They are like jails where men and women condemned to earn an honest living go through their routine motions. White was not a jail-builder. Glance through the list of his buildings and you will see that two-thirds of them are dwellings or clubhouses. He designed a surprising number of houses,³ and almost as many clubs, beginning with the Tile Club, and continuing through the Players, the Lambs, the Century, the Metropolitan, the Harmonie, the Brook and the Colony clubs.

And his clubs are, without exception, homelike and inviting, buildings that it is a privilege and a joy to enter. This is equally true of those that are and those that are not impressive, for White was not dependent upon marble and stained glass for his effects. He could take an old room—as he did with the Tile Club—a mere box, entered through a narrow passage, set back of a characterless red brick on East Tenth Street, and panel it with dark redwood, put a fireplace either end, and decorate the walls with Flemish mugs, pewter, brass and sketches—by himself, and by Hopkinson Smith,⁴ Reginald Birch, Swain-Gifford, Ned Abbey, Charles S. Reinhart, C. A. Spoffard and Francis Millet—and men from all the world (Sargent for one, Chase for another), would petition for the right to knock at the door and have it open to them.

Or he could astonish the bourgeoisie, and set the whole town talking, as he did in 1893, with the marble panelled stair hall and the full Florentine cornice of the Metropolitan Club. I quote from *Town Topics*, July, of that year:

³ After his death, his own home on Gramercy Park became first the Princeton Club, and, after the war, an officers' club. Today it has given place to an apartment hotel.

⁴ F. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* is laid in the Tile Club.

The exterior of the new Metropolitan Club, at 60th Street and Fifth Avenue, is now practically completed and is being generally pronounced the neatest and most imposing club structure in town, both by connoisseurs and by those not usually interested in architectural effects. In the opinion of every one I've met, it is declared to be even more attractive than that other creation of Stanford White's, the Century Clubhouse on West Forty-Third Street. By the way, Mr. White is something of a clubman himself, his list including the New York Yacht Club, the Century, the Metropolitan, Racquet, Union, Players, Grolier, Riders, City and University.

The Metropolitan Club was one of the earliest—and is still one of the most successful—examples of pure Italian Renaissance architecture in America.

II

There are in architecture as in every art many dogmas, and every dogma has its dean. As a result, and because deans are—of necessity, I presume⁵—dogmatic, there is a confusion of tongues crying out for this theory or that. Yet the matter is simple enough. A city's streets belong (if anything does) to the people; and the people's rights extend as far as the eye can travel. Architecture is, therefore, a community art. Too often, however, it is allowed to express not the architect's sense of beauty and style, but the snobbery and power of some wealthy land owner. It tells us, in so many millions of dollars, that the Bank of the

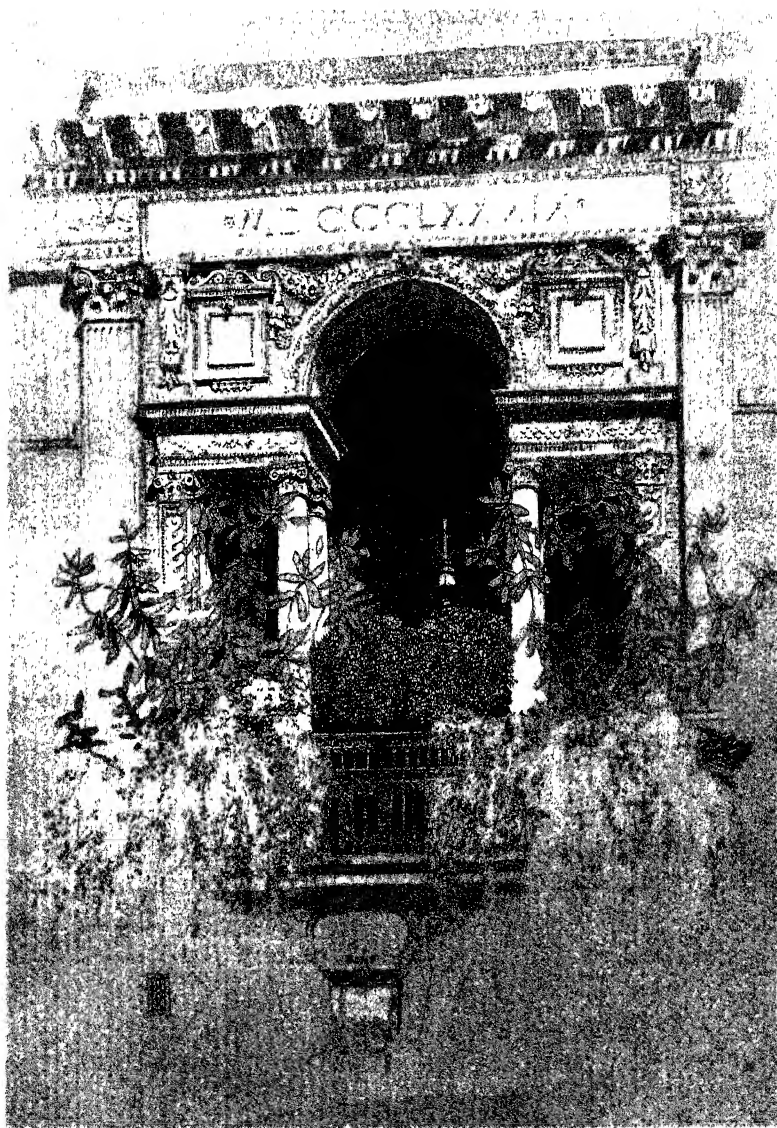
⁵ When Dean Stanley complained of the surplus of dogmas in the English catechism, Disraeli replied: "Ah, but, my dear Stanley, you must remember—no dogma, no dean."

United States or the Fred F. French Company or Jones' Anti-Pyorrhea have moved onto Fifth Avenue. Now this is not and never has been important news. The Avenue belongs to the city; and the city to its citizens. This White never forgot. In sharp distinction to Raymond Hood, he realized that a building exists not only to be used but to be seen. He was careful of appearances. Not that he thought, as Wells did, in terms of façades, in the flat; for his mind moved freely in three dimensions, plastically, with as much ease, I believe, as did the mind of St. Gaudens. But he knew that there is in architecture a natural beauty, the beauty of function, of an athlete, of a bridge or a yacht. There is also an æsthetic (and possibly useless) beauty, the beauty of music, a matter of tones and shadows resulting from the clear expression of an idea . . . as in domestic architecture or the architecture of Rouen Cathedral or the Century Club.

III

Such a building as the Century Clubhouse presents a peculiar architectural problem. The designer must allow for dining-rooms, grill rooms, a library, a great lounge, bedroom and kitchen facilities, and (as like as not) squash courts and swimming pools—in fact, for most of the properties of a modern hotel—without losing any of the privacy, the intimacy, the atmosphere of a luxurious and comfortable house.

It was White who first stated and later solved this problem for America and Americans.



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

LOGGIA OF THE CENTURY CLUB
15 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
1891

IV

In his history of the University Club in New York City, James W. Alexander says: "There are many who consider this clubhouse the best of Mr. McKim's creations . . . but in giving him credit it must not be forgotten that he had the aid, advice and support of his partners: Stanford White (New York University, '81)—himself without a superior; William R. Mead (Amherst: '67); and William M. Kendall (Harvard: '76)."

It was on May 14, 1896, that the University Club voted to build a new home on its property at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street. On June 25, McKim was appointed as architect. On February 8 of the following year he presented his plans and specifications. Stanford White had already—and long since—triumphed with his designs for the Century and Metropolitan club buildings. It was up to McKim to produce a structure different in conception and style, and yet—if possible—of equal excellence. There can be no doubt that he succeeded—taking his cue from White, and selecting for his model an Italian city palace, impressive in mass and restrained in detail.

McKim also designed the Harvard Club in New York City, and the Algonquin Club in Boston.

IF, as some say, architecture is a record of civilization, and, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, a criticism of life, then, surely a moral must be drawn from the fact that—excepting only Trinity Church in Boston and White's Presbyterian Church on Madison Square in New York—no really important contributions have been made to the progress and development of church architecture since the building of the Puritan churches in New England. And this is the more significant as criticism of our present civilization when we remember that for thousands of years every important contribution to the development of architectural form was made in the service of religion—from the hypostyle temples of Karnak to the Parthenon, from the Parthenon to the Pantheon, from the Pantheon to St. Sophia, from St. Sophia to St. Mark's, from St. Mark's to Cologne Cathedral, from Cologne to St. Peter's in Rome, and thence to St. Paul's in London, a succession of well-defined styles, following each other in logical sequence, and recording, as no other agency can, the progress of the human mind. After St. Paul's, and even before, with the Reformation established in Germany and the Renaissance spreading its influence through France and Spain, religious art ceased to exist, except lingeringly in music. Princes became the patrons of the arts. Literature and painting were secularized; and architecture, flowering once again in the gorgeous and lawless Baroque of the South, withered in the

dry formalities of the North. There followed then the making of many books, of prints and photographs. *Æsthetics* was said to be a science. Rules were formulated. Men began to study and analyze beauty, pretending to have discovered the secrets of style. The result was, as results proved, chaos. Confused by too much learning, the arts became self-conscious and timid, imitative.

Early in the last century—about 1840—influenced by the revival of Gothic, sponsored in England by various ecclesiastical societies and by the Royal Institute of British Architects, the clergy of this country decided that English Gothic was the only style properly adaptable to the doctrines of a Protestant church. For thirty years thereafter American architects divided into those who were purist and believed in slavishly imitating the builders of Peterboro and Gloucester cathedrals, and those who, taking their cue from Ruskin, sought to create an independent—and, if possible, Anglo-American—Gothic. Naturally the church architecture of the mid-nineteenth century, in this country and in England, abounds with ambiguous details, while exhibiting a close adherence to precedent—an adherence, in fact, so close as to leave little or no opportunity for originality, and none whatever for inspiration.

Then Richardson, commissioned by Phillips Brooks to design a church with a large open preaching space, built Trinity in Boston. Immediately half the churchmen in America decided that Romanesque was better adapted to their use than either early or late Gothic. Thousands of picturesque Romanesque churches were built during the eighties and nineties, among them White's unsuccessful First Methodist Church in Baltimore,

II

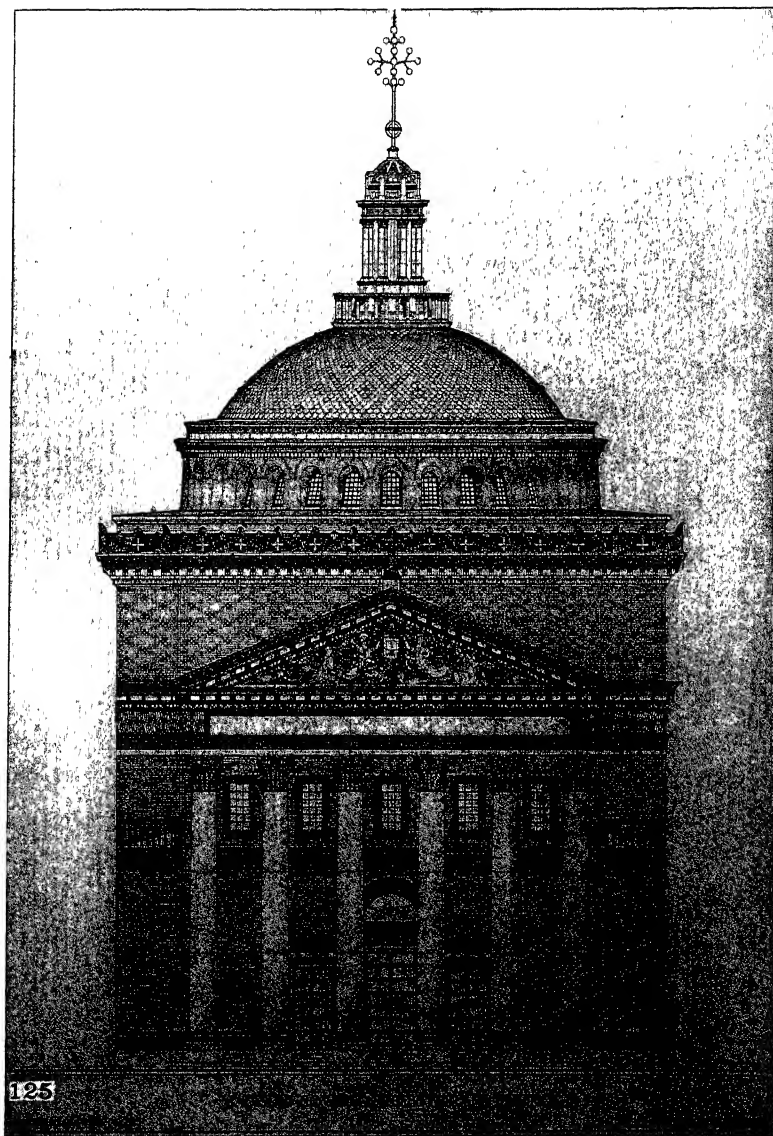
In 1889 White restored the chancel of a Colonial Church in Hanover, N. H., donating his services, and receiving, in November, a grateful and interesting letter from Mr. A. S. Hardy, chairman of the committee in charge of the work:—

As a committee we have really done nothing. Few realized the possibilities of the old structure—and it would have been so easy to ruin it. Thanks to you the alterations have been made on the old lines, and the result is one of such simple beauty that we cannot discover a faultfinder. Personally I was reluctant to serve on the committee. But now that the dangers are over, I am very glad to have done so. However, we all feel that the credit is yours, and we desire to express our gratitude. We feel that for once—at last—new wine has been successfully put into an old bottle. The only credit I reserve to myself is that of resisting any effort to deviate from your suggestions. I write for the committee, but I speak for every one who may hereafter enter the church doors.

III

At the time of his death, White had just completed the Presbyterian Church on Madison Square in New York City, his masterpiece, the most beautiful and the most interesting of all his buildings. It is gone now, torn down, during ~~the winter of 1919~~ ^{except in 1919} to make place for an office building.

"I cannot imagine such a thing happening," said Gilbert Fraser, the British architect, then on a visit to New York.



Designed by Stanford White

Drawing by Philip Merz

MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY
1906

"How do you expect to have a beautiful city if you have no regard for your old buildings? In Stanford White you had one of the greatest architects of modern times. He was an artist; and this church was one of his masterpieces. It was exquisite, as fine as anything I have ever seen. And you tear it down, and build one of your hideous, if useful skyscrapers. It is as if we in England were to tear down one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches."

John Jay Chapman, writing in *Vanity Fair*, was equally emphatic: "The demolition of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church makes one feel as if our very monuments and triumphal arches were merely the decorations of a parade, or scaffolding dressed for a holiday. Lath and plaster they were, and to lath and plaster they must return. There is no room in America for a past. This particular church was one of the most careful pieces of work in the city. It was like a Byzantine jewel, so concentrated, well-built and polished, so correct, ornate and lavish that a clever Empress might have had it built. It represented wealth and genius, and was one of the few buildings left by Stanford White in which every stone had been weighed, every effect unified. It was brilliant yet solid. It was a little princess of a building, and it did not, as Stanford White's work was apt to do, greet you charmingly and bid you pass on. It brought you to a full stop of admiration."

The church was built of yellow brick, with cornices of colored terra cotta, and a portico of Corinthian columns of polished green granite, supporting a pediment designed, in the style of the Della Robbia reliefs, by Siddons Mowbrey, and modelled by A. A. Weinman, the whole surmounted by a dome of green glazed tiles, topped by a lantern. Owing to its radical departure from the conventional

Gothic, and to the richness of its color, the style of the church raised a storm of protest. White answered his critics:

The style of architecture of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church is that of the early Christians, with a modified Byzantine treatment in the interior. It is, to a certain extent, a protest against the idea so prevalent among laymen that a building, to be church-like, must be built in the Medieval Style. The style of architecture known as Gothic has nothing to do with the simple forms of early Christian religion; or with that of the Reformation; or with the style of architecture which prevailed in our own country when it had its birth as a nation. All these, which belong to the Protestant religion and to us, have no affiliations whatsoever with Gothic, but with the classic style. The Gothic, or Medieval form of architecture, which belongs absolutely and only to the Roman Catholic Church, was developed under monastic influences and traditions which obtained from the ninth to the fifteenth centuries. Nor is the plan of the churches and cathedrals built in medieval style that of a modern church, but is properly fitted only to the forms and rituals of the Catholic Church. In the design of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the chief aim has been to treat it as a modern church, and in a style natural to and belonging to the religion which it represents and to the country in which it is built.

The building itself has had an interesting history. In 1907 it received the medal of honor of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. It has been reproduced twice—once as a synagogue in California, where even the crosses in the bricks have been retained; and again in West Virginia. When it came to be torn

down, the columns and certain portions of the exterior were incorporated in a building for the *Hartford Times*, designed by Donn Barber. The entrance door is in the Museum of Arts and Sciences in Brooklyn; and the pediment is set above the library wing of the Metropolitan Museum.

IV

White designed comparatively few churches:—

The Judson Memorial Church, with its tawny brick tower, on Washington Square in New York;

A brick Episcopal Church at Roslyn, Long Island, given by Mrs. Clarence Mackay;

A new front for St. Bartholomew's Church, now on Park Avenue in New York, given by the Vanderbilt family;

The altar and ciborium of the Church of the Paulist Fathers, with three angels by Frederick MacMonnies and a sanctuary lamp by Philip Martiny, also in New York;

The chancel of the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue, in New York, the gift of the Misses Rhinelander;

The Methodist Church in Baltimore, the College Church in Hanover, N. H., and the Presbyterian Church in New York, already described in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX SHERRY'S—AND THE INVASION OF UPPER FIFTH AVENUE

"THOUGH Stanford White is most ingenious in his hospitality," said *Vanity*, under date of April 11, 1896, "he capped the climax last week with an April Fool dinner that succeeded almost too well. The place selected for the banquet—if such it can be called—was the attractive studio of the host in the tower of Madison Square Garden. Sherry was announced as caterer. But when the guests sat down to the gaily decorated table, with its flowers, wine glasses, silver and china, they discovered, after a long period of waiting, that nothing further was to be provided for their delectation. The seriousness of this situation had just begun to threaten Mr. White's peace and well-being, when Mr. Sherry himself appeared with the announcement that if the guests would journey to his place on Fifth Avenue they would find everything in readiness. With what grace they could muster, rejoicing over the prospect of something to eat and drink, laughing at the joke that had been played upon them, the hungry horde travelled up to Thirty-Sixth Street only to encounter a bare table and on it a placard with the legend 'April Fool.' By this time the guests were growing restive, and when Mr. White suggested another adjournment, they rebelled. They refused to follow him any further. But hunger and thirst soon overcame their discretion; and they were induced to descend to the basement where at the kitchen tables was spread a feast worthy of the most refined appetite—the perfect reward, as they said, for their patience. Waited

upon by Mr. Sherry's chefs, they fell to and were soon as happy as kings. Later the party returned to Mr. White's studio to dance."

II

Mr. White's joke seems today to have been no better than most. However, it does serve to introduce Mr. Louis Sherry for whom, at the moment, White was designing a spacious seven-story building at the corner of Forty-Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, diagonally across from the new Delmonico's. The cost was to be somewhere between \$500,000 and \$750,000, exclusive of the value of the land, which at that time, was estimated to be upwards of \$1,000,000. The building itself, as Mr. Sherry himself proudly pointed out, would be unique in its accommodations. Heretofore he had been known as a fashionable caterer rather than as a restaurateur in spite of the fact that, season after season, he played host to the most exclusive social gatherings at his establishments on Thirty-Sixth Street. Now, however, he intended to branch out. In his new building, he would have not only the largest and most magnificent ball room in the United States, but, on the first floor, a wonderfully decorated restaurant, with palm garden in the rear. And the upper stories were to be arranged as apartments for bachelors—such bachelors, that is, as could prove themselves acceptable to Mr. Sherry and his patrons.

It was all very grand, yet there were some to complain that Fifth Avenue as far north as Fifty-Ninth Street was being turned into a region of clubs, restaurants and hotels. Why? Already New York could boast a greater number

and a greater variety of restaurants than any other city in the world. What need for more? There was the English chop house on Thames Street near Trinity Church, and the Spanish restaurant on Duane Street managed for over thirty years by Pedro Berrazza and patronized by James G. Blaine, ex-Mayor Hewitt, Henry George, Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Corrigan, Thomas F. Gilroy, Robert G. Ingersoll, Recorder Smith, and other men of wealth and prominence—to say nothing of Mouquin's on Fulton Street, Delmonico's different establishments on Hanover Square, Broadway and West Fourteenth Street, the Café Martin on University Place, the Hungaria on Union Square and Fleischman's Vienna Restaurant on Broadway, at Tenth Street. As to Italian restaurants they were fully as numerous as the French table d'hôtes. And hotels—who could hope for anything better than the new Waldorf, the Fifth Avenue, the Brunswick, or the Holland House to whose chef epicures everywhere gave thanks? Who could imagine anything finer? But surely that is no reason for this invasion of upper Fifth Avenue? At least, so the older residents of the city said.

III

Under date of November 5, 1896, *Town Topics* reported:

The Chanler-Emmet wedding at Rokeby, last week, has been much talked of and written about, and yet it is apparent that those, at least, who have written got their information at second or third hand, for two original points which distinguished it from the ordinary wedding have

been overlooked. In the first place, to those arriving at Rokeby after the somewhat tedious drive from the church, it seemed as though there had been some mistake, for, fluttering from various points on the outside of the house, were seen fabrics strongly suggestive, at a distance, of the family wash. A closer inspection revealed them to be the priceless tapestries removed from the interior of the halls and hung outside, in obedience to some artistic instinct of Mr. Stanford White, whose guiding hand was large in the management of the affair, and whose friendly interest in Miss Chanler as an art exhibit has been long and faithful. Another innovation due to the same genius was the introduction of a Neapolitan singer or troubadour, clad in the garb of his calling, and with a voice like a seraph. At intervals throughout the breakfast the troubadour regaled the ears of the guests with his notes. He was captured by Mr. Stanford White, single-handed and armed merely with an open letter of credit. On his return to this country Mr. White brought his quarry with him, together with a number of instrumental musicians, and the entire outfit is held by him, at the disposal of his friends, on a commercial basis.

-

TODAY, in the book and magazine trades, the cry is for attention. Sales quotas—not beauty—supply the measure of success. From every bookstall, on dust wrappers and magazine covers, pretty girls and desperate men, gangsters and bathing beauties, flaunt their smiles, their arms and legs and torsos. There are, of course, exceptions. Typography and paper, advertising and illustrations have improved; but with the mob in the saddle they count for little. In the nineties it was the mob that did not count. The artist was just then coming into his own, and he demanded—if the search was to be for beauty—the right to lead. Let us agree that the search proved futile. Still it was made. Old chests were rubbed, old manuscripts were studied, old lace was copied. Somewhere, they said—perhaps in the opium dens of Nanking or the tombs of the pharaohs, in the ruins of Troy or the boudoirs of Versailles—somewhere, some day, men will come upon the parent pattern, the perfect design from which all beauty stems. But . . . no—the search proved futile. Yet it still goes on. It has lost something of its excitement. It has lost, for one thing, the enthusiastic support of White. It has gained decorum and order. It has become a business.

White himself never lacked encouragement. He was always able to enlist support for his ideas and to infuse something of his spirit into his co-workers. He made of every design an adventure. He made himself almost indispensable. Here, for example, is a letter from Charles F.

Chichester, treasurer of the Century Company, publishers, of New York, written in December, 1892:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but chiefly for the reason that there remains so little time between now and the date of your sailing for Europe. The truth is we have not been at all clear in regard to certain matters touching the new cover for our magazine. On one thing, however, we have been agreed all along—namely, that we wish a permanent cover in two colors and that, if possible, it must come from your hands. But, I wonder, will it be possible for you to give us the necessary designs before your departure, at a price somewhere in the neighborhood of \$500? We should so much like you to undertake the work as we all feel sure no one else could do it half so well.

What could White answer—what could any one answer to such a letter? The designs were executed—though it meant staying up half the night.

Office hours meant nothing to White, and nothing to those who worked with and under him—at first a terrifying ordeal, later an inspiration, always exciting . . . for there was always so much to do. Here, for example, is a note from Robert Goelet in London: "I have been wondering whether that famous cup you designed for me is finished." And here is another from Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester: "Don't forget about the monument I want to put up in Woodlawn." Or it may be W. K. Vanderbilt writing: "Plans received: you are authorized to proceed with the work; I am writing Rogers about the site." Or it may be a new cover for *Scribner's Magazine* . . . or an altar for St. Paul's Church, with baldacchino and tabernacle, the front sides to be inlaid with Mexican onyx . . . or

a fireplace for Gilder's study at Marion . . . or the Battell Memorial Fountain which was so elaborately described by the *Winsted Herald*:

The new memorial at Norfolk was made after designs by Mr. Stanford White of New York. Mr. White is the son of the late Richard Grant White, and has inherited in the arts the same chaste and elegant tastes which his distinguished father exhibited in literature. The whole structure is in the shape of a blunted triangle, and forms a fitting end to the public green. The water is conducted into a central pillar whence it is distributed into the various basins for man and beast. A lion's head, with open mouth, spouts water into a bowl for horses. On the opposite side, a fish swims through the water, its open mouth affording an exit into a small basin where water may be dipped for household purposes. Even the dogs have not been forgotten, as the water from the horses' bowl is carried through two dogs' heads into two small basins raised just a little above the ground. A pavement of brook pebbles surrounds the whole. In the rear is a paved court, at the end of which is a solid stone seat, broken into three sections. The seat is double. On one side the saunterer may sit and drink of the pure spring water, or watch it issuing from its various faucets; on the other side the grassy slopes of the green are before the eye.

II

But to return to the cover for *Scribner's Magazine*.—A fee of \$500 had been agreed upon. White set to work. He worked and worked, over and over, gradually eliminating more and more of his original design until little remained except a simple running border framing the title,

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

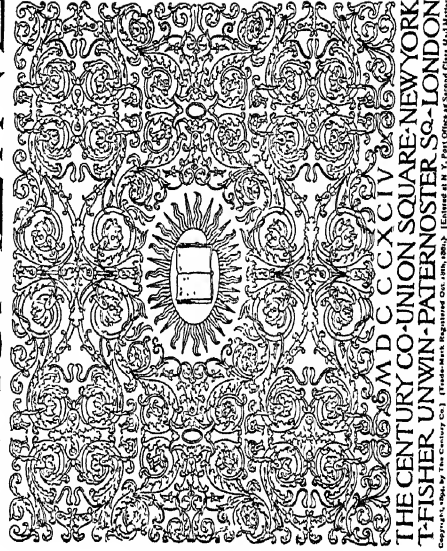
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
F. WARNE & CO LONDON.

VOL. XLVIII.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 6.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



MAGAZINE COVERS DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE

and some graceful and properly spaced lettering. When this design was submitted, the editor—with that tone of “well, well” peculiar to editors—remarked that there was certainly (so far as he could judge) nothing wrong with White’s nerve.

“Five hundred dollars,” he asked, “for this?”

“No, no,” said White, “not at all. Five hundred dollars for having had sense enough to leave everything else out.”

The design was first used in January, 1887. It was redrawn in 1893 and used until 1896. Thereafter, until 1926, only the border was used.

III

About this same time or a little earlier, an exhibition of book covers was given at the Grolier Club on East Thirty-Second Street in New York—furnishing, as the *Sun* said, convincing proof that the art of ornamenting cloth bindings had reached its highest development in America. The collection included examples of the past—“the heyday of the artisan”—and the present, represented, among others, by White, Alice C. Morse, Elihu Vedder, George Wharton Edwards, Alfred Parsons, Edwin A. Abbey, Horace Bradley, Kenyon Cox and Will H. Low. Of White’s work, the *Herald* had this to say:

Mr. Stanford White is the best known illustration ¹ of the fact that an architect possesses particular capacities as a designer of book covers. The covers for the *Hesperides* by Robert Herrick (published by Harper’s, 1882), *The Book of the Tile Club*, the *Century Dictionary*, *The Quiet Life*

¹ George Fletcher Babb was another.

and *Old Songs* are among his better known works. Of course, when a designer becomes as well known as Mr. White he receives more than the prices usually paid for book covers—sometimes as much as \$100. Among the younger designers there is another architect, Harold B. Sherwin, a nephew of William Dean Howells the novelist. Mr. Sherwin made the cover sketches for *Old Italian Masters* and *The Women of the French Salons*. William Greenough and Harold Magonigle, the latter a nephew of Edwin Booth, are both designers of reputation. . . . Artists and writers who illustrate their own works are likely to design an occasional cover, but they are not to be included among the regular designers such as we have named.

IV

As a "regular designer,"² it was only natural that White should be selected to design the cover and the title page on the occasion of the publication of *Field Flowers*, a collection of Eugene Field's more important poems, to retail at \$1.00 (by mail, 10 cents extra), the proceeds to be equally divided between the poet's family and a fund for the erection, in Chicago, of a monument to the poet's memory. Advance proof-sheets were mailed to *Truth* in Louisville, Kentucky, from which I quote, under date of June 28, 1896:

The proofs certainly give every assurance of a work of artistic perfection. Each poem is accompanied by an illustration contributed by the artist, and the whole is

² The cover of the present volume was re-drawn from the cover designed by White for a de luxe edition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, and published by Harper Brothers. White's bookplate, one of the very few bookplates he designed, is used on the end papers.

provided with a cover design in gold and white executed by Mr. Stanford White, of the widely known architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White. Eighteen poems have been selected. The marginal and full-page illustrations are by R. B. Birch, Stanford White, R. M. Haynes, W. L. Taylor, Irving R. Wiles, A. B. Wenzell, Charles Howard Johnson, Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, W. Granville Smith, Orson Lowell, Eric Pope, Mary Halleck Foote, A. B. Frost, W. A. Rogers, Charles C. Curran, Abbey E. Underwood, George Wharton Edwards, Harry Fenn, W. H. Drake, Charles Mente, C. O. Graham, E. W. Kemble, Frederic Remington, J. P. McCutcheon, Wernitz, Schmedtgen and R. W. Taylor.

One of White's most interesting book covers—or so some of us think—was never used: the design for Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler*, a thing of rods and reeds, of pipes and ale.

v

Writing in *Modeling My Life* of her first visit to St. Gaudens' studio in New York, in the nineties, Miss Janet Scudder tells of the profound impression made upon her by the lettering on the Shaw memorial. She says:

I realized immediately that great style had been achieved in that inscription. The sheer beauty of the letters designed by Stanford White caught the eye before the words were read—an unusual thing, as most monuments carry the inscription as a sort of forced obligation. But St. Gaudens had made his inscription an important part of the whole design, no doubt inspired by study of the beautiful and effective use of words on old Roman tombs

and pedestals. I gazed at those letters a long time. In fact, they made such an impression on me that, after I left the studio, I went straight down to that very beautiful memorial to Farragut in Madison Square and there studied the effect of these same letters. Later I told St. Gaudens, and he said that he would be delighted to give me the model; and that very same day he sent me a small package containing the entire alphabet, each letter cut out separately. This was a rare and useful gift which has ever since proved invaluable to me; and it was a particular satisfaction to use this style of lettering when, years later, with seven or eight other sculptors who had been associated with Stanford White in his work in New York, I was invited to contribute to the work on his memorial—those bronze doors that guard the Library of New York University. I chose the inscription for my part in this work.

TODAY pace rules the theatre. A play must have action, speed, rhythm; it must stand comparison with the talkies and with all the masterpieces of yesterday—or risk the contempt of the critics¹ as next morning they yawn in the faces of their readers. But it was not always so. There was a time when *The Admirable Crichton*—recently yawned off the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York—was considered just too exciting. There were afternoons where matinee girls by the score waited aflutter to watch John Drew or William Faversham strut a not-too-crowded hour upon the boards. There were evenings when a whisper of Sudermann's or a sigh by D'Annunzio could be heard around the world. There were nights that echoed to the slam of Nora's door. The Gay Nineties, those days have been called. They were, however, anything but gay in the theatre. Men then looked to the playwright for a serious criticism of life.² The man of letters, to use the words of Denis Diderot, was a high priest of ideas, called upon to elevate the minds of his generation. He must not make a motley of himself. He dare not introduce swearing or allow his characters to discuss obstetrics. He must be clean and serious—at any rate, he must appear so—or be content to traffic only with fools, with groundlings and those who gape at breeze-blown petticoats. There were no jazz bands to make moan, no blues singers to drown out

¹ Clyde Fitch once said: "The only man sure of favorable criticism in America is the dramatist on his way up or on his way down."

² A playwright, said W. S. Gilbert, becomes a dramatist in the same way that a cow becomes beef; by dying.

the tears of unrequited love. The still small voice of conscience made cowards of them all. They were shame-faced and timid. The too-pat witticisms of Wilde, the rhymed rebukes of Gilbert, the homilies of Pinero and Augustus Thomas, the tremendous trifles of Fitch, the sanity of Shaw—these were the caviar on which the public mind was fed. Shaw, of course, found sufferance rather than a welcome. He was not, it seems, quite serious enough.³ The temper of the times demanded a moral, a problem, a purpose to be pondered upon, some vehement defense of Mrs. Dane, preferably by Sardou or Henry Arthur Jones, for those were the days when every really serious thinker imported his thought from Europe or the East. It was not possible for Bronson Howard, popular though he was, or Clyde Fitch or Belasco or Richard Harding Davis to stand comparison with the great Europeans—always excepting Shaw. Shaw had no reticence: and reticence was essential to respect in the nineties. Mention of the Magdalen must be immediately followed by execration of her sins. As Anatole France said when reviewing a novel by Alexandre Dumas *fils*: “We have waited nineteen hundred years, but at last the pardon of the Magdalen has been revoked: *Tuez-la* is the new cry.” It was a cry that found willing ears in New York, a cry that has made it possible for bullying patrolmen to live off the earnings of prostitutes . . . women without rights and all too often without defenders.

Yet it was possible to kick one’s heels, even in public, in the nineties, as may be seen from the following review which appeared in the New York *Herald* September 2, 1892:

³ In our more expert opinion, Shaw is, of course, the only serious dramatist of the first rank produced by that too self-conscious age.

What means the pulse and throb, the stir on Irving Place? What is this struggling horde about the doors of the Academy of Music? A Patti night? No. Something that puts even Patti in the shade. The long-awaited revival of *The Black Crook*, that weird and gay display of hosiery and furbelows which shocked and delighted New York a quarter of a century ago, the darling of our daddies, with its dazzling ballets, with Fielding the juggler, Mlle. Zoë the queen of the air, and finally the French quadrille dancers. These latter are four hopeful pupils of the famous Nini-patte-en-l'air; and last night they kicked in unison and with precision along the line that divides decency from indecency, without getting so far on the wrong side as to call for interference and yet far enough to make the men who had brought women with them wonder uneasily where these young ladies were going to stop. If they are not toned down we prophesy that they will prove the mainstay of the show, for our own highest kickers are models of propriety alongside of them. . . . As it is, there are not seats enough for all who come to see the show. . . . Last night the audience contained all the men-about-town in town at the moment and most of the first-nighters. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt was there, Mr. Frank Sturgis, General Horace Porter, Mr. Stanford White, the architect of Madison Square, David King, builder of the amphitheatre, and many others.

II

White's interest in the theatre, however, did not begin or end with attendance at revivals and first nights. The son of a dramatic critic, he early learned to think seriously about the stage, to study its problems and to believe in its possibilities. It became, in time, a major interest. He had,

of course, a great reputation as a promoter; and since he could deny nothing to a pretty woman, he found himself, in his thirties, besieged with commissions to find money to finance this production or that. He did what he could. His circle of friends widened; and he was soon the center of a group that included some of the best remembered names in the theatre of that day. In October, 1892, he was busy with plans for a Theatre of Arts and Letters to be modelled after the *Théâtre Libre* in Paris, which was just then beginning its usefulness as a new force and a finer influence in the theatre arts. Associated with him, at the time, were Edwin Booth,⁴ Joseph Jefferson, David Belasco, Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman, Augustin Daly, Clyde Fitch, Richard Harding Davis, William Dean Howells, John La Farge, Walter Damrosch, Charles Scribner, Jr., Augustus Thomas and Miss Elizabeth Marbury. At one of the first meetings of the board, Mr. Franklin H. Sargent was made chairman of the business committee, of which White was to be a member. Shortly thereafter the committee selected Miss Mary Shaw as leading lady. All seemed to be going well . . . until the opening night when "one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered" came to witness "an experiment that arouses interest rather than enthusiasm," "the idle day-dreaming of certain dilettanti of the stage." Immediately thereafter, Richard Watson Gilder resigned in high dudgeon, saying, in half a dozen interviews spread across the front pages of the press, that he could not afford to be identified with such amateurish goings-on. The Frohmans, Belasco, Booth and Clyde Fitch

⁴Dewing tells me that Booth was not, by our standards, a great or even an interesting actor. He overacted. He declaimed his lines. He maintained attitudes. He could not move easily and naturally about the stage. In Dewing's opinion Belasco was the great theatre man of that day . . . and Irving the greatest of the actors.

vanished quietly from the scene, leaving White, Augustus Thomas, Eugene Presbrey and Franklin Sargent⁵ to run—and close up—the show. Miss Mary Shaw later appeared in George Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*: and thereafter, on and off, for several months, in the magistrates' courts, and, occasionally, in Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

III

As a young man White had helped to organize the Tile Club on East Tenth Street out of which grew, in 1888, the Players' Club. When, in 1890, Edwin Booth gave his home on Gramercy Park to the Players for a clubhouse, White offered his services as architect free of charge—an offer that was, of course, accepted. Later he gave his services to the Lambs Club, designing and supervising the construction of their clubhouse on West Forty-Fourth Street.

On New Year's Eve, 1893, the Players gave a dinner at which president-elect Grover Cleveland presented a loving cup to Edwin Booth. In the company gathered about the board were, according to the *Metropolis*, such well-known actors—the *Metropolis* pointed that all the world's a stage; and all the men listed here, Players)—as Chauncey Depew, Louis Tiffany, August St. Gaudens, T. W. Dewing and Stanford White.

IV

During one of Madame Eleanora Duse's tours of this country, White received a letter from S. M. Sedgwick, of 31 West 10th Street, in New York:

⁵ White later helped to organize Sargent's School of Acting in New York, and for a time sat on the board.

Do you know where in New York I can get a Byzantine Cross and Chain? Madame Duse wants one to wear in *Fedora*. I've tried the regular jewelers and Errico's. They have nothing. (Tiffany has a cross and chain for \$300!) I come to you as the most knowing person about curios.

This was followed by a second note, dated Friday:

I think Madame Duse would be glad to have any cross and chain that looked real.

A third note thanked White for all the trouble he was taking—but:

Madame Duse does not want anything extravagant. I took the cross and chain from Tiffany's that I thought beautiful, just to show her because it was the only thing that I could find. She scouted the price (\$300) and the æsthetic value too.

A fourth and final note again thanked White, in particular for the three Byzantine Crosses he had managed to dig up—but:

Madame Duse is not going to give *Fedora* after all, and so doesn't want one.

Madame Duse! Apparently she never knew what she wanted. One minute it was D'Annunzio; and the next . . .

v

In September, 1896, in a letter to his brother-in-law, George von Lengercke Meyer, McKim said: "Where are

you? And when are you coming to New York? Anna Held is waiting for you at the Herald Square Theatre. Last night her performance shocked even Stanford White."

Yet there was not much in the theatre of the nineties to shock even the most modest. The great stock companies of Lester Wallack and Augustin Daly were giving place to the star system then being introduced by Charles and Daniel Frohman. Barrett and Booth were passing, crowded out by the younger generation—Ada Rehan, Helena Modjeska, Maurice Barrymore, Mary Anderson, Richard Mansfield, Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Eleanor Robson, Ellen Terry, John Drew, Maude Adams, Frank Daniels, Wilton Lackaye, Jefferson De Angelis, Peter Daley, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, Harry B. Smith, Mrs. Leslie Carter, De Wolfe Hopper—and how many others?—all of them adept in the tricks of their profession, capable of tearing a passion to tatters or smiling wanly in the face of a fate worse than death. Most of them, in their later years, took to jotting down their memoirs. They have made much of what they saw and heard.

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CHAPTER XXXII THE TURN OF THE CENTURY IN NEW YORK

ALONG about nineteen hundred William Dean Howells asked, somewhat fatuously: "Why should any one love New York?" Whereupon hundreds of eager correspondents rushed into print to express, with and without reason, their love for New York—for its associations, for its pleasures, its excitements, and, in rare cases, for the beauty of its streets, the shops, the theatres, the hurrying crowds of men, women and children. One writer even went so far as to declare that to him Washington Square was almost beautiful. He could not quite bring himself to the point of asserting that it would still appear so, should he chance upon it in a foreign city. "After all," he said, "there is nothing remarkable about it—or, at least, there was nothing remarkable about it until after they built the Arch and the Judson Memorial Church."

Another, apologetically, stated that perhaps the geographical position of the city on a long narrow strip of land between two waters, explained much that was ugly: the crowded slums, once confined to the lower end of the island, but now (alas) creeping threateningly along the river banks; and the hideous elevated railways made necessary by the daily workward rush of thousands of men and women all going in the same direction at the same time. But it did not explain, he said, why New York, with water washing all its sides, was not a clean city.

Yet isn't it true, asked a third, that, in spite of our carelessness in destroying old landmarks, associations are thicker

in New York than in a churchyard? Is it because the ghosts of so many different nationalities have passed and are passing through the city's streets? Irishmen, Germans, Jews, Italians and Negroes, all, in succession, have occupied the same quarters; and as each racial wave has swept on its way uptown, there has been left behind an odor—not always, perhaps, of sanctity, but pungent and enduring.

Castle Garden (cried a fourth) where Jenny Lind once sang to the wealth and fashion of the town, and where now the fishes swim and anemones bloom! What memories—painful, palpitating with hope and fear—its name must call up to many a prosperous citizen of today! What other building in the world—not even excepting the Roman Colosseum—has witnessed so many tragic, so many touching scenes! For here a large percentage of Americans first set foot on the free—the life-giving—soil of this country!

The Irish, said a fifth, are to blame for the chapter of corruption and misrule written so large across the pages of the city's history. But, then, what political machine ever yet gave us beauty and refinement? And surely Irish songs, Irish wit, Irish nonchalance more than make up for the Irishman's sins. The Irish are so friendly, so likable, so devil-may-care. We need them.

We need all kinds, wrote another. Why single out the Irish for praise? And what about the Italians? They are today in possession of nearly all the fruit stands and the bootblack chairs; and they can sing and laugh. Where would we be without them?

Or the Germans, with their summer gardens and their love of music? What about the Germans?

The truth must be, said a native New Yorker, that New

York is a cosmopolitan city—that's what makes it so interesting. You remember Matthew Arnold's test of a civilization: Is it interesting? Few realize it, but, in the newspapers throughout the country, just about half the news (not under a local date line) emanates from New York. That's proof that New York's interesting, isn't it?

To all of which the dignified Howells made no reply.

II

A few years later, Lady Randolph Churchill (Jennie Cornwallis-West) was complaining of the dress of the modern man because, to be in fashion, the king and the king's valet must look exactly alike. To be uniform, colorless, severe and correct was the *mot d'ordre*. To add two or three extra buttons to your coat sleeve, a few pleats to your shirt front, a velvet collar to your coat or an unusual curl to your hat brim was, she said, to proclaim yourself a dandy and so put yourself in some danger of being condemned as vulgar. A fine figure, a well turned leg or an abundance of hair counted for little or nothing. The best of figures, alas, was soon lost in the shapeless mass of the coats then in fashion, legs lay buried under the hideous and deforming trousers slavishly worn by young and old, curly locks were disciplined and clipped till all vestige of beauty and rebellion had disappeared. Even the women (and here my Lady heaved a sigh), such was the practical common-sense of that levelling age, even the women were dressing for convenience, to suit the weather or their occupations. The love of comfort had conquered all desire for brilliance and ostentation. No particular fashion, it seems, was *de*

rigueur. Frequently, at a dinner or party, one would come upon costumes which, twenty years earlier, would have been considered fit only for fancy dress balls, masquerades or slumming parties. A tall woman, with a fine bust and shapely head, would, as like as not, appear decked out in an Empire gown, while those whom niggardly nature had provided with swanlike necks and spare (almost lean) figures would adopt the revealing styles beloved by the voluptuous ladies of the court of King Louis XIV.

III

Never, to hear Frank S. Annett tell it, had a city so tortured itself in its desire for beauty, luxury and comfort as did the New York of the early nineteen hundreds. From the Bowling Green of Peter Stuyvesant to the battlefields of Central Park, the streets were a chaos. And far below the streets men toiled. Red flags waved every hour to herald the explosion of vast charges of dynamite. Palaces erected by merchant princes were being cast aside, after a few years of occupancy, like so many empty cabins. Under one river men were tunnelling towards the Jersey flats, while far above the other spider-web threads were being swung from shore to shore. From one end of the island to the other there was apparently no thought but to make and to spend millions—with men engaged in pouring money down into underground tunnels, weighting tiny triangles of earth with the wealth of empires, crystallizing vast fortunes into libraries or government halls or railway stations. The whole city, said Annett, seems bent upon self-destruction.

IV

It was in this city, and at this time, that William H. Crocker, editor of the *American Architect*, encountered Stanford White, William M. Chase and F. Hopkinson Smith late one autumn afternoon, walking, arm in arm, down Fifth Avenue. They had, he says, much physical resemblance one to the other: Chase, with his conical high hat, horn-rimmed spectacles, and flowing black ribbon; Hopkinson Smith, with his famous white mustache, so enormous and so carefully tended; White, with his thatch of red hair, his eager gesturing, his understanding eyes—all three apparently unconscious of the attention given to them, absorbed in some intimate discussion. Crocker greeted them. They acknowledged Crocker's greeting and passed on—to reappear years later in the pages of the *American Architect*.

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To work for White was, at first, a fearful experience. A hurried statement of the requirements, a few hieroglyphics sketched rapidly on tracing paper, and they were off—"on an endurance race," as Philip Sawyer says, "that might last for days or weeks or months and never let up until the work was finished."

Sawyer continues: "While so many of us tire after ten years of practice, allowing our work to become perfunctory, White never tired; and even after thirty years the work of the firm shows the same vitality and light-heartedness as did their earliest designs. This, it seems to me, was, in part, Stanford White's contribution."

White was never indifferent, never perfunctory. An optimist and a trojan for work, he would promise recklessly impossible things, enlisting every one about him to help in their accomplishment. Office hours meant nothing to him. Hatless, his hands full of papers, you might find him hammering for the porter at seven o'clock in the morning, and leave him striding up and down the office at seven in the evening—while it was always possible that he might come running in at any hour of the night, throw off his coat, pounce upon some lone draughtsman, and, whistling, set to work. He seemed to be under the impression that sleep was unnecessary. The night, to him, was but a continuation of the day. He wanted and he got results, even from those who had failed a dozen times to satisfy McKim. He never held a man's failures against him.

And to men of proven ability he gave great latitude and generous credit for work well done.

II

"I shall never forget the first time I saw him," says Albert Randolph Ross. "It was many years ago, at his old office, No. 52 Broadway, where I was sitting with my heart in my boots waiting to see Mr. Mead in the hope of being taken into their office as a draughtsman. Swish! Bang! went the outer double swing door. Swish! Bang! went the inner swing doors. And in less time than it takes to tell there shot across my vision a lithe, fierce-mustached giant, with a big hat on a head of close-cropped hair which stood out in all directions. That was Stanford White, and was generally characteristic of the immense nervous vitality that enabled him to accomplish such an incredible amount of work. But there were times when this mad haste abated. At the end of the short winter days when the office lamps were lighted and all but a few of the faithful draughtsmen had gone to their homes, and the worry of the day's routine was over, in the most affable frame of mind, softly whistling to himself, White found the time and inclination to review his work carefully and to put the finishing touches to his conceptions. Those were indeed happy times. Then were he and his two associates in their best vein. Then did McKim 'go fishing,' as he was pleased to call it, poring over old volumes of Roman masterpieces. And then did they admire and aid with criticism each other's work. White's designs were conceived spontaneously; and he was little bothered by precedent or formulas. In directing his draughtsmen he expressed his thought always with a pen-

cil rather than by discussion. After covering, often-times, yards of tracing paper with alternative suggestions for work under consideration, he would eliminate all but two or three of the most pleasing and turn these over to his draughtsmen to 'do something'—which he would either reject at sight or (if this 'something' was found favorable) use as the basis for future study."

III

"He was quite at his best," says F. L. V. Hoppin, another of the men in the office, "when engaged in the heat of work, beset by the intricate problems of plan and design. . . . His nature was an impatient one, yet generous to excess; his manner often brusque and harsh, yet did he realize that he had given hurt to any one he would go to infinite pains to relieve the distress which he had caused. . . . He was extremely optimistic and enthusiastic, and invariably conveyed his enthusiasm to all about him, whether clients, draughtsmen or builders. . . . He had a wonderful memory and grasp of detail, and knew where to lay his hands on what he wanted whether in his library or elsewhere. . . . He was a born leader and superintendent, and always had the instant sympathy of builders and workmen who always cheerfully catered and responded to his directions whether or not they considered them vagaries. . . . He was possessed of a charming sense of humor, and was a most delightful companion."

IV

"To those" says J. Monroe Hewlett, "whose good fortune it was to work under White's direct supervision, partaking

of the inspiration of his personality and gaining some insight into his mental processes, the influence of the man himself must always transcend that of the achievements he left behind him. His tremendous enthusiasm invariably communicated itself to all engaged with him upon a given problem; and the rapidity with which he reached a conviction as to what he was trying to do was equalled only by the tenacity with which he held to his conviction, refusing to be satisfied with anything less than the full realization of his mental picture, never ceasing to study his work until actual construction made further study impossible. And though words of commendation were few and far between, yet, when won, they were so spontaneous and sincere as to carry absolute conviction. . . . Our modern systems of architectural education lay, perhaps, too much stress upon the production of designs as the chief end of an architect's work. No one who worked with White can have failed to realize that in his mind the execution of the design far exceeded in importance the production of the design. To work with and under him was to appreciate as never before the fact that the building, not the drawing, is and should be the architect's chief concern; and that no vigor of conception or beauty of composition in the finished work can compensate for the absence of that fragrance which results from the embodiment in it of knowledge and love of the refinements of form, color and texture. . . . Too often the influence of an artist is evidenced in an imitation of his eccentricities and mannerisms. In every part of this country today there are men practising architecture who have been, for a time, subjected to the personal direction of Stanford White; but in his case the tendency is away from manner-

ism because the basis of his teaching was a broad knowledge and appreciation of all forms of Art."

V

To quote again from Philip Sawyer: "To White, an artist, architecture meant color first, and form and texture next, and proportion afterward, and plan last of all. To handle material fitly, to adjust it to a new use, to devise its characteristic detail, to combine it with others consummately, to employ all that is beautiful in the old with all that is practical in the new—these things were a constant pleasure to him and to all who know and enjoy his work. I wonder how many—even among architects—appreciate how much the appearance of our cities, varied with light bricks and terra cottas, owes to his initiative. . . . An experimenter always, full of originalities and seething with ideas, he had that rare sense which prevented him from adopting anything new merely because it was new. It must also be intrinsically better than any possible adaptation of the old."

VI

Francis Swales tells of White's coming one day to a decorator's office where Swales was employed as a draughtsman. It was during the lunch hour. White wanted to look over some detail drawings being made by Tom Johnson.

"Beautiful" he said when he saw them, "just right . . . or if not, we can soon make them so."

Taking tracing paper and placing it over the drawings, he sketched rapidly, indicating a change here and there.

"No," he said, reconsidering, "it's fine just as it is." And

crumpling the tracing paper in his hand, he tossed it on the floor.

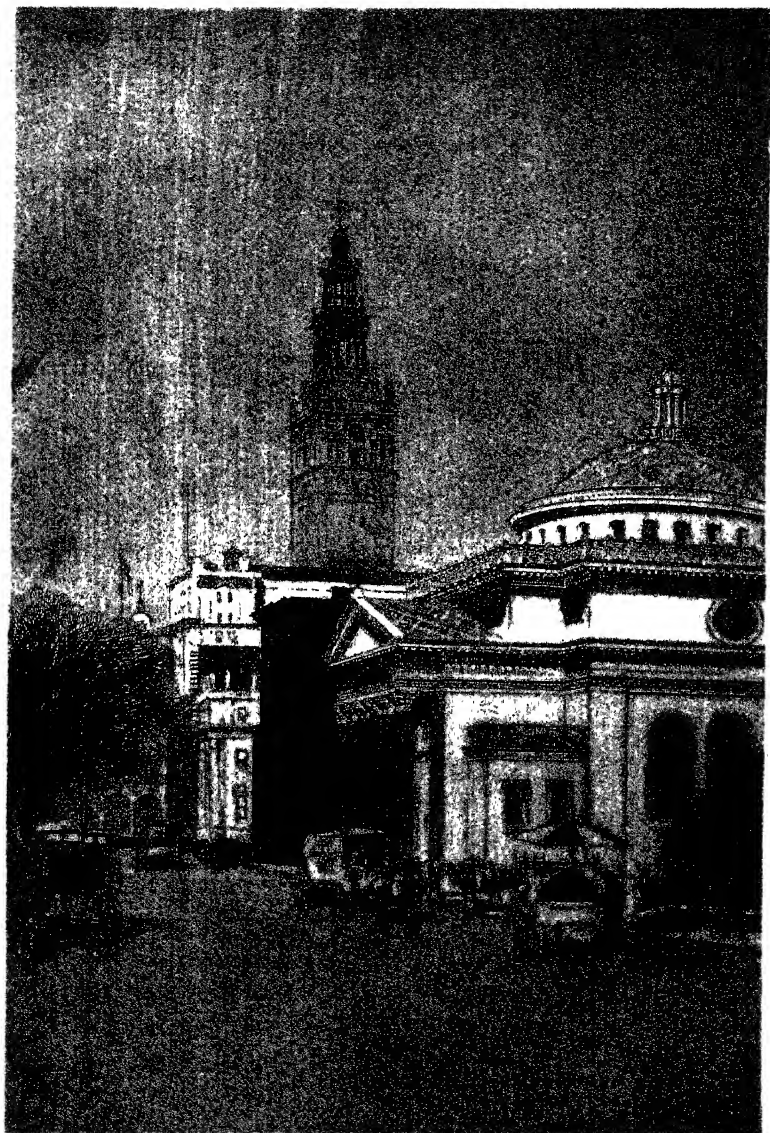
When Johnson returned, Swales told him of White's visit. Immediately Johnson picked up the crumpled tracing paper, flattened it out and made his own comparisons.

"He's right," said Johnson, "it's much better." And at once proceeded to make the change suggested by White. "That's his way of criticizing. He wants you to use your own judgment."

VII

Yet, White could be caustic and critical on occasion, as Homer St. Gaudens points out in his father's *Reminiscences*. The time is during the eighties.

White continued to maintain a strong influence in my father's life during those ten years, when often he could be found in the vicinity of the studio, on Thirty-Sixth Street. Undoubtedly, the architect's criticism meant much to the sculptor. It held, indeed, so important a place that once, when White scored a medallion of himself, which my father was modelling, the latter destroyed the work and never attempted a new one. Still, for the most part, St. Gaudens refused to be domineered over, for he soon discovered his friend's idiosyncrasy of foisting his emphatic assertions on every timorous soul around him. I think that the first conscious reaction against this attitude came very shortly after the incident I have mentioned, while the sculptor was completing a relief of White's wife as a wedding present, just before their marriage in 1884. The architect, on discovering St. Gaudens at work on this one afternoon, gazed upon the relief for some moments and



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WITH THE TOWER
OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN THE BACKGROUND

then cried out, "Oh, Gus, that's rotten!"¹ Whereupon, though at first my father again smashed the medallion into bits, later, after his passion was spent, he set patiently at reconstructing the relief. The waste of time seemed unfortunate, yet St. Gaudens had learned his lesson, as was soon proved in an encounter over the Ames monument in which the two were interested. Among other things this scheme included a wreath carved in relief on a flat stone. It had been an endless subject of contention between them. So at last one afternoon White decided to settle the matter, and rushed into the studio with his usual effect of being shot from a landslide.

"Is Gus in?" he yelled.

"N-no," was the shaky response.

Whereupon he dashed by the door-boy in search of the unfortunate decorations.

"Awful!" he exclaimed, discovering a couple of the experimental wreaths upon the floor. "Which does Gus like?"

They pointed to the highest relief.

"Huh!" he snorted, "you might as well paint it green!" and tore out again.

Then they hid the wreaths safe from any impatient and destroying hand and warily brought the news to my father, and silently waited the thunder-clap. But it did not come. All my father said was, "Isn't it peculiar how opinions differ?"

Yet despite such encounters, the two men cared deeply for one another and were probably more intimate at this time than in any of the later years. For each tolerated the other's peculiarities humorously; my father, in his hearty admiration for the architect's generosity of effort and high

¹ Dewing, the painter, asked me one day: "Have you seen St. Gaudens' portrait of Mrs. White? Did you notice the hand? I have looked at that hand again and again with despair in my heart."

artistic powers, hoping to modify his drastic nature; White, on his part, most sincere in his respect for the sculptor's ability and fondly anxious to make a clubman of him.

IN his *Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor*, Henry Holt recounts his experiences with the firm of McKim, Mead and White—whom he credits with the renaissance in American architecture—digressing only long enough to remark that as a young man, casting about for a profession, he had considered architecture, but his mother-in-law objected so violently that he was forced to give up the idea. “Why,” she said, “you might as well become a carpenter!” And indeed, Mr. Holt agrees, in those days, she was right. Architects were clerks, assembling plans and carrying out the client’s orders. They had no standing, social or professional. He writes:

But later, as an established editor, I went to McKim, then an established architect, to commission his firm to draw me a modest country house. I had made the plans in the rough, as I always do. McKim was full of the kindest interest, and made me a free-hand perspective with which I was delighted, and for which I at once asked him to make plans. When they came, they bore no relation to what had gone before. I wrote to McKim, saying that I hoped he had not lost the preceding sketches, and begging him to work them up. He was very amiable, and said that the new scheme would save me money. I told him that I was entirely ready to spend the money required for the house we had already decided upon; and he cheerfully agreed to make up and send me the plans for it. When they came, they had little more relation to what had gone be-

fore than the first set. When I pointed this out, McKim exclaimed: "Oh, I see that you are one of those bothersome clients who know what they want. Well, you shall have it."

The working-out of these plans secured me a valuable lesson in architecture—a lesson which I have frequently found useful—from no less a master than Stanford White. The butler's pantry proved to be too small, and I suggested its enlargement by means of a projection over the basement kitchen entrance, supported by two posts. White, who received me in McKim's absence, said: "No; posts would look too weak. We must build up two brick piers." And we did.

The house was built on Premium Point near New Rochelle; and in it I spent some of the happiest, and some of the unhappiest, summers of my life. But—and pray take note of this—it had not been designed, as every house should be, for any particular site; and therefore did not do justice to the genius of its architects.

After the house had stood for some fifteen years, one afternoon—while I was playing in a quartette—there was brought to me a telegram saying that it had been burned to the ground. I read the telegram to the other players, and said: "I can do nothing about it now: we may as well go on with our music." Everything in the house was burned up—except, of all things, a pile of coal in the cellar.

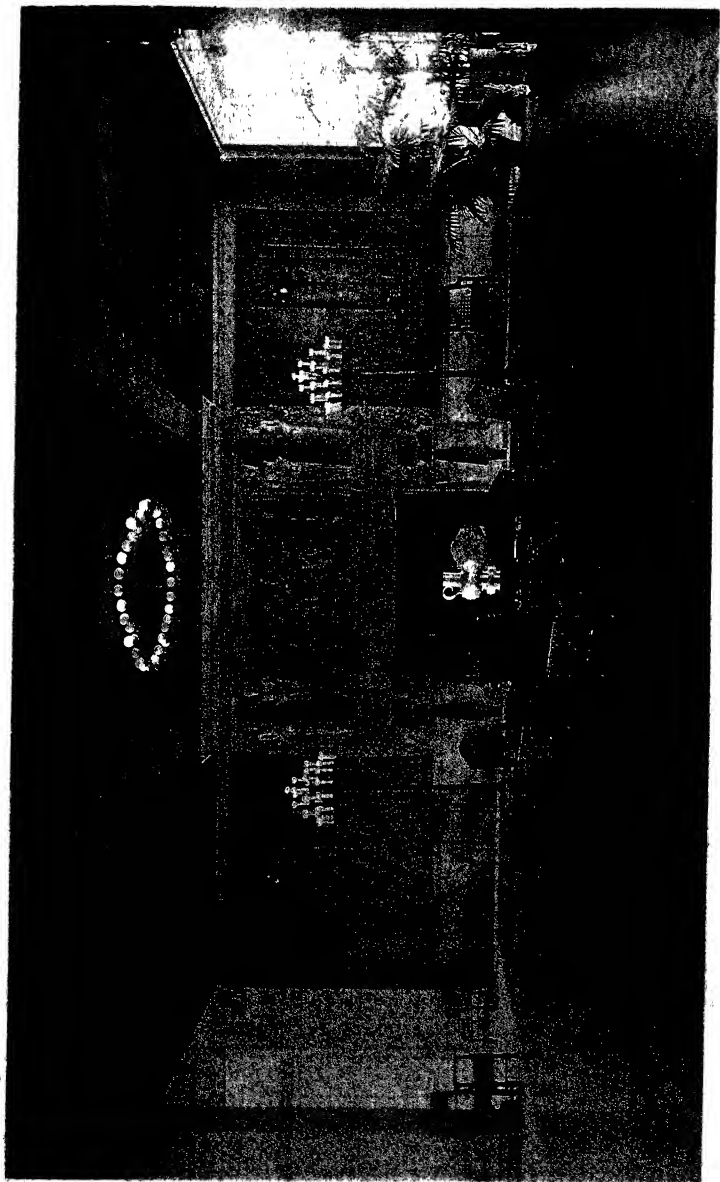
II

Clients may be bothersome—as McKim, all too often, thought they were; but they are necessary, and they can be grateful . . . as this letter proves:

March 18, 1901

DEAR STANFORD:

I have yours of the 15th enclosing the final bills upon



DINING ROOM, CHARLES T. BARNEY'S HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

the house, for which I enclose checks, and I am more moved than I can tell you at the further evidence of your kindness in the limitation of charges, for I had not expected it. Indeed, I should have been more than satisfied, as you know very well, had this business been put upon the same footing as that of the least favored of your clients, so much do I appreciate the advantages I have had of your personal interest and incessant attention to the work, as well as the opportunities it has given me for seeing you so often. Anything that I ever did for you would have been a very small return for your prodigal kindness to me, and there remains a debt of gratitude and affection that I can never discharge. Any excess of cost over the original estimates amounts to nothing in view of the result obtained, and to say that I am satisfied with it, puts it mildly! *I am enraptured*, and feel that we have the most beautiful house in the world. But—charming as it is to live in—the greatest delight that Constance and I feel in it, is that it embodies so much of your own personality and charm. It will be a perpetual reminder to us of the many happy hours you have spent with us during its construction, so full of sympathy and artistic delight. I have Constance's word for it, and add my own, that the amount of continued enjoyment of living in it will depend largely upon how often we see you there with us again!

Ever aff'y yours,

HENRY W. POOR

In much the same tone Charles L. Atterbury wrote, on October 11, 1887:

My wife and I had a regular feast yesterday evening upon the arrival of your plans for the Shinnecock House. They are lovely, and we are highly pleased.

IN the "interruption" which prefaces *From Seven to Seventy*, Oliver Herford says:

Surely so distinguished a painter as Edward Simmons—the recipient of medals innumerable, and of the most flattering mention in every European capital—needs no introduction to his own country where so many public buildings and galleries are enriched by examples of his work in decoration, portraiture and genre.

Herford then goes on to tell of Simmons' mighty gifts as a talker, of how, on any and all occasions, without let or hindrance, Simmons could (and would) demonstrate that the supposedly lost art of conversation was not so much lost as cornered. It was impossible, as Simmons himself once confessed, to speak in his presence without interrupting him. And it was also impossible, if I may judge from his book, to know him without liking him.

II

It was in the nineties, at the Player's Club, that Simmons first met White—"that very simple person," as he calls him, "child and artist, though he looked like Vercingetorix, bright red hair and the whitest skin, strong as a prize fighter, but gentle . . . and unlike most big men, always in a hurry, dashing about here and there, his body bent slightly forward, taking very short steps, trotting along, intent and busy. Red hair is, of course, supposed to mean

violence; but White never lost his temper. He was sensitive and tender, with a tenderness that ordinary mortals sometimes find it hard to believe in."

One day as Simmons was leaving the club—or, rather, rushing out—with White, they came on a beggar, known to both of them as a professional, and also well known as being always just a quarter short of the fare needed to get him to New Rochelle. But White did not hesitate. He reached down into his pocket, pulled out some silver, and, with an embarrassed smile, forced it on the beggar. Simmons protested:

"I suppose you know you're not doing him any good. He's rich . . . so they say."

"Oh," said White, "you don't understand. I'm not trying to do good to any one. I'm simply trying somehow to justify my own existence."

Vigorous, impetuous, lovable, he could no more stay his hand from helping those in need than he could stay his impulse to create beauty in everything, jewelry, book bindings or picture frames. There is, for example, the frame that he designed for Mrs. White during their engagement. Of a delicate and intricate pattern, like the open-work ivory carving of the Chinese, it supplies the perfect setting for Dewing's gentle and sympathetic portrait of Mrs. White.

III

Simmons is of the opinion that it was White who set the fashion of building to our latitude. Formerly, in our houses, we had copied the British, using red brick or brownstone, with small windows, rep curtains, and nailed down carpets of dark brown or scarlet—the stuff of the North for

New York which is in the latitude of Madrid. The change was to blond brick, marble, terra cotta or Missouri limestone for the outside; and stone or polished floors, oriental rugs and hangings for the inside, with a decided lightening of the color scheme throughout—so much so that a great gag of the time was to call the firm McKim, White and Gold. In this connection Simmons quotes White as advising one of his clients, a woman, who had asked him what to use on the walls of an ivory-colored room which he had just finished for her: "Oh, any color . . . so long as it's red."

And yet White himself never hesitated to use any and all colors, just as he never hesitated to work in any architectural style that suited his purpose—Richardson's Romanesque, McKim's Greco-Roman, his own Italian Renaissance or Jefferson's Colonial. Simmons says:

It was a period of great social activity. Good plays, good music and much of it—there was a spontaneity in the New York folk that has never touched me at any other time in America. I was strong, though never muscular, with the vitality of five men; and to work all day, run to the club in the late afternoon, dine well, and then be in the company of congenial friends most of the night, did not put a dent in my surplus energy. Stanny was the great driving force of all our entertainments, and as he was the type of man who always paid for everything and shoved any one aside who tried to get in first, my lack of money did not make much difference.

It was in 1893, I think, that he made me a member of the Vaudeville Club. In those days, that large space to the left, in the second tier of the Metropolitan Opera House, was given up to men only, and behind was a bar, a set of rooms, and a small stage. Here a member could meet a

friend, have a drink, go in and hear what he wished of the opera, and come out when he felt bored. After the performance there would be supper and a show given by the leading vaudeville people from Broadway. Relaxation after the music, good food and drink, and much talk and fun. Such entertainers as Vesta Victoria would be on the program; and once we were honored by the presence of Mr. Sandow, the strong man, who, for a time, was much lionized. He was, if I remember rightly, managed by Florenz Ziegfeld and had been an enormous success in Chicago during the World's Fair.

I remember one dinner party which was much criticized, but in reality how very moral and dignified it was! The guests, all men, were socially and artistically of the best set in town. We wanted a *blow-out*, and we did not propose to be limited by New Englandism, politics or anything else. There were fifty men. Everything was in the best of taste, arranged by artists. Remarkably fine music by a colored orchestra, and—*mirabile dictu*—no talk, no speeches, and no toasts. Every man at that dinner knew that the men next to him would be a treat to talk to, and that any man on his feet must be an interruption. Two girls—models—in exquisite costumes, one blonde and one brunette, poured the drinks, each one serving the colored wine that corresponded to her complexion. At the dessert, solemn serving men came forward, carrying a six-foot pastry which was placed in the middle of the great horse-shoe table. The negro musicians began to sing, inimitably, rhythmically:

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pockets full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked into a pie,
When the pie was opened . . .

And with that someone leaned forward and skillfully broke the pie crust. Dozens of canary birds (blackbirds not being available) poured out and flew to every corner of the room, just as a charming young figure of a girl, draped from head to foot in black, with a stuffed black-bird on her head, rose up out of the dish.

It was so new, so original, so pretty, that comment upon it is absurd. And yet we were forced to break up our club—or run the risk of unwelcome publicity. For the society of these men was so good, so envied, and so far above the average that they were preyed upon (probably more than any other class at any other time in the social history of America) by the jealous and criminal, and blackmailed to an extraordinary degree.

Referring to the character of Stanford White, I think he more nearly fitted Emerson's definition of a *gentleman* than any one else I've ever known. It runs something like this: A gentleman is one who never brings his mental or physical troubles from the bedroom: if he cannot leave them behind, he stays with them. If the word can be divided into *gentle* and *man*, Stanny was certainly both. He may have had troubles of his own, but we never knew about them, for he was always too busy doing something for some one else to have time to talk about himself. He pulled me out of many a financial hole, sometimes with much work to himself. It's not always easy, even for rich men, to lay hands on money at a moment's notice. Once he lent me three thousand dollars on an order I was carrying out, and when I paid him, he returned me the interest money the next day, saying: "Use it to go to Europe to visit your family. You need a vacation." Dear old Stanny! And I don't think he gave ten minutes a week to thinking about himself.

Another time, a memorable Easter Sunday, while we

were hanging our work for the Ten show which was to open next day, Stanny appeared. I had two marines which he liked, but he was greatly taken with a portrait of my grandmother which was not yet framed and was leaning against the wall in a corner. I had intended getting some inch-and-a-half molding for it. He could never bear to have a work of art improperly dressed. I can see now how he looked, beautifully groomed, top hat, frock coat, on his way to some smart affair. He just looked at me for a minute, grabbed the portrait and rushed out. Naturally I followed. Outside stood a fine equipage, his own, and taking it we ended up at his office where he had a floor stored with antiques, draperies, frames and statues of all kinds which he had chosen in Europe—not because they were costly, or the only ones of their kind in existence, but because they were beautiful. Keeping up his two characteristic gestures, scratching and rumpling his hair with one hand, and with the other slapping his thigh—his office force knew that if ever he did the two together it was time for flight—he dove into dozens of frames which were piled for at least fifteen feet from the wall. In two seconds he was covered with dust. In five minutes he had tried all the frames and found just two to fit the portrait. Telling me to take my choice, he turned and was gone. I had barely made my choice and started to leave when a flunky from his Gramercy Park home ran in, out of breath and grabbed the picture. When we got to the street there was no sign of Stanny or his carriage, but a huge hired hack was waiting to take me back to the gallery.

And now may I tell you of a small matter which, until the death of both men, I have kept to myself? Stanny came to me and asked if I'd take a trip uptown with him. When we alighted at a studio building where many of my friends lived he asked me to show him the way to X's rooms—an artist whom I remembered leaving behind at the club. It

seemed strange that Stanny intended calling on a man he knew not to be at home, but I kept still. Kneeling down, he shoved under the door a roll of bills which looked big figured to me, and we fled. In the cab outside, I inquired what it all meant.

"You know he needs it. I have it. Why shouldn't I give it to him? But he'd never accept it, so you mustn't tell."

"How much was it?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

Next day I heard X telling a friend that he had gone home the night before ready to pack his things as he was to be kicked out of his studio in the morning, but a most miraculous thing happened. He'd found a roll of bills under his door! He died without ever knowing who had helped him.

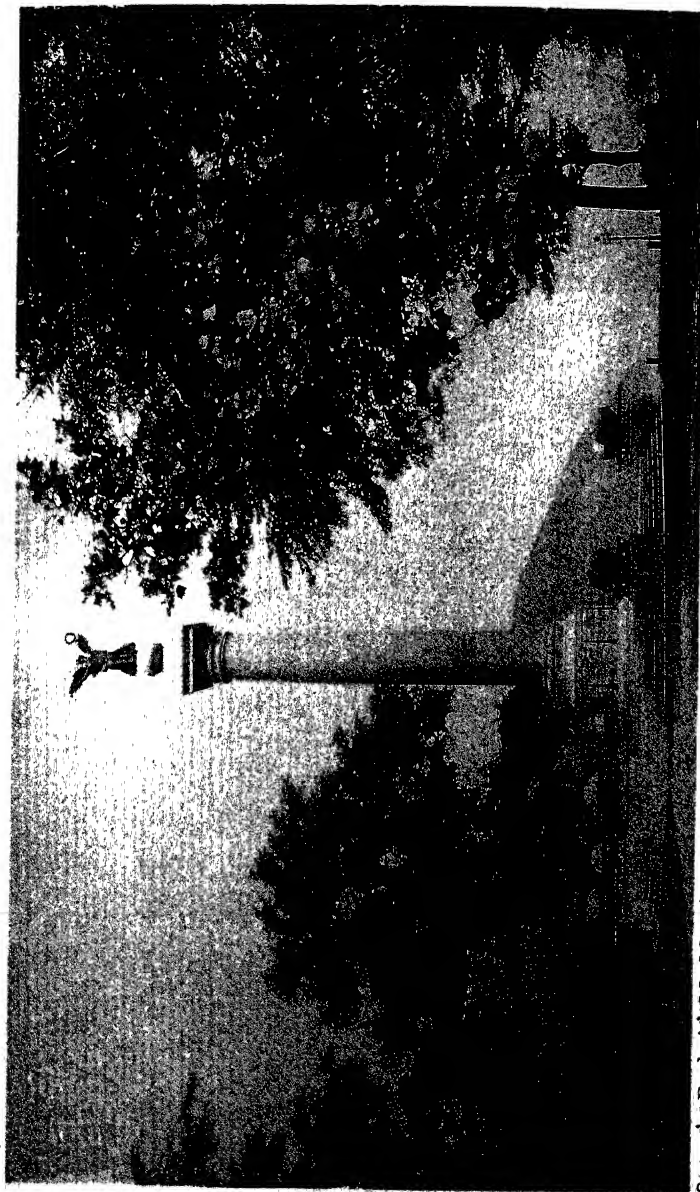
IN that honest and interesting autobiography, *Modeling My Life*, Miss Janet Scudder, the sculptress, tells of her various encounters with Stanford White during the winters of 1905-6. White was then at the top of his success, busy with his designs for the Gorham and Tiffany Buildings, and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. But though his work had always appealed more to Miss Scudder than did the work of any other architect, somehow she seemed destined never to meet him. She had often seen him in Paris in MacMonnies' studio when the two were working together on the models for an arch to be put up at the entrance to Prospect Park in Brooklyn: but since she was only an assistant she had had no opportunity to come into more than the most casual contact with him. He was, she says, one of the biggest men she had ever seen, tall, broad, with a red face and a mop of red hair that stood straight up from his forehead. His quick, nervous gestures, his assurance in knowing what was right and what was wrong, and his almost infallible taste made a lasting impression on her. He had been described as having a wind behind him—which always seemed to her a perfect description—like some mighty force sweeping forward in the direction of creating beautiful things. And the stories told of him, and his adventures in the arts, were inspiring, firing the imagination. One, for example, which told of how he had gone to Italy to charter a sailing ship which he kept at anchor near Leghorn while he travelled all over Italy buying everything that caught his fancy—frescoes,

entire ceilings, panelled walls, mantelpieces, odd bits of marble, paintings, brocades, Genoese velvets, everything and anything that would add to the beauty of the town and country houses he was then designing—and when the boat was crammed and could hold nothing more, he stepped aboard, weighed anchor and sailed away to America—a sort of modern Ulysses returning with the treasures of Troy . . . a picturesque figure . . . a condottiere.

Small wonder Miss Scudder was anxious to encounter him again and invite him to her studio to look at her work. But after anxious months of waiting, with her funds almost at the vanishing point, and a steady diet of baked beans and milk drawing nearer and nearer, she finally took fate into her own hands and sat down to write White a letter. She told him that she had had the pleasure of meeting him in Paris in MacMonnies' studio, that she had come to New York in the hope of finding something to do, that her studio was only a few blocks from his office, and that she would appreciate it if he would come and look over some of her things.

Next day she received his reply, short and to the point, saying that he was far too busy to go around visiting studios, that he was rushed to death, had a thousand calls in every direction, and hadn't a free moment.

This hurt. In fact, it made Miss Scudder resentful. She worked herself up until she felt that she had a pretty good case against Mr. White. Then she sat down and wrote an answer to his letter. She said she didn't think that her request was anywhere near as extravagant and extraordinary as he pretended to find it; and anyway the most important architect in New York City had no right to re-



Statue by Frederick MacMonnies

WEST POINT MONUMENT
1896

Pedestal by Stanford White

fuse to investigate the work of the young sculptors all about him . . . no matter how busy he might be.

Of course, there was no reply. She didn't expect one. In fact, she felt that she had definitely wiped out any further chance of ever interesting Stanford White in her work.

And then, a month later, while attempting to cross Forty-Second Street, she bumped right into him . . . crashed into him . . . and looked up to see his vexed red face staring down at her.

"Oh . . . so you're Miss Scudder?"

"Yes, Mr. White."

At this point the policeman called to them to move on, explaining that the middle of Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue had not been designed for tête-à-têtes.

White smiled, then turned back to Miss Scudder.

"I saw that little figure of yours the other day in the Emmets' studio. What do you call it?"

"Frog Fountain."

"I like it," he said. "How much do you want for it?"

Again the policeman interrupted, this time with raised club; but it would have taken more than that to move Miss Scudder.

"A thousand dollars," she said . . . with scarce a penny in her purse.

"All right," said White. "I'll take it . . . if you'll send it to the office. Good-by."

II

"If I were making a diagram of my career," says Miss Scudder, "with marks to indicate the most important points

—milestones—I should certainly indicate in red letters the day on which Stanford White bought my Frog Fountain. In order to appreciate how important this was to a young sculptor you must know that at that time he was the one man everyone was seeking, demanding, imploring to build not only magnificent edifices and churches and public buildings but elaborate country houses as well. He was being sought all over the United States by those who wanted to build something exceptionally beautiful and cared nothing for the expense involved. To have him buy my first really important piece of work—after waiting so long for a buyer—meant much more to me than even I realized at the time. It was months later that the effect of this purchase began to loom up as the dominating factor in my career.”

After telling of what a wonderful difference Stanford White’s check for one thousand dollars made in her outlook on life, and on her habit of living, Miss Scudder continues:

And then he disappeared, so far as I could tell, I didn’t even know for a long time what he had done with my Frog Fountain. But one day, out of a clear sky, a letter came, signed by him, asking me to call at his office at a certain hour on a certain day. I was there at the hour named—in fact I was there half an hour in advance—and was given a comfortable chair in the outer offices. Whoever gave me that comfortable chair was a most considerate person and probably knew what I was in for. I waited one hour and a half before there was the least sign of my presence being noticed. Then one of the doors suddenly burst open and Stanford White rushed into the room, shook my hand vigorously and said:

"Oh, Miss Scudder, I wanted to . . ."

He got no further, for close on his heels appeared his secretary to say that Chicago was calling on the telephone. He rushed out and I sank back again into my comfortable chair.

Another half-hour and he burst into the room again.

"Oh, Miss Scudder, I wanted to . . ."

Again the secretary at his heels with some murmured words that carried him away without further explanation.

By this time my anxiety and curiosity to know what he really did want were getting the best of me. The comfortable chair was no longer comfortable. I had to leave it and walk about a bit to keep calm. The third time Mr. White appeared, he had his hands full of sketches which he thrust into mine before anyone could possibly call him away.

"Designs for two fountains," he said breathlessly, "Yes, take them along. Make sketches for the figures. I've indicated about what I want. Yes . . . yes . . . you'll see. Bring them back as soon as you can. Work out your own ideas for them. By the way, I've placed your Frog Fountain in the conservatory of the Chapin house and I want you to have another made in marble for Jim Breese's Long Island garden. Better have three more of the bronzes cast. That will make four. Quite enough of them. You don't want them to get too common. Now . . . about these designs . . ."

Again that bothersome secretary appeared, and over his shoulder Mr. White called to me: "Bring in the sketches the moment you have them ready. We can talk them over. Good-by."

I haven't the slightest idea how I got out of that office. If I had fallen out the window or down the elevator shaft I'm perfectly sure I should not have been hurt. They say a drunken man can fall any distance and not be hurt; and

I was surely in an intoxicated condition that day—the intoxication of pure joy. My supreme chance had come. I was to collaborate with the greatest architect in America—in fact the greatest architect in the world at that time. No wonder I was dizzy and almost out of my head. I suppose I walked for hours afterwards. I only remember being in continuous motion for a long time. And through it all I kept repeating to myself: “You’re made . . . you’re a success . . . no more canned beans . . . never . . . never never . . . you’re on the high-road, right in the middle . . . but don’t lose your head.”

I made several trips to McKim, Mead and White’s offices that winter, taking my small models with me in a hansom cab and carrying them up in the elevator; but my conversations with the great architect were nothing but staccato fragments slipped in between long-distance telephone calls and consultations. Stanford White’s existence was the most hectic anyone could possibly have lived; and yet he always knew exactly what he wanted and was able to explain his ideas in a most clear, distinct and inspiring manner.

During the spring and summer, when I was invited by Mrs. White to their summer home at St. James, I began to see another side of this great man. In the midst of his family, in a delightful house filled with treasures of Italy and Spain, surrounded on all sides by the beautiful gentle country of the north shore of Long Island, I learned to know him, not as a rushing, business-distracted architect, but as a thoughtful host who was always gay and animated and amusing.

I don’t think that there has ever been much questioning of the fact that Stanford White was the greatest architect America has ever produced: but lately I have had the feeling that appreciation of him has been diminishing—or at least, has become indifferent. Especially have I this feeling when I see the beautiful buildings he designed in New York

being ruthlessly torn down to make place for larger and hideous edifices that are being built without any feeling for the beauty that White put into everything that he did.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LATER CORRESPONDENCE
WITH ST. GAUDENS

FROM their first meeting, in spite of various and vigorous differences of opinion, White and St. Gaudens remained the best of friends. Few men have grown, as they grew, side by side, in knowledge and understanding.

Something of the later St. Gaudens—the St. Gaudens who modelled the Sherman in New York, and the Stevenson for the Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh—may be gleaned from these notes, taken from the sculptor's *Reminiscences*:—

Before meeting Stevenson, St. Gaudens knew little of the writer's art. After that meeting, caught up by Stevenson's enthusiasm and charm, he became a cautious and exacting reader, rolling fine phrases on his tongue, particularly susceptible to the *perfumes and aroma of literature*, and disliking all *stylishness*. Of the *Henry James manner*, for instance, he says: "You have to hold your hands and your feet, stand upside down, take a bath, and everything, to understand it." But of writing "without jerkiness, with charm, with the something that is in that poem *Hey-Day* by Witter Bynner," he says: "I would stick to that like grim death to a dead nigger; it has something that Schubert has and that lies in Mozart's songs; it is more precious, I think, than anything else. Brilliant writers, men like Shaw, are very rare."

Concerning an idea for a play, submitted by his son, he said:

If you deal with the other fundamental emotions as well as love you are doing wisely. The ambitions, artistic, monetary, or any old thing, the jealousies, generosity, are hopelessly mixed up with one another, and are all affected by vanity. Everything is vanity—complicated by and with affairs of the heart. And habit, habit of every kind, dominates our lives. Patriotism, to my thinking, is habit—the habit of one's country. Of course, it's all right since it is our country—but that's vanity. Patriotism is vanity. . . . I am writing while in pain, and this is the first that I have written in a week. I am in despair, and in one of those periods when I feel that the truth is everything; yet when the truth is told there is so often an absence of charity that more harm than good is done.

II

In 1897 St. Gaudens went abroad again for a prolonged stay; but since their intimacy had grown less, and since at the time they had no work in common, and were both extremely busy, the correspondence lapsed. On St. Gaudens's return, however, broken in health by the cancer that was to eat his life away, White in New York and St. Gaudens in New Hampshire took up their pens to recapture something of the flavor of their early days.

The first of these letters is from St. Gaudens to White:

Windsor, Vermont, September 27, 1900

DEAR STAN:

I am getting on very well indeed, and considering that I am as full of holes as a "porous plas" (as the Italian said) I wonder I am alive. I remain here until November first when

I go to Boston for the secondary operation. I remain there two weeks. Then I come back here to recuperate. If I can stand it I shall remain here until well along in the winter. From what they all say it is a big sight pleasanter than in summer and that's saying a great deal. I shall go down to New York, of course, to see about the Sherman site as soon after November twenty-fifth as I can.

Thank you very much, old boy, for what you have done about the Stevenson. Here is a reply to your question, although I don't see why I should load you up with this now.

I should like a light yellowish-bronze patine for the figure of the Stevenson, and the same thing, but much darker, for the inscription. The relief sets in a stone wall. A red Sienna marble is what I wanted; but if you can think of a better thing, let me know. The surface of the stone frame is to be set out an inch and a half, or thereabouts, from the wall if you think that is right. The frame is to be in four pieces.

Is McKim back?

I had an amusing letter from Garnier describing your trip to Toulouse.

This is the first letter of any length I've written since I left Paris, and it tires me, otherwise I should write reams. You wouldn't know me from my mental state now. I think I was on the verge of insanity in Paris. I roam around the hills in great style and loaf for all I'm worth.

Needless to tell you that if you should come in this direction you would be mighty welcome. Good-by.

Aff'y
Gus.

Under date of October 13, 1903, White wrote to St. Gaudens:

We are to have another Portrait Show for the benefit of the Orthopaedic Hospital for crippled children. We would like to have any one of your portrait reliefs that you can send—that is, Stevenson, Howells and his daughter, or any new ones. We, of course, assume all responsibility as to insurance, expenses, etc.

Aff'ly,
STANFORD.

The day previous St. Gaudens had written to McKim:

I am proud to say that I haven't done a stroke of work in three months. It's the first time in six years that I have not meditated suicide at some hour or other during the day, and the first time in my life that I have loafed when I could work. The result is I am now even more pretty than you to look upon, and if I was a woman I would make the healthiest baby that ever was. As soon as the bad weather drives me indoors, I shall resume sculpture with enthusiasm.

For years White had tried to make a clubman out of St. Gaudens—and failed. Yet he never gave up trying:

March 18, 1904

MY DEAR GUS:

You long-nosed farmer you! What do you mean by backing out of the Brook Club? It's not your "mun" we want, but your name and yourself. That is, we want you as a nest egg and an attraction for a dozen men whom we want in, and who, I think, in the end will come in. What we want to make of the Club is one that is not all society men, like the Knickerbocker, or men of the world, like the Union and Metropolitan, or a lunch club like the Players,

or one where mainly actors congregate like the Lambs, or a Sleepy Hollow like the Century; but a very quiet, small club, something like the Beefsteak Club in London, where you will have the freedom of some of the clubs I have mentioned and the quietness of others, and where you will always be sure, from lunch time to two or three in the morning, to find three or four men you will always be glad to see and no one that you will not be glad to see.

I think that once the Club is started, and you have tried it for a year, you will want to stay in. But it will really break my heart if you don't join and at least make the trial.

Lovingly,
STANFORD.

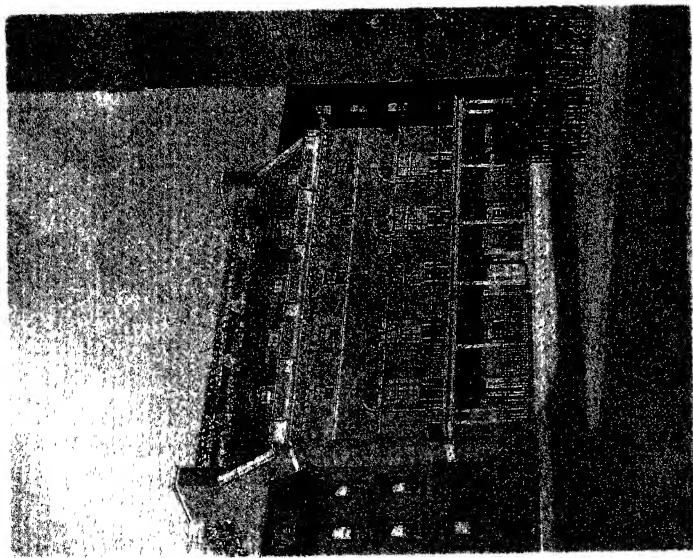
The next letter deals with White's architectural designs for St. Gaudens' statue of the *Seated Lincoln*, to be set up on "made ground" in Chicago:

September 23, 1904

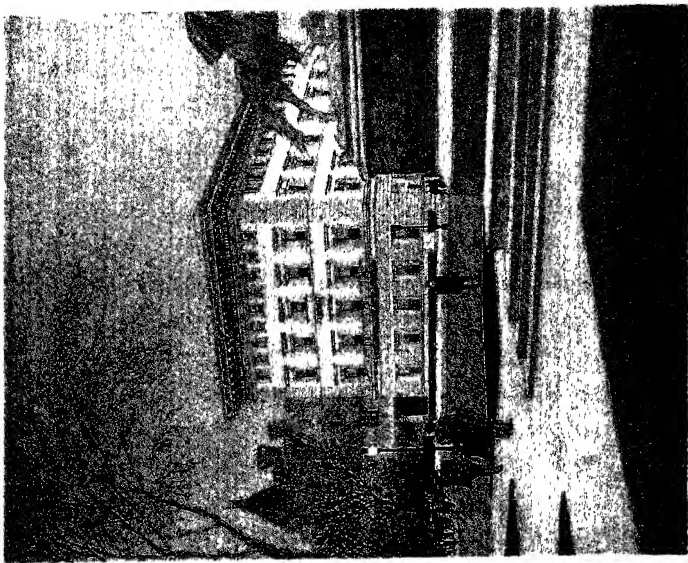
DEAR GUSTIBUS:

I have been making many different studies for the scheme of steps and columns for your new Lincoln; but as usual, the simple scheme is much the best. The whole thing, in fact, resolves itself into the proper proportions of the circle and the columns to your figure and to the surroundings; and I think the final studies (which I now send) are about as good as I can do. Of course, I do not know how much the Committee have in hand, or are willing to stand; and I really do not know how much this plan will cost. I send it to you; and if you approve, I will get estimates at once and then we will be able to shave them down if it is found to be necessary.

Aff'ly,
STANFORD.



COLONY CLUB, NEW YORK CITY
1906



METROPOLITAN CLUB, NEW YORK CITY
1904

And now a letter about some sculptured antiquities:

October 25, 1905

DEAR GUSTY:

When I was in Syracuse years ago, I was perfectly ravished by a Greek Venus which they have there. I made a lot of drawings of her myself, of which I was very proud, and still am; but I never could find a photograph of her, and I have always regretted that I did not have one made. Lo and behold, however, in the *Sunday Herald* of October 8th they have a photograph of her, and I send it up to you and want to know if you do not think that she is the "most beautifullest" thing that ever was in this world.

Also—when I was in Paris I saw, in a little antiquity place, in the back yard, some workmen from the Louvre setting up what seemed to me a wonderful statue which had just been dug up and had come, by underground passage, from Greece. I had a photograph sent me, and I include it. It is life size, of Paros marble, and of the most beautiful color you ever saw, and can be bought for fifteen thousand dollars. It is, of course, late work; but it does seem to me as if I ought to get somebody to "nab" it. Please send the photograph back to me, and let me know what you think of it.

Aff'ly,
STAN.

About this same time, McKim wrote to St. Gaudens:

Stanford has shown me your letter; and I am planning to leave, with or without him, on Tuesday afternoon, reaching you somewhere about 3 G. M. If I am to occupy Babb's room I will not need to disturb your rest and Madame's—if she will kindly have the necessary disinfectants,

antidotes and emetics placed in my room. White, in order to sustain his reputation, is planning to return as soon as he arrives; but if you can have me over another train or two, I would rather shorten my life in some other and more pleasant way. We will notify you of our approach in time to have the dogs chained. ENOUGH!

To Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago—architect of the Flatiron Building in New York, the Wanamaker Building in Philadelphia, the Union Station in Washington, D. C., and countless others—McKim wrote under date of June 1:

St. Gaudens has been stopping with me since his return from Washington, and I have therefore seen more of him than for a long time past. We have "reminisced" as much as you might expect from two old fellows of questionable health, long past 50, and have gone over the last 25 years since I first met him, an obscure, would-be sculptor with his first commission. Enough of histories, as you may imagine—bright and tragic, diverting and enthralling—to pass the time. Such a lot of gossip you never heard!

And now a letter from St. Gaudens to White concerning the Brooks Statue for Trinity Church, Boston, the last monument on which the sculptor and architect worked together:

Windsor, January 17, 1906

DEAR STAN:

I return the drawings you made for the Brooks long ago. I think I like the plan of No. 4 the best and the style of No. 3; but I leave this entirely to you. However, I should greatly like to have it in the character of your Parkhurst church, which I think great and just in the line I thought

for this. I think you must provide for a bulge as in No. 3, and for the cross to run up also as in No. 3.

The statue of Brooks is to be eight feet and four inches in height or thereabouts,—the rest of the group very much as shown in your drawings.

Gus.

To which White replied—

New York, March 17, 1906

DEAR GUS:

I send you with this a careful drawing for the Phillips Brooks monument. In your letter you ask that I send drawings for both the square and the circular one; but I am so positive that the square form is infinitely the best, every one agreeing with me—McKim, Kendall and Phil Richardson—that I beg you to give up the idea of the round one and go ahead with the square one. The round one might look well from the front, but all the other views would be complicated and ugly.

Aff'ly,
STANFORD.

To this the sculptor wrote—

March 30, 1906

DEAR STAN:

Thank you for your note of March 17th, and the drawing which came duly to hand.

When the model is made, I will communicate with you. My objection to the square form, and the reason I preferred the circular, was that the circular covered the group more. You remember that some one objected to the Cooper

Monument that it was a "protection that did not protect."
Possibly the scheme could be made deeper.

Aff'ly,
Gus.

Finally—here is their last exchange of letters:

Windsor, Vermont, May 7, 1906

DEAR STAN:

Thank you for the perspective of the Pittsburgh monument. It is all right. I am at work on it; and you will hear from me later on.

As to your visit here—for God's sake, I have been trying to get you up here for twenty years and no sign of you and Charles; and now when we are having the worst spring that ever occurred, (the roads are in awful condition), you want to come up in five minutes. Now you hold off for a little while and I will let you know, perhaps in a couple of weeks from now. But, come to think of it, our friend Ethel Barrymore is coming up here. Perhaps that's the reason you old suckers want to come up now!! Is that the reason you are so damned interested in things here? All right.

Good-by,
(Signed by St. Gaudens' caricature.)

To which White replied—

160 Fifth Avenue
New York
May 11, 1906

BELOVED!!!

Why do you explode so at the idea of Charlie and my-

self coming up to Windsor? If you think our desire came from any wish to see any damned fine spring or fine roads, you are not only mistaken but one of the most modest and unassuming men with so "beetly" a brow, and so large a nose, "wot is." We were coming up to bow down before the sage and seer we admire and venerate so. Weather be damned, and roads too! If you have as a "side show" anything like Ethel Barrymore, that will be like sweet incense at the altar, and we will bow down all the more.

Of course, when it comes to a question of Charlie and myself doing anything, large grains of salt have got to be shaken all over the "puddin'." I am a pretty hard bird to snare, and, as for Charlie, he varies ten thousand times more than a compass does from the magnetic pole, so all may end in smoke; but the cherry blossoms are out and to hell with the Pope!

S. W.

THE year 1906 began much as has many another year before and since. There were rumors of rebellion in Russia—the collapse of the December uprisings of the year previous—with the Ukraine and Causasus reported in revolt, and M. Durnova threatening to oust Count Witte from the premiership. In New York, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., after long absence, resumed his leadership of the Young Men's Bible Class at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Upstate, in Albany, Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banks, answered the somewhat heated criticism of his department by saying that no amount of supervision could prevent bank failures or curb the determined dishonesty of (naming no names) certain bank officials. He did, however, recommend a few more laws—not that he had any faith in law or lawyers; but . . . well, he said, it's easy to explain a bank's failure after it fails; but before . . . just try it!

All in all, however, the world had small reason to complain. Nineteen-Five had been a prosperous year—for Americans, at any rate. The railroads were congested with the vast volume of their freight. Deposits of the Guaranty Trust Company were increasing out of all proportion to their advertising, and were already in excess of \$25,000,000. Down in Washington, President Roosevelt was getting ready to denounce talk of a "third term," while ex-Governor LaFollette, after waiting for almost a year, prepared to go before Vice President Fairbanks and take the oath of office as senator. The future looked bright.

But the year was scarcely three days old when William M. Ivins, unsuccessful Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City, gave it as his opinion that corruption and incompetence were evident everywhere. In New York, for example he said: Mayor McClellan's inaugural message is the "worst yet," and the appointment of General Theodore A. Bingham as police commissioner is "simply appalling." Bingham had said that he would abolish the vice squad. In Albany, Senator Bracket, in a speech before the legislature, called upon Chauncey M. Depew to resign his seat in the United States Senate because of "the revelations of his connection with the Equitable Life Assurance Society which had shocked and amazed every one." All was far from well. The future looked dark.

II

In the world of books, the fiction listed among the best sellers included:

Booth Tarkington's *The Conquest of Canaan*
Jack London's *Call of the Wild*
F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Wood Fire in No. 3*
Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*
Meredith Nicholson's *The House of a Thousand Candles*
Katherine Cecil Thurston's *The Gambler*
George Barr McCutcheon's *Nedra*
Ernest Thompson Seton's *Animal Heroes*
F. Marion Crawford's *Fair Margaret*

The theatre was equally prosperous—the boards of the New York theatres, during the first week of the new year, being held by:

Maude Adams in *Peter Pan* at the Empire
William Faversham in *The Squaw Man* at Wallack's
David Warfield in *The Music Master* at the Bijou
Blanche Bates in *The Girl of the Golden West* at the
Belasco
Margaret Anglin in *Zira* at the Princess
Olga Nethersole in *Sapho* at the Herald Square
Ethel Barrymore in *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire* at the Cri-
terion
Henrietta Crosman in *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* at
the Garrick
Robert Lorraine in *Man and Superman* at the Hudson
Henry Dixie in *The Man on the Box* at the Madison
Square
Fritzi Scheff in *Mlle. Modiste* at the Knickerbocker
Joseph Weber in *Twiddle-Twaddle* at Weber's
George M. Cohn in *Little Johnnie Jones* at the Grand
Opera House
Richard Carle in *The Mayor of Tokio* at the New York
Eddie Foy in *The Earl and the Girl* at the Casino
Fay Templeton in *Forty Five Minutes from Broadway*
at the New Amsterdam
Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in *Julie Bonbon* at the
Liberty

Most of these entertainments, according to the New York *Tribune*, might better have been named (as was Joe Weber's extravaganza) *Twiddle-Twaddle*.

III

James J. Corbett was appearing in Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession*, in New Haven where Chief of Police James Wrenn was threatening to jail Miss Olga Nethersole

if she dared to appear (as announced) in New Haven in *Sapho* on January 10.

Sapho and Miss Nethersole! Every age must have its cast; and Miss Nethersole was the scapegrace and scandal of the nineteen-hundreds. Listen to William Winter, in the New York *Tribune*, denouncing Miss Nethersole as "the great moral preceptor of the hour," appearing in Sudermann's "unhealthful, pernicious, tedious and overrated play of *Magda*." Mr. Winter was anything but a kindly or graceful critic—*vide* the almost impossible first sentence that follows:

The prejudiced old carper who would like to leave the theatre cheered and comforted by memories of noble endeavor and achievement is, of course, not to be considered; and when as one of that hopelessly lost general public as to which Mr. H. A. Jones has become most distressed, he suggests that certain writers (such as Mr. Pinero and Mr. Shaw) and certain actresses (such as Miss Nethersole and Mrs. Campbell) having failed to win remunerative recognition by means of cleanly plays, are willing to succeed by plays that are tainted, he is only reactionary—a fogey and a frost. Nonetheless such plays as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are a disgrace and an affront, and ought to be stopped.

Of course, there was no stopping Mr. William Winter—as witness:

It is difficult to discern any motive other than egregious vanity that would prompt any woman to come into public view in such a character as that of Sardou's *Cleopatra*, in which Miss Amelia Bingham emerged last night at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. That character has not one fibre of

nobility to exalt it, or one touch of poetry to beautify it, ~~we~~ ^{the} thrill of heroism to redeem it.

Nobility, poetry and heroism are "difficult to discern" in Falstaff—but perhaps Mr. Winter did not know that Falstaff is one of the greatest of all stage characters.

IV

On Saturday, April 4, the country was disturbed, and the New York socialists divided, because (whisper and headline had it) the attractive travelling companion brought from Russia to New York by Maxim Gorki was not (in law) his wife but simply a "friend" with whom he had been living since the separation from Mme. Gorki some years earlier. As a result, Gorki and his *chere amie* were routed first from one hotel and then from another, until forced to seek refuge in cheap and obscure lodgings on the east side. Mark Twain—who had been invited to act on the reception committee—called at once for pen and paper, and gave out a statement in which he took a rap at the Russians and a kick at Gorki . . . Mark the Missourian in the courts of literature.

Also in April—the San Francisco earthquake, Ruth St. Denis' nautch dance, J. Ham Lewis' whiskers, "heavy selling on the stock exchange," and George McManus' cartoons.

V

In May Sarah Bernhardt returned to Paris from a tour of that dear America. "Just think!" she said, "in Chicago a young man came to me with tears rolling down his

cheeks. I remember he worked in a dry goods store. He wanted to tell me: 'Madame, I learned French . . . hear you . . . and, oh, it was worth it . . . a hundred times . . . yes.'"

In America, Oscar, manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, was prescribing a cooking diet for blue Mondays.

VI

All this time White was busy, doing the finest work of his career:

The Gorham Building, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Tiffany Building, 401 Fifth Avenue

The Madison Square Presbyterian Church

The Harmonie Club, 4 East 60th Street

The Colony Club, 120 Madison Avenue

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's residence, 666 Fifth Avenue

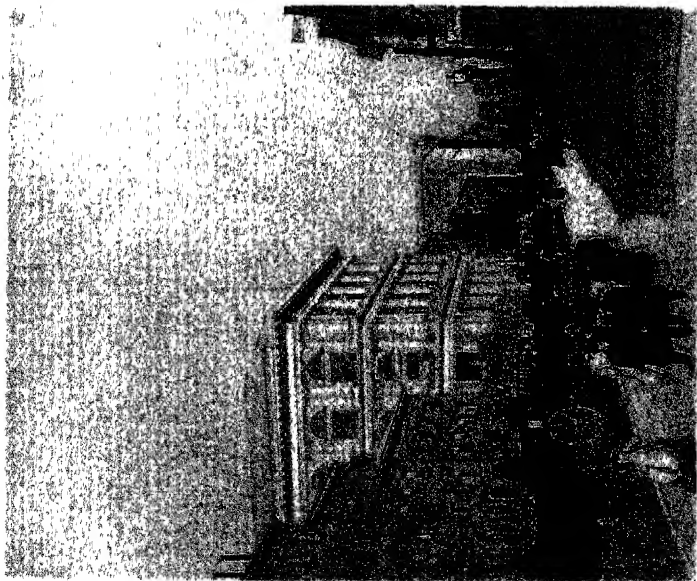
Payne Whitney's residence, 972 Fifth Avenue

James L. Breese's summer home, Southampton, L. I.

Knickerbocker Trust Company, 60 Broadway

Enough, and more than enough, to establish any man's reputation as an architect of genius. Take, for example, the Colony Club, with its slender columns, and small—almost dainty—scale of brickwork, built entirely of "headers," expressing, so nearly as architecture can, the "tone" and atmosphere of an exclusive woman's club. Or the Gorham Building, with its ground story arcade and the ingenious rounding of the corner, rendered in full color, and setting a fashion in Florentine cornices—now, however, in New York City, prohibited by law. Or the Tiffany Building, modelled after a late Renaissance Vene-

tian palace, and devoid of ornamentation—even the acanthus leaves of the Corinthian columns are undeveloped. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church on the other hand fairly glowed with color and raised a storm of protest as being barbaric, pagan, a thing of beauty rather than a house of prayer.



TIFFANY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
1906



GORHAM BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
1906

ON June 3rd "the most gorgeous wedding spectacle of modern times"—a procession a mile and a half long in celebration of the marriage of Princess Ena of Battenburg to King Alphonso XIII of Spain—was interrupted by a bomb. Next day—the bomb having missed its mark—the New York *American* announced that Spain was fallen upon evil days, with the great grand-daughter of a waiter seated on the throne of Isabella. . . .

June is a time of weddings, of holidays and entertaining.

About the middle of the month Mayor McClellan of New York left on his vacation. A few days later District Attorney Jerome went fishing. On the 23rd the Cornell crew, coached by Pop Courtney, swept down the river at Poughkeepsie to victory over Syracuse, Columbia, Pennsylvania and M.I.T. On board his yacht *Hamburg*, in Kiel Harbor, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany entertained the honeymooners, Alice and Nicholas Longworth. The beaches were crowded. The roof gardens were opening.

II

As was her habit, Mrs. White went down to St. James to open their summer home. White stayed in town. He was busy with the details of Dr. Parkhurst's church on Madison Square; and he planned to attend the opening of Madison Square Garden Roof, scheduled for Monday, June 25th, with Miss Maud Fulton in *Mamzelle Champagne*, book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Wolf, music by Cassius Free-

born, musical director for Miss Edna May, *The Belle of New York* and the toast of London. Larry, their son, was in town, with a friend of his from Harvard.

White and the two boys dined at the Café Martin. After dinner the three of them drove to the new Amsterdam Theatre. The boys got out. White turned back towards Madison Square. He arrived on the roof late, after the intermission. Harry Short the comedian had just finished singing *I Could Love a Thousand Girls*. White took a seat at a table down front and to the left. The chorus swept onto the stage. Harry Stevens, the Garden caterer, came over. For a while he and White talked together. Then Stevens left. White was alone, his eyes on the stage, when suddenly, from close beside him, three shots rang out. Without a word he fell forward, slumped across the table, and tumbled to the floor, dead—murdered, as the *New York Sun* said, “by a Pittsburgh idler,” Harry Thaw.

There was a moment of silence, of suspense, then panic broke loose, the audience rising and rushing towards the exits, Thaw shouting and waving his gun in the air. From somewhere in the crowd Mrs. Thaw ran to her husband and threw her arms about his neck, crying:

“Oh, Harry, why did you do it?”

Next morning the newspapers blazoned the story on their front pages. White was described as a famous architect, a roué, a well-known clubman and a connoisseur of feminine beauty. Thaw was pictured as killing in a jealous rage, in defense of his wife’s honor; as the spoiled darling of his mother; and as a young man whose life had been one long round of pleasure.

Three weeks later District Attorney Jerome, visiting in Atlanta, was asked if he considered the Thaw case—as it had become—important.

"Important?" he asked. "Why? What is there important about one man killing another for jealousy? It happens nearly every day in the week. In this case the defendant happens to have money; but, in the eyes of the law, that does not add luster to his situation. The romance is a product of the newspapers. As you know, the witnesses so far—most of them—have not been gifted with reticence. These women love to talk. Miss Edna So-and-so, or Miss Irene Such-and-such, will come down to the office and tell Mr. Garvan or another of my assistants what she purports to know. But the matter doesn't end there. Just outside the office there will be a newspaper man lying in wait. He takes Miss Edna or Miss Irene in charge, and carries her off to some café. Then comes a bottle of wine. Over the wine they talk. Naturally what the young lady has to say becomes somewhat embellished. Yet when finally it gets into print it appears somehow to come from the district attorney's office. Miss Edna and Miss Irene have—so the reader supposed—testified to such and such to Mr. Garvan or myself. And there you are. It's a great game. But important? Why, it's just the every day police court story."

Perhaps—to Mr. Jerome. But to George de Forest Brush and the many others who had time and again begged White not to kill himself with overwork—"your friends," they used to say, "cannot spare you, and least of all your friends among the artists"—to them White's death was not unimportant. Let me quote again from Miss Janet Scudder's *Modeling My Life*:

I was spending a few weeks with a sick friend near Philadelphia. My principal diversion was the walk down to the station and back with the mail. One day, on my way back with a bundle of letters and newspapers, I found the shade of a tree so inviting that I sat down and opened one of the papers, wondering idly what was going on in the world. I can still see the heavy black headlines: *Stanford White killed*, ruthlessly shot down on the roof of one of the most beautiful buildings in New York. It was hot, I remember, a warm, sunny day; but to me it suddenly became cold and gray. I shivered. And I believe that there were hundreds of others who felt as I did—all those who had been associated with Stanford White in making America a more beautiful and a more attractive place in which to live. The captain of the ship of the fine arts had been taken from us; and we knew that there was no one to take his place.

-

WHITE's death was violent. For which reason the newspapers that fatten on sensation played it up. Mr. and Mrs. Thaw were besieged by reporters. Their breakfasts were described, the books they asked for, the lawyers they consulted, their clothes, their comments on the press. Mrs. Thaw denied that she was seeking a divorce. . . .

White was variously described as a Bluebeard, a black-guard, a menace to society and—by the few—an architect of genius.

"It is ridiculously easy," said Assistant District Attorney Garvan, "to besmirch the character of a dead man who cannot reply or institute a suit for libel."

Finally Richard Harding Davis was moved to protest. In *Colliers*, for August 8th, 1906, he said:

One who is permitted to write a few true words about a man who never spoke an unkind one, resents the fact that before he can try to tell what Stanford White was, he must first tell what Stanford White was not: but owing to the manner of his death, and the conduct of certain newspapers, a preface is necessary. To the truth which was sad enough the untrue has been added. Within three days the awful charges fell to pieces of their own rottenness; but that did not correct the wrong that had been committed. Over all the country, over Europe, had been sent broadcast the hideous misshapen image of a man we knew to be so different. Why—if these charges were true—were they made only after White's murder? Fortunately testimony to their falseness comes not only from those who knew and liked White, but also from the witnesses called against him

by the yellow press and by the creature who murdered him. The private detectives who for two years were hired to spy upon his every movement were unable to obtain one item of evidence against him. The Society for the Suppression of Vice which, the yellow press declared, held among its records evidence of White's misconduct, through its president, Anthony Comstock, indignantly denied that this was so, or that there was the least foundation for such a statement. And of three places described as "studios" rented by White, the owner of each showed that White had never visited his home, was utterly unknown to him, and demanded that the newspapers make retraction. Twenty-four hours later, without shame, the newspaper that had accused White of maintaining three harems regretted its "mistake." Its real regret was that it had made the mistake of offending living owners of real estate who might advertise, not that it had wantonly lied about a man who was dead. But, perhaps, what helped most to re-establish the truth, and what in New York started the reaction in White's favor, was the testimony of the women who, if what had been said were so, had the best reason to be White's enemies. It is true that some of these young women, to get their pictures in the *Morning Telegraph*, would talk to newspaper men on almost any subject. But not all of them. And it was the evidence given before the district attorney by one of these latter that first called "shame" to the yellow journals. She spoke at a moment when the shock of White's death and the suddenness of the attack upon his memory had left those who were supposed to be his friends stunned and silent, and when those who did not know him were drawing from this silence the worst conclusions. She broke the silence, and she broke it with an axe, for nothing could be more dramatic than a girl's voice raised in honest indignation against the hysterical shrieks of abuse.

Since his death White has been described as a satyr. To answer this by saying that he was a great architect is not to answer it at all. He was an architect. But what is more important is that he was a most kind-hearted, most considerate, gentle and manly man, who could no more have done the things attributed to him than he could have roasted a baby on the spit. Big in mind and body, he was incapable of little meannesses. He admired a beautiful woman as he admired every other beautiful thing that God has given us: and his delight over one was as keen, as boyish, as grateful as over any of the others. Described as a voluptuary, his greatest pleasure was to stand all day waist deep in the rapids of a Canadian river and fight it out with the salmon. . . .

II

On July 13, Thaw went off the front pages to return on January 23, 1907, the first day of his trial. It required a week to fill the jury box. Mr. Gleason opened for the defense.

Reporting the trial for the *World*, Samuel Hopkins Adams said:

I have attended many murder trials during the past fifteen years, but in none have I heard a forecast by the defense so wandering, so purposeless, so lame, so halt and straggling as the opening address of Thaw's counsel. Hint and innuendo, cross-purposes of insanity, mania, justification and self-defense were whelmed in a jargon of words struggling to express a jumble of ideas.

Mr. Gleason said that he would prove that Thaw killed White under the delusion that he was performing an act of

providence. He did not know that he was doing wrong. Before the trial had proceeded many days, Mr Gleason was succeeded as chief counsel by a Mr. Delmas who was quite certain that Thaw did not know what he was doing. In summing up Mr. Delmas shouted: "If Thaw is insane, it is with a species of insanity that is known from the Canadian border to the Gulf. If you expert gentlemen ask me to give it a name, I suggest that you label it *dementia Americana*. It is that species of insanity that inspires every American to believe that his home is sacred. It is that species of insanity that persuades an American that whoever violates the sanctity of his home or the purity of his wife or daughter has forfeited the protection of the laws of this state or any other state."

The jury retired, confused, but undoubtedly impressed both by the appearance and by the testimony of Evelyn Nesbit—Mrs. Thaw—"that lovely child," as District Attorney Jerome calls her to this day. She had said that White betrayed her—"a preposterous story," according to the *New York Times*—and that she had "confessed" as much to Thaw when he first proposed marriage in the summer of 1903. After that, to quote the *New York Sun*, "she travelled in various parts of Europe with Mr. Thaw and passed many weeks of an informal honeymoon in the Austrian Tyrol with this refined Sir Galahad . . . the sanctity of Thaw's home was never invaded by White. At the time of the alleged "ravishment"—as it is now dramatically called—Evelyn Nesbit (Mrs. Thaw) was a chorus girl and not married to anyone . . .

But the jury was not so certain—nor, for that matter, so well-informed—as the *Sun*: and the trial ended on Friday, April 12, without a verdict.

Next morning the New York *Tribune* said, editorially:

Though the disagreement of the jury will be generally regarded as far less lamentable than an acquittal would have been, the trial has been so extremely protracted and so expensive to the community that every one will regret the necessity of rehearing it in public again. A vulgar Tenderloin tragedy, as Mr. Jerome called it, with a "heroine" and a "hero" who lived the life of the Tenderloin from their teens, it cost the life of a man of genius whose reckless diversions brought him into contact with women like Evelyn Nesbit. A shocking charge against the slain man was the most painful feature of this sordid trial, and to this no opportunity of contradiction lay open. True or false, it was equally valid evidence. Even if false, it went before the court not to be questioned, not to be assailed, not to be disproved, a triumphant bit of malignity. No incident of the trial, revolting as much of it was, produced so disagreeable an impression as the impossibility under the rules of evidence of defending a dead man's character against charges of the basest villainy. There certainly justice failed . . .

We are entering into no apology for the private life of Stanford White, but the exaggeration of a sinner—if such he was—into the violent monster, the slaying of the character after the slaying of the man, for the defense of the slayer, with the aid and sanction of the law, whose rules of evidence afforded no protection to the dead man's memory, offends the public sense of justice. . . . Unquestionably this incident has caused a feeling of impatience with the technical rules of evidence. Surely the jury had a right to know by other means than innuendo and insinuation that White was elsewhere than in the 24th Street house on the night of the alleged outrage, and that no known drug could

produce the remarkable effects sworn to by Evelyn Thaw. The knowledge of these facts—which the public had through the newspapers—would have helped the jury to reach a verdict. . . .

The District Attorney performed a genuine service in his hard-headed riddling of that new and wonderful defense, *dementia Americana*. There are cases in which the sympathy of right-minded, law-abiding citizens goes out to the man who takes the law into his own hands . . . but Thaw's career is notorious. He belongs to what Evelyn in her sophisticated teens called the "Tenderloin bunch"; and this outburst of "uncontrollable passion," as it was called, against a man charged with having had Evelyn Nesbit as a mistress, came only after he himself had flaunted her about Europe as his own mistress. There is, moreover, nothing of American chivalry in the sacrifice of the wife's character on the witness stand—"the higher law," as Mr. Jerome well put it, "hiding behind a woman's petticoats."

A later jury adjudged Thaw insane, and he was committed to Matteawan—whence he escaped . . . to demand a new sanity trial, to be adjudged sane and set free . . . at least, in this country and on the continent of Europe. The British still believe him guilty of murder and will not allow him to set foot in their country where murder is a capital offense.

WRITING in *Vanity Fair*, long after White's death, John Jay Chapman said:

A great man in his love for every one, to White friendship was a form of religion. His attention to the private affairs of people who needed his help—especially of artists—was one of his preoccupations, a department of life to him.

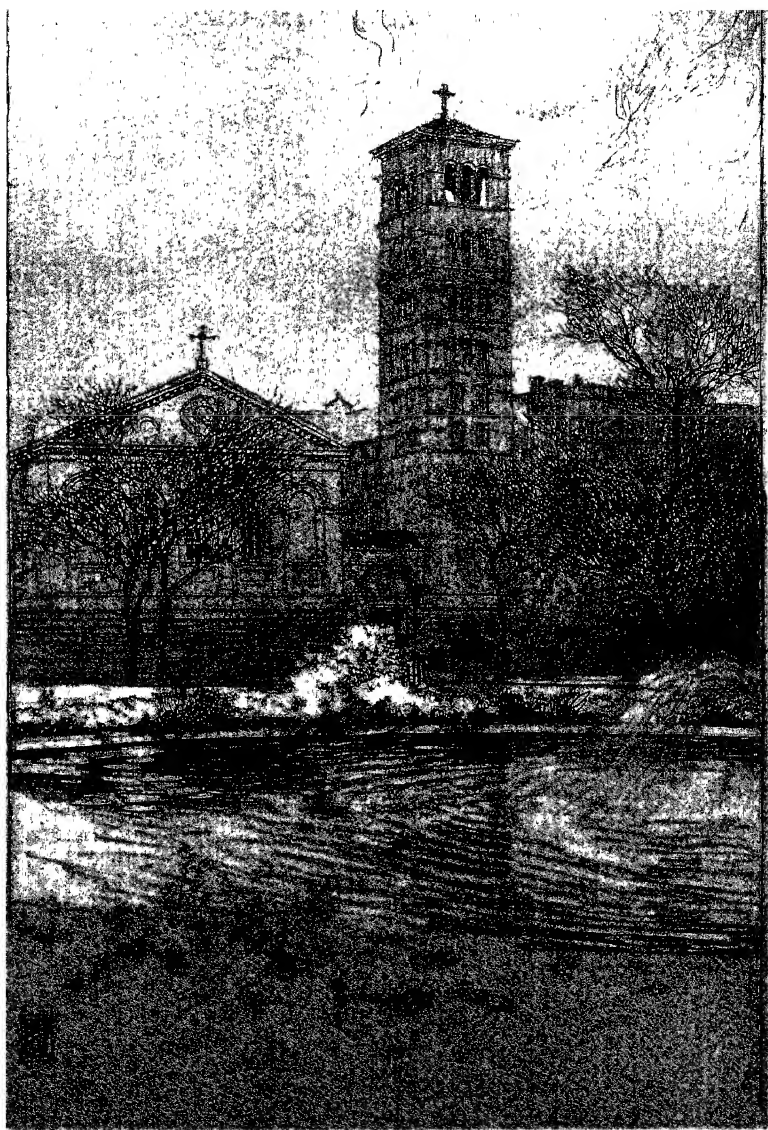
His relation to the merchant class and to the swell mob was of a personal, galvanic kind. He excited them, he buffaloed them, he met them on all sides at once, in sport, pleasure, antiquities, furniture, decoration, bibelots, office buildings, country houses and exhibitions. He was the protagonist of popular art, the prevailing influence not only in architecture but in everything connected with decoration and design.

He was, I think, the greatest designer that this country has ever produced. And yet, he was as much an interpreter of the age as he was an originator. For White was primarily a great human, natural leader, a lover of man, born to success, predestined to be popular, forced by his demon to boom and to awaken—a revivalist; and he appeared at a time and with such talents and such education that he could do this, and did do it, through building and decoration. He swam on a wave of prestige that lifted him into view like a Triton that typified the epoch.

His talent was a decorative, festive talent, nourished upon the pageantry of the Cinquecento. We are so used to these things today that we hardly notice them. It was Stanford White who perceived our need of them and showed

the way. Ornament was his passion. The weak side of his architecture is due in part to his too great reliance on festive ornament. Indeed, some of his work is apt to remind one of those dreaded atlases of photographs which architects keep in their sanctums and which give the motive and the detail of every famous architectural design in the world. The fact is, of course, that the age demanded an impresario who could reel out master-works and put up seven palaces in a week. In the rush of his success White could not always take time to be correct. Besides he could not have held his post and led the procession if he had been a more serious artist. What the people demanded was glamour.

True, White was an enthusiastic rather than a serious artist. Yet I think it was humility (and not want of time or ability) that caused him to delay the expression of his own ideas while so much remained to be said for the ancients—so much needed to be said—if we were to catch up with the past. All about us we see the posterity of Homer, of Holbein and Da Vinci; yet what do these people know—what can they know—of the glories of Greece and Rome unless we bring them to them? They have neither the leisure nor the money for much travel. I will grant that we have work of our own to do, and that the work of such men as Frank Lloyd Wright and John Mead Howells is fine work. But I cannot agree with Wright that there is poison in the pagan beauty of the Pantheon, or that the “grandiose sculpture” of St. Peter’s is an eyesore. In fact, neglect and ignorance of the past is the chief criticism of our present age. It explains our mental and emotional instability. We have no roots. We are, in the phrase of Euripides, idiots dancing down the wind.



Drawing by Birch Burdette Long

JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
1891

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PARTIAL LIST OF THE WORKS OF McKIM,
MEAD AND WHITE
in which
Stanford White
took a leading part

IN looking over this list, it must be remembered that the partners worked in close co-operation, and that it is, therefore, sometimes difficult (if not unfair) to ascribe any one building to any particular member of the firm. However, White's influence and design predominated in those listed below:

1880	Monument to the Founder	Llewellyn Park, N. Y. C.
1881	Morgan, Gov. Edwin D.	Vault Hartford, Conn.
1881	Farragut Statue	Pedestal Madison Square, N. Y. C.
1883	Winans, Ross R.	Residence Baltimore, Md.
1883	Goelet, Robert	Residence Newport, R. I.
	Still, in the opinion of many, one of the most attractive houses in Newport.	
1883 } 1906 }	Cheney, Miss Anne W.	Residence S. Manchester, Conn.
1884	Auchincloss, H. B.	Residence Orange, N. J.
1884	Tiffany, Charles L.	Residence Madison Ave., at 72 St., N. Y. C.
1885	Stewart, D.	Monument Greenwood Ceme- tery, N. Y.
1885	Church of the Ascension	Chancel Fifth Ave. at 10 St., N. Y. C.
	(with John La Farge, Louis St. Gaudens, and Maitland Armstrong)	
1885	Villard, Henry	Residence 451 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
	(now Mrs. Whitelaw Reid)—Hall & Dining Room	

- | | | | |
|------|-----------------------|------------|----------------------------|
| 1885 | Osborn, Charles J. | Residence | Mamaroneck,
N. Y. |
| 1885 | Pennsylvania Railroad | Parlor Car | |
| 1885 | Hopkins, Mrs. Mark | Residence | Great Barrington,
Mass. |
- In its day, the most ambitious country house in America—a monster of a house.
- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 1885 | Bennett, James Gordon | yacht | <i>Namouna</i> |
| 1887 | St. Gaudens' | | |
| | <i>Standing Lincoln</i> | Pedestal | Chicago, Ill. |
| 1887 | Pendleton, F. K. | Residence | Shinnecock, L. I. |
- (Mr. Pendleton, an attorney, with offices at 78 Broadway, allowed his partner, Mr. S. L. Parrish, to "materially modify" White's designs. Clients, as McKim often remarked, are difficult, uncertain, and hard to please.)
- | | | | |
|------|------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 1887 | Atterberry, Charles L. | Residence | Shinnecock, L. I. |
|------|------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
- Later used as a summer home and studio by Wm. M. Chase.
- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------------|
| 1887 | Methodist Episcopal Church | | Baltimore, Md. |
| | With a fine Romanesque tower | | |
| 1887 | Choate, Joseph H. | Residence | Stockbridge, Mass. |
| 1888 | Adams, E. D. | Residence | Rumson Neck,
N. J. |
| 1889 | Restoration of College Church | | Hanover, N. H. |
| 1889 | Washington Memorial Arch | | Washington Square,
N. Y. C. |
| 1889 | Freundschaft Club | | New York City |
- This was the first of dozens of clubs designed by the firm. The second was the Algonquin Club in Boston, designed by McKim.
- | | | | |
|------|---------------------------|----------|-----------------------------|
| 1889 | Battell Memorial Fountain | | Norfolk, Conn. |
| 1889 | Nathan Hale Monument | Pedestal | City Hall Park,
N. Y. C. |
- with Frederick MacMonnies
- In a letter to Lawrence Grant White, MacMonnies said: "It was in 1884 that I went to Paris to enter the Beaux-Arts. Two years later Stanford White, hearing that my money had run out, sent me—unsolicited—my first commission, thereby enabling me to continue my studies. By this generous action at a critical time in my life, and by the beauty of the architectural settings

which he made for so many of my works, he contributed very largely to whatever success I may have had."

- | | | |
|------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1890 | N. Y. Life Ins. Building | Omaha, Neb. |
| 1890 | N. Y. Life Ins. Building | Kansas City |
| 1890 | Players' Club | Gramercy Park,
N. Y. C. |

According to Herbert D. Croly, founder and first editor of the *New Republic*, "to this day (1906) the most charming and comfortable clubhouse in America."

- | | | |
|------|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1890 | Prospect Park Entrance, etc. | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| | with Frederick MacMonnies | |
| 1890 | Paulist Fathers' Church | New York City |
| | in association with John La Farge | |
| 1890 | Whittemore, J. H. | Residence Naugatuck,
Conn. |
| 1890 | Emmons, Nathaniel H. | Memorial Boston, Mass. |
| 1891 | Morgan, E. D. | Residence Newport |
| | with McKim | |
| 1891 | The Adams Memorial | Rock Creek Cemetery,
Washington, D. C. |

White designed the perfect frame for what is certainly the most haunting statue in America—St. Gaudens' ageless figure, shrouded and motionless, yet so alive, so detached and so content in her loneliness. She is, of course, nameless and without inscription. To some she represents Grief; to others Victory. To all she must appear to be a masterpiece.

- | | | |
|------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1891 | Judson Memorial Church | Washington Square,
N. Y. C. |
|------|------------------------|--------------------------------|

Though White was, of course, expert in Romanesque architecture, this was his only major exercise in Romanesque later than the Tiffany House designed in 1884; and even here the detail is early Renaissance. But the arcades and the tower (which give the church its importance) are modelled after the early Romanesque churches of Rome. Begun in 1888, the centennial anniversary of the birth of the Reverend Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary to Burma, the church proper, the schoolrooms, children's home and young men's

apartment house were completed in 1891 at a cost of \$320,500 for ground and buildings.

- 1891 Robb, J. Hamden Residence 23 Park Ave.,
(now Advertising Club) N. Y. C.
- 1891 Century Club New York City
"In the rooms of the Century Club," Herbert Croly once said, "White was most happy in maintaining a strong suggestion of the old New York interiors—than which no atmosphere could have been more appropriate for the apartments of a club with the traditions of a century."
- 1891 Madison Square Garden New York City
To Wm. A. Laffan, owner of the New York *Sun*, the tower of Madison Square Garden was "far and away the loveliest structure in New York City."
- 1891 Hotel Imperial B'way at 31 St.,
New York City

On December 10, 1921, Royal Cortissoz said: "We are accustomed today to mural decorations in our public buildings, but the idea was new and strange when White commissioned T. W. Dewing and Edwin A. Abbey to paint important decorations for the Old Imperial Hotel, yet I would emphasize not so much the character of the specific designs which he caused to be produced. It is the spirit in which he went about the thing that counted—a spirit of glowing comradeship. He put heart into the men with whom he worked! Merely to have White with him was, for an artist, half the battle."

- 1891 Lorillard, Pierre Residence Tuxedo Park,
N. Y.
- 1892 Cover for the Memorial Volume of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration
—published by D. Appleton & Co.
- 1892 King, David H., Jr. Rows of flats 138 & 139 Sts.,
N. Y. C.

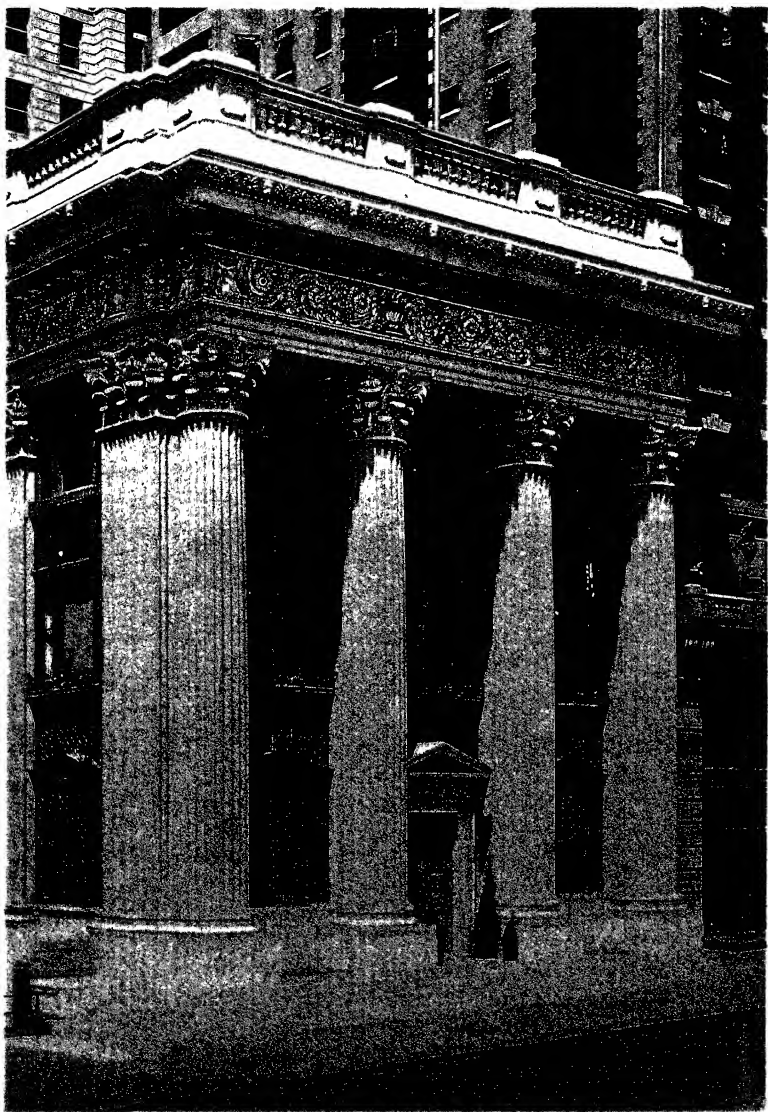
In *Black Manhattan* James Weldon Johnson says: "The Equitable Life Assurance Company held vacant for quite a while the block of private houses designed by Stanford White which the company had taken over following the hegira of the whites from Harlem."

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 1892 | Columbus Centennial | New York City |
| 1892 | Maryland Society's Battle Monument | Prospect Park,
Bklyn |
| | As was his habit on such occasions, White gave his design to the Society. | |
| 1892 | Bancroft Monument | Worcester, Mass. |
| 1894 | Garfield Monument | Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa. |
| | (St. Gaudens' bust of Garfield, on a tall pedestal designed by White, with the figure of America in front of it.) | |
| 1894 | Whittemore, J. H. | Naugatuck Library—Naugatuck,
Conn. |
| 1894 | Whittemore, J. H. | Salem High School |
| 1894 | Whittemore, J. H. | Farm House & Stables—Naugatuck, Conn. |
| 1894 | Patterson, Mrs. E. M. | Residence Chicago, Ill. |
| 1894 | Cataract Construction Co. | Power House Niagara, N. Y. |
| 1894 | Logan Pedestal | Chicago, Ill. |
| | for St. Gaudens' equestrian statue | |
| 1894 | Peter Cooper Memorial | Cooper Institute,
N. Y. C. |
| | with St. Gaudens | |
| 1894 | Wetherill, Mrs. K. A. | Residence St. James, L. I. |
| 1894 | Shepard, Mrs. Eliot F. | Residence Scarborough,
N. Y. |
| 1894 | Nathan Hale Memorial | Huntington, L. I. |
| | White not only made the design, but gave the central shaft as his contribution to the memorial fund. | |
| 1894 | Osborn, Charles J. | Mausoleum Woodlawn, N. Y. |
| 1894 | Miller, Dr. George N. | Residence 811 Madison Ave.,
N. Y. C. |
| 1894 | Metropolitan Club | New York City |
| | One of the earliest, and still one of the most successful, examples of pure Renaissance architecture in America. | |
| 1894 | New York University | Hall of Languages—New York
City |
| 1894 | Broadway & 7th Ave. R.R. Company | Power House Houston St.,
N. Y. C. |
| 1894 | Cosmopolitan Building | Irvington, N. Y. |
| 1894 | Herald Building | New York City |

1895	Barney, Charles T.	Residence	67 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
1895	Tarrytown Drinking Fountain		
1895	Memorial Windows (3)	St. James Church—	Smithtown, L. I.
1895	Shinnecock Hills Golf Club		Shinnecock Hills, L. I.
1895	Bowery Savings Bank		Bowery, N. Y. C.
1895	Memorial to Edwin Booth		Boston, Mass.
1895	Cataract Construction Co.	25 Cottages	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
1895	Root, Robert K.	Residence	Buffalo, N. Y.
1895	Williams, Charles N.	Residence	Buffalo, N. Y.
1896	West Point Monument		
	(with Frederick MacMonnies)		
	White and MacMonnies also designed the Whistler memorial at West Point. They both liked and admired Whistler, the much abused but always interesting butterfly of the eighties and nineties. MacMonnies recently completed a fine bust of Whistler for the Hall of Fame in New York City.		
1896	Goelet, Robert	Cups for Yachting Prizes—	Executed by Tiffany
1896	Twombly, H. McKay	Monument	Woodlawn Cemetery, N. Y. C.
1896	Butler, P. H.	Residence	22 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
1896	Garden City Hotel		Garden City, L. I.
1896	Wetherill, Mrs. K. A.	Residence	St. James, L. I.
1896	Boy and Duck Fountain		Brooklyn, N. Y.
	(with Frederick MacMonnies)		
1896	New York University	Excavation and Walls—	N. Y. C.
1896	Eugene Field Monument	Cover & Title page for	"Field Flowers"
1897	Cover—		New York City
	for the Official Program of the Dedication exercises at the tomb of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.		
1897	N. Y. Life Insurance Co.	Directors' Room	New York City
1897	Mills, Ogden	Residence	Staatsberg, N. Y.
1897	Page, Thomas Nelson	Residence	Washington, D.C.

APPENDIX

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|------|------------------------|-----------|----------------------|
| 1898 | Morton, Levi P. | Residence | New York City |
| 1898 | University of Virginia | | Charlottesville, Va. |
- When asked why he did not locate his own buildings nearer to the Jefferson group, White replied that such temerity must be reserved for a more audacious architect.
- | | | | |
|------|----------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 1898 | Astor, John Jacob | Tennis Court | Rhinebeck, N. Y. |
| 1898 | Cullum Memorial Hall | | West Point, N. Y. |
- In 1902, McKim, Mead & White were invited to compete for a commission to unify and restore West Point. They accepted the invitation, but did not compete—because, as White wrote to Daniel H. Burnham, “a certain newspaper critic with intense predilections and prejudices appears to be the guiding spirit in the affair, and this critic is in favor of, and would impress upon the committee, the adoption of the style of the Library and the surrounding Gothic buildings, or the battle-mented buildings of Richard Hunt, in order that harmony of style shall prevail. Of course, it goes without saying that harmony should prevail; but that a competitor should be made to feel that he would suffer if he made his buildings in harmony with the Cullum Memorial or Officers’ Mess and Quarters, or with the West Point Battle Monument, or his own ideas, would, it seems to me, make any architect of independence of thought withdraw from the competition.” Of White and his independence, Burnham, two years later, wrote to McKim: “What a bully fellow Stanford White is. His sort warms the cockles of one’s heart.”
- | | | | |
|------|-----------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1898 | Louis Sherry Hotel | | 522 Fifth Ave.,
N. Y. C. |
| 1899 | Williams, G. L. | Residence | 871 Fifth Ave.,
N. Y. C. |
| 1899 | Fish, Mrs. Clemence | Residence | 53 Irving Pl.,
N. Y. C. |
| 1899 | Bicentennial Memorial Ass’n | Tower & peristyle— | Detroit,
Mich. |
- Abandoned because Charles L. Freer and Frank J. Hecker found it impossible to raise the necessary funds—a loss, so they said, to every inhabitant of Detroit that only



KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
1906

time can measure. However, as a slight token of appreciation, the Association sent White a draft for \$3,750.

1900	State Savings Bank		Detroit, Mich.
1900	Whitney, W. C. (interior)	Residence	871 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Originally belonging to the Stuart estate, and later the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—of brownstone, the exterior was only slightly altered, but extensive improvements were made in the interior, with the exception of the ballroom; each of the great rooms was fitted with old ceilings, old mantels, old tapestries, old canvases and hangings—"a triumph of architectural skill," according to *Town & Country*, Nov. 18, 1911.

1900	Barney, Charles	Yacht	<i>Invincible</i>
1900	Nathan Hale Memorial		Huntington, L. I.
1900	Prison Ship Martyrs Monument	Fort Greene Park—	Brooklyn, N. Y.

The cornerstone of this monument was not laid until after White's death. "It is rarely beautiful," *Brooklyn Life* once said, continuing: "There is a singular chastity in the art of the late Stanford White, who was as Grecian in his sympathies as it is possible for a modern to be, and it is this quality that stands forth in this monument, which we consider one of the most beautiful of his designs."

1900	Fish, Stuyvesant	Residence	Madison Ave. at 78 St., N. Y. C.
1901	Poor, Henry W.	Residence	1 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
1901	Hollins, Harry B.	Residence	12 W. 56 St., N. Y. C.
1901	Abbey, Edward A.	Monument to	his father-in-law
1901	Chapin, Alfred C.	Residence	Murray Bay
1901	New York University Library		New York City
1901	Cornell Medical College		First Ave. at 28 St., N. Y. C.
1901	Taylor, H. A. C.	Mausoleum	Woodlawn, N. Y.
1902	Mackay, C. H.	Residence	Roslyn, L. I.
1902	Oelrichs, Mrs. Herman	Residence	Newport, R. I.
1903	Pyle, James T.	Residence	Morristown, N. J.

1903	Patterson, Mrs. E. M.	Residence	Washington, D.C.
1903	Gibson, Charles Dana	Residence	127 East 73 St., N. Y. C.
1903	Pulitzer, Joseph	Residence	7 East 73 St., N. Y. C.
1903	Havana Tobacco Company Store		B'way at 28 St., N. Y. C.
1903	St. Bartholomew's Church (porch)		New York City
1903	Interborough Power House		111th Ave. at 59 St., N. Y. C.

In this building White solved the apparently hopeless problem of a box of a building surmounted by four high stacks. The repetition of a simple well-proportioned bay lends interest and dignity to the walls, while the chimneys seem almost elegant, with the grace of Lombardy poplars, owing to their delicate enstases and wrought iron finials.

1904	Knickerbocker Trust Co.		358 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
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In its day, a daring architectural innovation, causing a great deal of comment. Located on a conspicuous corner, the building had apparently no walls in the ordinary sense. A colossal Corinthian order, with richly decorated frieze, was the only masonry to be seen, the space between the columns and the pilasters being filled with bronze grilles and glass to admit the maximum of light.

1904	Grand Central Station (Competition)		New York City
1904	Hanna, L. C.	Residence	Cleveland, Ohio
1904	Lambs Club		128 W. 44 St., N. Y. C.

The cornerstone was laid August 24, 1904. Clay M. Greene the playwright, and shepherd of the club, did the actual work and made a speech giving a brief account of the club's history. This new home (he said) would be the club's eighth, and one of the finest in the city. About half of the club's membership of 700 attended the ceremony—but Greene made the only speech. After the ceremony the audience went into the un-

finished building, where (according to the *Sun*) there was plenty to drink. Among those who responded to toasts were Stanford White, De Wolfe Hopper, Wilton Lackaye and Thomas B. Clarke.

1905	Arnold, B. W.	Residence	Albany, N. Y.
1905	Brook Club		7 East 40 St., N. Y. C.
1905	Lydig, Philip	Residence	New York
1905	Whittemore, J. N.	High School—	Naugatuck, Conn.
1905	Pilgrim Monument (with St. Gaudens)		Philadelphia, Pa.
1905	Lyons, J. C.	Residence	973 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
1905	Stillman, Mrs. James A. (not executed)	Residence	5th Ave. at 72nd St., N. Y. C.
	According to <i>Town Topics</i> , October 19: "The dining room is to be decorated in the Henry II style—and, by the way, these Henry II dining rooms are getting to be as great a bore as DuBarry boudoirs and Louis XIV drawing rooms."		
1905	Barney, Charles T.	Monument	
1906	Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester	Monument	Woodlawn Cemetery, N. Y. C.
1906	Gorham Building		5th Ave., N.Y.C.
1906	Madison Square Presbyterian Church		New York City
1906	Harmonie Club		60 St. & 5th Ave., New York City

Somewhat showy both in design and materials—and probably deliberately so in order to hold its own against the apartment houses which close in on either side. The street front is of marble, the entrance porch two stories high. Immediately above the porch there is a recess large enough to contain six windows in two different stories, embellished by two engaged Ionic columns.

1906	Tiffany & Company		New York City
	I can imagine White asking himself: what better could he suggest for the Tiffany Company—and incidentally for New York—than the reproduction of a Venetian palace, particularly since such a commission would allow him an opportunity to show the tyroes of the		

profession how to enlarge the scale of the original exterior, while preserving the aspect of that exterior and at the same time doubling the number of floors inside.

1906	Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. K., Jr.	Residence	666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
1906	Breese, James L.	Residence	Southampton, L.I.
1906	Roslyn Church		Roslyn, L. I.
1906	Colony Club		120 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

The Colony Club originated five years earlier with Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. Borden Harriman and Miss Helen Barney. The clubhouse—Colonial in style, with a porch or balcony supported by slender Corinthian columns—had the appearance of a private residence, comfortable and dignified, in keeping with the character of the membership.

1906	Whitney, Payne	Residence	972 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
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According to *Town & Country*, October 14, 1911: "The Whitney house stands as a triumphant blending of decorative art, old and new, a marvelous assembling within this century's wall of pictures, furniture, sculpture, tapestries, velvets, and wood carvings which seem veritable voices of that ancient Italy of Leonardo da Vinci, of Benvenuto Cellini, and others of the Cinquecento."

1906	Knickerbocker Trust Com- pany		60 Broadway, N. Y. C.
1906	Phillips Brooks Monument (with St. Gaudens)		Boston, Mass.
1907	Lincoln Monument	Chicago }	From S. W's designs
1930	Lincoln Monument	Chicago }	

For a complete list of the work of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, 1880-1910, see *The Life and Times of Charles Follen McKim*, by Charles Moore.

Of the work of the firm, the Britisher C. I. Reilly wrote in 1924:

Future generations, I am confident, will come to look at the great, if rather impersonal, architecture which came from the McKim, Mead and White office, when at its strongest, as we do now at the work of the great Italian giants. The great difference, however, will be that whereas in the Italian work we can trace the manner of each master and say definitely; This is Perruzzi's, this is Bramante's, we shall never be able to say this is exclusively McKim's, this is exclusively White's, this is Kendall's. At most we shall be able to say, as we do of our great Gothic cathedrals, that a group of self-denying artists worked on this or that building and put so much knowledge, so much enthusiasm, so much of their spirit into it, that as long as it stands it will remain, as it is today, one of the great buildings of the world—all the greater probably, because done in this semi-anonymous manner. That sublime quality which makes great buildings akin to the permanent works of nature, the eternal quality in great architecture, is one which is more likely to arise in work to which no definite name and no definite personality can be attached, but which, like the work of McKim, Mead and White, sums up the finest aspirations of a great people at a great epoch.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S SONNET: WASHINGTON

As lately as March 7, 1930, Mrs. Stanford White received an inquiry concerning this sonnet—this "famous sonnet," as the writer called it, adding that since he was most desirous of including it in his doctorate thesis on *The Sonnet in American Literature*, and since he could find only garbled accounts of its conception, authorship and text, he appealed to her for any true information that the family might have. Wherefore it may be well to quote from the New York *Evening Post* of January 3, 1855, the true sonnet, the letter with which it was submitted, and the learned comments of the editors.

First the sonnet:

Washington
Pater Patriæ

High over all whom might or mind made great,
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
Exalted not by politician's arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master Fate,
And skill to rule a young, divided state,
Greater by what was not than what was done,
Alone on History's height stands Washington:
And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate.
For only he, of men, on earth was sent
In all the might of mind's integrity:
Ne'er as in him truth, strength and wisdom blent
And that his glory might eternal be,
A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation, his posterity.

And now the accompanying letter:

New York, January 2, 1855

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Permit me to call your attention to the enclosed sonnet, entitled "Washington," and to suggest that it would be agreeable to many of your readers if you would print it and inform them who is the author. The leaf on which it appears was found among some waste

paper, and I cannot discover from what volume of poems it came.

The paper appears to be English. "Napoleon," on the other side, is Wordsworth's, and is found among the "sonnets dedicated to Liberty" in various editions of his works: but I cannot find the "Washington" in any of those I have examined. Is it one of his which has escaped collection? Perhaps Dr. Griswold can give some information on the subject. Is there anywhere a more complete and condensed poetical tribute to Washington's character and career? An answer will oblige other readers than

Yours truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

To which the editors replied:

We are unable to inform our correspondent who was the author of the sonnet quoted. We think it cannot be by Wordsworth. Possibly it may have been written by Walter Savage Landor, who venerates Washington beyond almost any other man who ever lived, and of whose terse manner the sonnet reminds us.

Whereupon—though I personally think the editors of the *Post* acquitted themselves very well—chaos broke loose. Critics, poets and schoolma'ams wrote in to complain of such an evasive answer. They knew (they said) the poem to be by this one or that one; they could remember reading it—but where, for the moment, they could not remember. Things got so bad that even the New Orleans *Picayune* was drawn into the argument. Let me quote, in part, from one of their editorials:

We are reprinting a sonnet to Washington which has just now been unearthed from the sleep of years, and sent floating once more upon the sea of newspaper criticism. An old subscriber to the New York Evening *Post* says he discovered it among some waste papers, and that he has since become smitten with desire to ascertain its authorship. . . . Can any of the readers of the *Picayune* throw light upon this matter? We've always set it down as Wordsworth's, and willingly would have laid a small wager that it was to be found among his "Sonnets to Liberty," had we not read in the *Post* that search has been made there for it in vain. But if it is not Wordsworth's, then whose is it? It's worth the inquiry.

LETTERS FROM HOWELLS

EXTRACTS from letters written by William Dean Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to Richard Grant White.

December 26, 1877:

I telegraphed today begging you to send me something of yours for the Feb'y. *Atlantic*, in which we are anxious to have your name appear in sign of your coming with the *Galaxy* to us. Ever since my correspondence with you last summer, I have been in hopes of getting that promised paper on the Variorum Hamlet, but pray send me anything you have ready, and do me the pleasure to count yourself hereafter among our regular contributors.

January 18, 1878:

I have been thinking further, about the matter of your contributions, and this is what I arrive at. We can take an average of ten pages a month from you, (ten *Atlantic* pages), the great part of which I should like in the form of an article signed with your name, and the rest in the shape of paragraphs for the Contributors' Club. As soon as I can get your range in book noticing, I shall be glad to send you new books for review. I should want your copy *without fail* by the 20th of each month, and you would have proofs. You would, of course, choose your own topics. Now if you will kindly name a rate of payment, I will submit your figure to Mr. Houghton, and (if you like my proposition) our affair is concluded.

February 13, 1879:

I've been meaning for some time to tell you how invariably entertaining I find your contributions. I get tired of your lists of Americanisms, but when I come to the proof, I am always interested and instructed. As to such papers as "London Streets," they are delightful: I could go on with them perpetually.

March 7, 1879:

I put my pencil through the paragraph because I thought it took from the dignity of your paper, and because I feared it might vex

a man whom you want to please. "Living in London" is delightful. I enjoyed every bit of it, and long for more. And I wish to say again how much I should prefer such papers hereafter to those on Americanisms. I feel that there is a vast and spreading discontent with that topic, which may any day burst into a murderous tumult in which we shall both perish.

March 12, 1879:

You most amiable of contributors! If I am to say what next, I say more London!

March 27, 1879:

It is true that your papers are signed, but the public justly holds us responsible for their effect, and I therefore have to insist upon certain points. It is a detestable thing to do, and I detest it.

VIOLET-LE-DUC

EUGENE EMMANUEL VIOLET-LE-DUC must be counted among the greatest of the draughtsmen, architects and historians of art and architecture who have graced the long and triumphant history of France. Yet for himself, he felt, the times were out of joint. He must, he said, "cut his way through the rock." Even before his quarrel with the Academy and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts—where he was forced to discontinue his lectures on account of the opposition of the students—he had abandoned all hope in this world; and having none for any other, he directed that he be buried "without the assistance of any minister from any church."

Yet there were men, and many of them, to testify that they thought him a gracious and charming companion, humorous and warm-hearted, always ready to help others. And these same men have testified to his marvelous draughtsmanship, exactness of eye and a rapidity of execution that was (and is) well-nigh incredible. During a stay of six months in Sicily he made 223 drawings. He was never without a pencil in his hand. And as to his memory: He would direct his pupils to sketch some detail—a column, arch or doorway—of some particular church, and criticize their work from memory; and nine times out of ten his memory was more accurate than their vision had been.

On his afternoon walks about Paris he made friends with all the cats he met.

But in architecture he insisted upon the severest logic. Beauty of design must be—and would be—merely one of many results of following a carefully reasoned plan. And the plan must be carried through with the utmost simplicity, using the necessary materials strictly in accord with their nature¹ as did the Romanesque builders of Chartres Cathedral or the Church of the Madeleine at Vezelay, restored by Le-Duc. There must be no pretending that wood is iron or that iron is

¹ Our modernist architects take great pride in their honest use of materials. As a matter of record, however, they are no more honest in such matters than is the Zulu or the Esquimo.

stone. As a result, even in his own work, there is a certain hardness and austerity that, in other hands, soon grows monotonous.

Nonetheless he was justified in his criticism of the Beaux-Arts where students were set to work making designs quite regardless of the possibility of constructing them. Plan and design were criticized for their "character" and "prettiness." The Paris Opera is an example of this teaching—the heavy attic, the barn-like stage, every stone in the vestibule arch hung by an iron rod to the girder above . . . in fact, the whole thing tied together. Yet for all the trumpery detail, the "mass" is imposing and the arrangement interesting. It is not until you reach the stage of constructing such a building that you encounter difficulties. Then you must tie your mass together, with string, or whatever else you may have handy.

JOHN LA FARGE

JOHN LA FARGE: son of Jean Frédéric de la Farge, a French lieutenant of good family and adventurous spirit, who had been sent by Napoleon, with an expeditionary force, to put down the revolution in San Domingo. There he was captured by the rebels and forced to stand by while his entire company was being put to death, his own life being spared solely on condition that he teach the insurgent general, Guenier, to read and write. Later, being warned that all white men were to be massacred, he escaped to a part of the island under Spanish control, and there, by good fortune, found and took a ship to Philadelphia. Arrived in Philadelphia—having learned to love the sea and seamen—he entered into trading voyages, amassed a fortune, bought plantations in Louisiana and northern New York, and, after twenty-five years, retired to the French Colony in New York City. There he met and married the shy and charming Mlle. de St. Victor, daughter of a former San Domingo planter. They went to live on tree-shaded St. John's Park, in Manhattan; and there, on March 31, 1835, their son was born and christened John. In 1842, they removed to Washington Place.

In 1856, grown to man's estate, John La Farge, at his father's suggestion, went to Paris to study painting, partly as an accomplishment and partly as a means of concentrating and focusing his interests which had been scattered between religion, politics, the law, history, music and whatnot.

An English painter with whom La Farge scraped acquaintance on the boat, named Couture as the best possible teacher. But Couture was not at all pleased with La Farge's reasons for wanting to paint. "There are already too many amateurs," he said. "But," protested La Farge, "I want to understand painting; painting is important; I want to be able to discuss it intelligently." On which terms Couture took him on for three weeks—at the end of which time they had another talk, Couture saying: "My students haven't any ideas; they merely want to become little Coutures, so they go on imitating me and my methods

year after year; but you're different. You ought to be copying the old masters in the Louvre, all of them, any of them, that strike your fancy."

And that was the end of La Farge's instruction in the painter's art. He set up his easel in the Louvre and began making copies of Leonardo, Correggio, Tintoretto and others of the Italian Renaissance.

A year later he went to England and came under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites and Ruskin, who proved to be more of a hindrance than a help. Then growing weary of the jargon, the promises and the failures of art, he returned home and opened a law office in New York City.

Another year passed and William Morris Hunt came home. Hunt had been a pupil of Millet's; and in their talks together, he so fired La Farge's imagination that the latter closed his law office and followed Hunt to Newport. There, at last and definitely, he decided to make painting his career; and there he met and in 1860 married Miss Margaret Perry, the granddaughter of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame, and the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

He was debarred from service in the Civil War on account of his eyes.

II

The next sixteen years were lean and hard. Rebuffed by the National Academy,¹ La Farge found such consolation as he could painting the *Madonna* and *Saint John* for the Church of St Peter on Columbus Avenue in New York—the first notable church work ever done by an American—and experimenting with stained glass to the end that he became the greatest master of the art this country has yet produced. The Battle Window in Memorial Hall at West Point is an example of his work.

Then he met Richardson—the wholesome, hearty Richardson who looked upon Academies as so much stuff and nonsense, who knew that it is only such men as are afraid to stand alone that join academies, pretending to see and think exactly as sixty or seventy of their fellow-

¹ One member of the Academy even went so far as to say, with a sneer, of a harmless farm house painted by La Farge; "How can any one choose such a mean and homely scene?" Which makes one curious as to this particular Academician's opinion of Rembrandt's *Old Woman Paring her Nails*.

members are thinking, who remembered that the French Academy began as a league of mediocrities against Corneille. Richardson laughed, and made La Farge promise to work with him on his next suitable commission—which turned out to be Trinity Church in Boston.²

The next year, 1877, La Farge was commissioned to decorate the interior of St. Thomas' Church in New York. In 1885 he decorated the Church of the Incarnation, also in New York; and the same year, for the Church of the Ascension, he made the finest religious painting of our time, the *Ascension*, for which Stanford White designed the setting.

In 1892, he took up teaching, publishing some of his lectures under the title of *Considerations on Painting*, which I recently saw described as "The most important utterance on art ever delivered in America."

III

In the summer of 1885, Richardson, as architect, built two adjoining houses, with a door between, on Lafayette Park, in Washington, D. C., for John Hay and Henry Adams. They were to be completed sometime before Christmas; but on December 6, Mrs. Adams died suddenly under peculiarly tragic circumstances. She had not been well for some time. There was an overdose of a drug; and, without warning, Adams' life was laid desolate. He moved in alone; but, not unnaturally, found it intolerable. He appealed to La Farge, whose son had married a niece of Mrs. Adams; and together, in March, La Farge and Adams set out on their first visit to Japan. They travelled in a private car via the Union Pacific of which Charles Francis Adams, Henry's brother, was president. To the inquiring reporters along the way this looked suspicious. Evidently Adams, the president, was sending his brother to spy out some new territory. Big things must be up. Finally, in San Francisco, one reporter, more blunt than the rest, asked for the object of this trip.

"We are going," said La Farge, "in search of Nirvana."

"Really," said the reporter, somewhat skeptically. "You're sort of late in the season, aren't you?"

² I can find no record of any work turned out by the National Academy that year comparable to La Farge's decorations for Trinity.

"Possibly," said La Farge, "but we'll miss the crowds."

They remained away only a few months; but became, both of them, so interested in Japanese art and in the religions and philosophies of the East, that they went back again in 1889 to explore the South Seas.

Full and complete records of both trips are to be found in La Farge's writings.

IV

La Farge was a great man. This is so rarely true of artists—or of publishers, bankers or business men—that I set it apart as a statement of unique importance. Take his paint brush away from Sargent, and what have you? Not that I wish to be unfair to Sargent. His technique is amazing. But out of his element, away from his easel, he counted and could count for very little. This is also true of Shakespeare, of Rodin, of Balzac and Whistler. You know what a mess Whistler made of his friendships, his books, and (if the truth be told) his life. You know what would happen to most of our bankers if you took their banks away from them—a good fifty percent would land in the bread-line. But La Farge, like St. Francis of Assisi, needed nothing but his own soul to make him great. And I think that he was great for the same reason. Both were deeply religious, both were noble and gentle men.

And neither of them had any sense at all about money. They tell an amusing story of La Farge, how when he was showing a friend through the National Arts Club and they were come to the bulletin board where his name was posted for dues, he pointed to it proudly saying, "See? I'm a member of this club. I had almost forgotten."

And there's another story. In the fall of 1905, I think it was, one of the newspapers reported that La Farge was desperately ill and might be expected to die at any minute. As it happened La Farge was comparatively well at the time. But instead of paraphrasing Mark Twain or querulously complaining because the press so seldom gets its facts straight, La Farge sat down and wrote to the editor a note of thanks, saying, among other things, that the report had brought him a hurried call from his doctor whom he had not seen for weeks and weeks.

He died on November 14th, 1910, leaving between 50,000 and 60,-

ooo drawings, according to his own calculation, and a place that must remain forever vacant at the table of American Art.

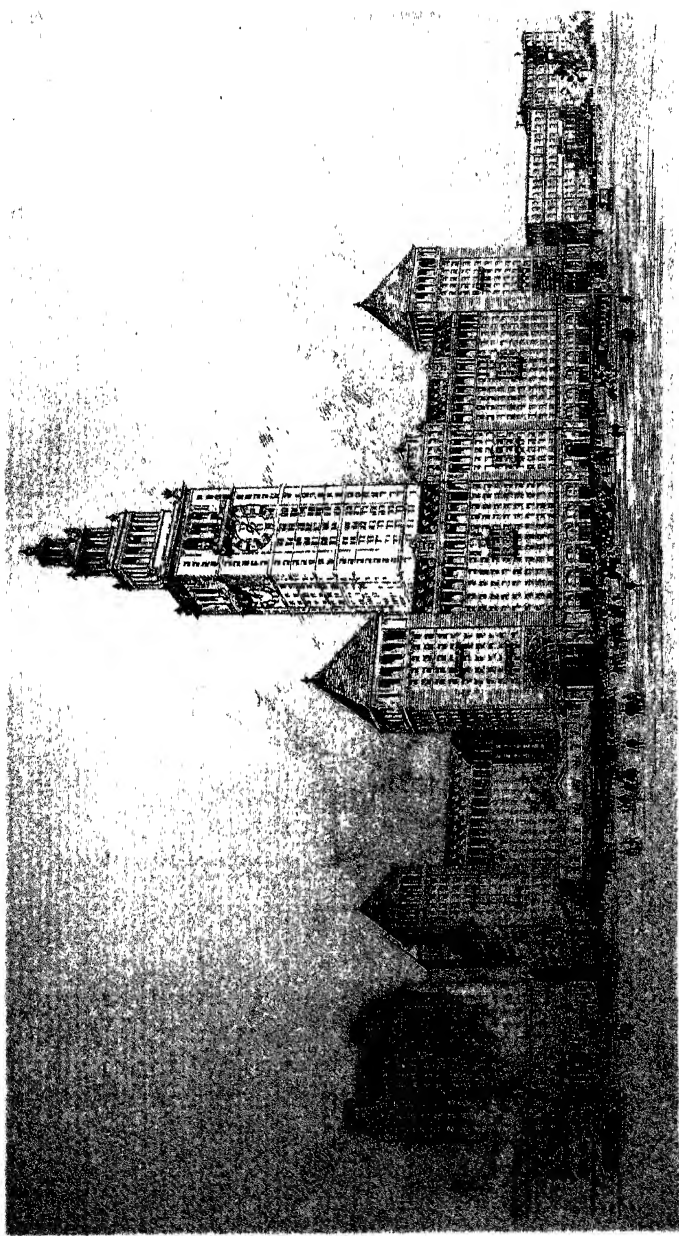
v

But before he died he spoke his mind concerning McKim, Mead & White. The occasion was a dinner given by the Architectural League on January 28, 1909, at which La Farge, the guest of honor, was given a medal for the best mural painting done between 1905 and 1910. (His son, Grant La Farge, was at that time President of the Architectural League.) La Farge complained of being "boycotted" by McKim, Mead & White. Immediately a great hubbub arose. Reporters rushed out to interview McKim, Mead, and, of course, La Farge; but only La Farge consented to speak. He said:

My personal relations with McKim, Mead & White have always been most friendly, despite the existence of an anti-business spirit between us. But I didn't mean to infer that I had actually been boycotted by the firm. My remarks were based on something that the late Stanford White—a man whom I loved not only for his art, but for himself—said to me. He told me over twenty years ago that I would never get any more work from McKim, Mead & White; and in all that time I never did. Yet Stanford always held my art in the highest esteem. He once told a friend of mine that some day my paintings would be worth the price of Rembrandts; but that notwithstanding this, for business reasons, he could never have me do any more work. I let it go at that, and never inquired into the reason why.

After a moment's pause, he continued:

There comes a time, towards the end of life, when one looks back and considers one's associations with other men, the pleasure of their friendship and their commendation, and wonders whether it has been worth the effort. Perhaps, as Stanford said, in some far distant day, my paintings will bring \$100,000; but I don't think my chances are very promising. It took the world three hundred years to recognize the work of Rubens. But what I chiefly regret is the lack of co-ordination in the arts, the want of sympathy and understanding between painters and architects. . . . But I don't want to dwell on what



DESIGN FOR GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK CITY

Design by Stanford White

1904

might be termed my anti-business relations with McKim, Mead & White. Mr. McKim's health has been shattered, and I send a message to him nearly every week. We have been good friends. Of Stanford White I can only speak in the highest terms. I loved and admired the man and the artist; and I think that he reciprocated my regard.

FRANCIS LATHROP

FRANCIS LATHROP: 1849-1909, a painter of fine sympathies and Catholic tastes, a constant source of inspiration to younger men, and a strong influence for good amidst the conflicting insanities of the schools. Whistler undertook the direction of his art education and sent him to London where he could work under William Morris, at whose suggestion he took up decoration. In London he came under the influence of Millais and Rossetti; and his first work displays this influence, founded (as it is) on the principles of the Pre-Raphaelite school. In 1889 he won the competition for stained glass with his knightly windows for the Marquand Memorial Chapel at Princeton. The last fifteen years of his life he devoted to the most complete collection of Japanese prints and paintings ever made. At that time no serious history of Japanese art had ever been undertaken. None was possible; for, as Lathrop realized, before such a history could be written the materials must be assembled. Wherefore he chose such prints and paintings as would best present the evolution of Japanese art from the earliest masters down to Hokusai and Hiroshige. But—though he had expressed himself as willing to bequeath his collection, under certain conditions, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—the collection was dispersed at his death. As is not seldom the case, the Metropolitan's directors found themselves unable to meet the conditions; and the sixty paintings, two hundred and fifty books and over four thousand prints were sold at auction.

FRANCIS MILLET

FRANCIS MILLET: One of the busiest and best liked men of his generation. Born in Mattapoisett, Mass., of old New England stock, he grew up with H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company, and they remained fast friends until Millet's death, with the sinking of the *Titanic*, in 1912.

A veteran of the Civil War, he entered Harvard in 1865, stood high in his classes, and was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key upon graduation. He then worked for a while as a reporter on the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, became a special correspondent, and later won fame as a war correspondent during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, and again during the war in the Philippines. In 1872 he went to Antwerp to study painting at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, rooming with George Maynard of Washington, D. C., and twice carrying off the highest awards for color and composition. About this same time he began to write short stories, submitting a dog story to the *Atlantic Monthly* and receiving in reply a letter from William Dean Howells begging for more. More followed. Whereupon Howells urged Millet to give up painting and stick to writing stories. "It's your *métier*," he said. But Millet liked painting. Besides he was too busy (translating Tolstoi's *Sebastopol* and working as La Farge's chief assistant in the decorations for Trinity Church in Boston) to devote his energies exclusively to Howells and the *Atlantic*.

After the Russo-Turkish War he went to live in England—though his friends were never certain whether they should address their letters to him in England, in Italy, in New York or next door to George Maynard in Washington, D. C. They were only certain of his loyalty, his industry, and his ability to plan and get things done—which last explains his selection as superintendent of decorations for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Later he became a director of the American Academy in Rome.

GEORGE MAYNARD

GEORGE MAYNARD: painter, and like so many painters a pipe smoker, with large, listening ears and wide, staring eyes. His cheeks seem lost in admiration of his nose—a most admirable nose—and his chin is barely visible, peeking shyly from under a straggly beard. Altogether a face such as one sees only in photographs of ship-launchings, cornerstone-layings, etc., etc.

Born in Washington, D. C., in 1843, he went as a young man to study painting at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp, rooming with Francis Millet, and acquiring a facility and a philosophy that were to prove his undoing. All the tricks of all the second raters are present in his work. In no time at all, he became famous . . . as a painter of mermaids. I have counted six in as many minutes—vast canvases, with full rigged schooners, and mermaids tumbling about like porpoises, disporting themselves, riding sea horses, and waving coquettishly to the astonished mariners. Will the mariners approach near enough to tag the mermaids—or will the mermaids disappear beneath the waves upon the nearer approach of the schooners? That was the problem that he set himself—apparently an insoluble problem, for I can find no record of a capture in any of his paintings and no painting of a mermaid vanishing into thin air.

Nor was this the worst of his preoccupations; for when not busy with his mermaids, he painted Circe, asleep upon her couch, her head pillowed on a lion's loins, and "plainly visible through the diaphanous draperies of her robe" (I quote from a catalogue of the Clark Collection) "the form that drove men mad with desire," turning heroes into swine. Or, in graver mood, to quote again from the same catalogue, he would paint, against a background of autumn leaves, "the sensuous head and swelling breasts of a bacchante, the white drapery falling away, revealing, in rich flesh tones, a skin that is palpitating with luminosity."

Is it any wonder that the New York *Herald*, seeking expert opinion upon the value of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, sent a reporter to interview Mr. Maynard . . . who was discovered, enjoying a day off,

retouching some mermaids exhibited earlier in the season at the Society of American Artists?

To the question, "What do you think of the Bartholdi Statue?" Mr. Maynard replied: "I have only seen the model, and therefore cannot speak authoritatively; but if it is a fine work of art, then I think the sooner it gets here the better for all of us. The more good works of art we have in this country the better our art tastes will be."

Well, it's here. Is it a good work of art? And has it improved our art tastes? Could it improve them were it twenty times as good?

You know the answers. George Maynard was familiar with good art. He knew, for example, the work of Arnold Boecklin. In fact, he imitated Boecklin shamelessly; yet he never once understood the thought or spirit that made Boecklin's work inimitable. The old woman who scrubs out the Rembrandt room in the Metropolitan in New York is surrounded by the noblest art. Has it improved her taste? Is she necessarily a better critic of the arts than is some bedraggled poetaster—say Villon—in his empty and cheerless garret? And would her art taste be still better if she were allowed occasionally to clean out the Reinhardt Galleries and the Public Library?

II

In a note to White, dated January 28, 1889, Maynard apologized for certain of his dogmas, adding: "But there is another obligation which I fear I shall never be able to repay. That is, the friendship, kindness and interest you have so often shown for me and of which I am deeply sensible. I don't want to get rid of that. I like it too well."

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE

THE First Romanesque flourished in Lombardy, in Catalonia, and on the Mediterranean slope of France during the eleventh century, following the first millennium—the year 1000—at which time it had been supposed the world would come to an end. But the world did not end. Instead it woke to a new life, to new hopes and new desires, which found their fullest expression in the Crusades and their finest expression in Romanesque church architecture. These churches are characterized by the general use of the aisled basilica developed in Rome early in the Christian era. Transepts are often added, and in some of the larger churches the side aisles are doubled: but beyond this there was little attempt at development. Construction was always direct and simple—open timber roofs and lean-to side aisles. Where vaulting is used it is always semicircular. The piers are single Roman columns or half-columns on four sides of a rectangle.

As a style, Romanesque originated probably at Ravenna, reaching France with the construction of Guglielmo de Volpiano's church of Saint Benign at Dijon. But this first somewhat crude phase was succeeded towards the close of the century by the more expert and interesting manner of building introduced by Saint Hugh at Cluny in Burgundy, with the erection of the beautiful abbey church, begun in 1088, consecrated in 1096, and destroyed during the French Revolution. Professor Conant has recently shown that the church at Semur and the priory of Lowes in England are both copies of the great abbey church at Cluny; and in his *Eglises Romanes* Jean Valléry-Radot proves that the same is true of Paray-le-Monial, built about 1100, of Saint-Androche of Saulieu, of the cathedrals of Autun and Langres, of Notre Dame of Beaune, and of La Charité-sur-Loire. The Romanesque is, in fact, chiefly memorable for a few fine churches, for a few towers—in particular the beautiful leaning tower of Pisa—and for its marvelously decorated façades. It is not suited to ball-rooms or theatres. And it disappeared almost entirely with the coming of the Renaissance, that age of color, of silken drapes and petal-dropping gardens.

Nonetheless Richardson was right—it was peculiarly appropriate to the United States during the seventies and early eighties when the privileged few were busy entrenching themselves in their privileges, tacking up No Trespassing signs, barring the common man from his heritage . . . a return, as it were, to the ethics and culture of the dark ages—and by “dark” I mean of course, “undemocratic.”

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909): shy, kindly and easily accessible to every beginning poet, painter, story teller or essayist, his magazine—the now defunct *Century*—represented all that was respectable in the arts. Being respectable, it was, of course, on occasion, timid. Work that had to do with delving or spades found no place in its chaste pages—as, for example, the work of Stephen Crane, Artemus Ward, Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain or Hamlin Garland. Forty years ago Mr. Garland was a new writer, and a good one. He wrote of the Middle West, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. He wrote of the dust, of rutted roads, of swampland and prairie, of the sweat and smells, of the miseries and degradation of farm life; and he wrote in the vernacular. One day he sent along to Mr. Gilder one of those stories that, reprinted in *Main-Traveled Roads*, has outlived the memory and usefulness of most of the stuff printed by Mr. Gilder. But Mr. Gilder did not think the story would outlive its writing. He sent it back to Mr. Garland, with a note pointing out that the *Century* could not accept fiction in which the characters used English that might tend to corrupt the speech of its subscribers. In short, Mr. Gilder was opposed to any but the purest prose—even going so far as to quarrel with that prince of purists, Mr. Richard Grant White—as witness this letter:

Editorial Department,
The Century Magazine,
Union Square, New York.
February 6, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE:

The March number of *Opera* is printed, and the April is nearly on the press, and the series has been conspicuously announced. Besides I think we can settle our differences without such a harsh proceeding.

I had agreed to print the closing paragraph if modified by you—and will do so—before rereading the criticism pencilled on the margin. Reflecting that that criticism was not intended for your eye, I think it

becomes me to apologize for sending it. I assure you I did it without any thought of hurting your feelings.

Let me say in my own defense, moreover, that the fact that so many much abler editors than myself have passed without criticism all that you have written for them is not fully to the point—unless you can show me a paragraph sent by you to not a newspaper or critical Journal, but a “family magazine”—the *Atlantic*, for instance—as unveiled in its description and as graphic in its unpleasantness as the last paragraph of this article as it was first sent to me. I challenge you to do so—in perfect good nature. Remember the “buzzard,” the “carrion” and all!

Now I have ordered the thing as it stands. I frankly confess I do not like it, and am sorry you do not see your way clear to modify it still more. I sent you a proof and ask you to read it—all about the “hawk” and the “quarry.”

I am sincerely sorry to have offended you. I consider the articles excellent, and I thank you for your exceptional and great courtesy.

Sincerely yours,
R. W. GILDER.

With less formality, under date of August 26, 1886, he wrote to Stanford White, from his summer home, at Marion, Plymouth County, Mass:—

In your peregrinations, can't you stop over here for a day? I can show you your chimney; but especially the hill where—one of these not-too-far-distant days—I hope for a White house. You will say: Confound him, wait till he's ready to build! But, darn your big stockings, I want to be working toward a real ideal—something like that Edgar House in Newport which, to my mind, is almost the most satisfactory thing your firm has ever done in the country house way. It has all—yes, all—the charm of the good old days, all the charm of the good new days, and not one square inch of nonsense.

Three years later, however, in his most formidable style, he conveyed to Stanford White the thanks of the Committee on Erection of the Memorial Arch at Washington Square—of which he was secretary—“for taking charge of the lettering on the Centennial Souvenir.”

And now to quote from Thomas Beer's *The Mauve Decade* on the *Century's* more positive virtues:

Mr. Gilder was no more comic than many editors of this year. He had his blindness and inhibitions, but one considerable merit: he liked oddities in Americans, and he realized, and said, that it is necessary to keep this public constantly informed in history. So in the *Century* you find S. Weir Mitchell's historical tales *The Adventures of François* (the French Revolution seen through the eyes of a thief), *Hugh Wynne* and *The Red City* which are quite as readable today as novels of dolorous young women yearning in the midlands for great careers. The *Century* printed articles on the tune called *The Arkansas Traveller*, or on the capture of the last slave ship before the Civil War, as well as William Sloane's life of Napoleon, Benjamin Ide Wheeler's story of Alexander, Paul Leicester Ford's polite papers on George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, notes of old-fashioned life in Maryland, jottings of Henry Stilwell Edwards on the Georgian farmers of his youth; matter on the slums of cities, on relief of the poor, and on innumerable reforms—and of course, the *Century* printed Mrs. Humphrey Ward's best novel, *Sir George Tressidy*.

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ABBOTT H. THAYER

ABBOTT H. THAYER (1849-1921): a fine and healthy painter, much sought after by museums and collectors, selected by White to paint the portrait of his mother for which he (White) designed the frame. But his letters are a scrawl, scribbles torn from note books or pencil scratches dashed hurriedly across some unpaid bill. This, for instance, is on the application blank sent out by the Geo. West Museum of Art and Archæology, of Round Lake, New York, requesting "one or two of your representative works of small or medium size" for the Third Annual Exhibition of Works from New York Studios, Season of 1889:

Editor of Evening Post.

DEAR SIR: You have doubtless noticed that the noble statue of Farragut in Madison Square has been totally ignored as a participant in the coming celebration of Washington's inauguration. Unless the mistake be remedied by the removal of some of the structure under which the statue is now practically buried, we shall present to the world the grotesque spectacle of a people trampling like swine one of the few pearls we have to show on the very day chosen for parading our century's achievements. As it is, our great admiral is condemned to peer ridiculously over a board fence, for all the world like a school-boy outside a circus. We shame ourselves by such an insult to the man. I refrain from lamenting the ignorance of art that alone would be enough to make us ridiculous.

ABBOTT H. THAYER,
3 North Washington Square

To White, on February 24, 1890, following the tragic death of Joseph M. Wells, he wrote:

You set me longing to get hold of Wells' copy of *Wilson's Ornithology*. I beg you to help me to have it if it is at all possible. Dewing and I are the two friends who shared Wells' bird taste; and Dewing has persistently scoffed at the *Wilson* as worthless: i. e., at the plates as worthless; while I have been very enthusiastic about them ever since I first saw them. In case the books come under the head of things

the family wishes given to Wells' friends; it would be hard luck if I who appreciate it most should not get it.

I had a bully time on Saturday.

Thine,
THAYER.

On a certain October 9 in the nineties—further identification impossible—he wrote from Monadnock, N. H.:

DEAR WHITE:

(Hoping this finds you well and happy!) I want you to—once more—make me a frame design, this time for the enclosed figure. (The photo ruefully libels the expression, especially of the face.) The thing is life size. I have a workman here who thinks he could carve the wood if you would make the design; and I want to try him. I confess that I shall soon be after you again for a frame for a head; and Freer will want one for a landscape—but him you can stick.

Gratefully,
THAYER.

Tearing two sheets from a ruled and lined account book, he sent them along with one of his paintings:

I have ordered N. E. Montross to take this poor little one-rose sketch, stretch it over, and leave it at 56 W. 20. All winter I have been meaning to find time to add other roses to it, but I think Dewing is right that I had better let it go as it is and paint another. So after all this time I fling you this small thing. (Of course, if I did not respect it, I would destroy it instead.) I beg you to believe that scarcely any work is nearer my heart than a somewhat elaborate rose-picture for Stanford White, and which I fully expect to make between now and summer. I have every incentive. I love to work for you, and I long to be at roses again. Indeed, few pictures have ever been so real in my head as this one is. I was excessively disgusted about the beautiful frame drawing. When I shut my studio for the summer it was safe in a corner. Old Tillinghast hired the room of me by letter in midsummer, and I forgot the drawing. She can't find it among her things. You don't suppose she stole it! I have been so tired most of the time that I intentionally threw myself on your certain generosity, and went ahead on other and new money jobs ahead of yours, knowing how gladly you would do anything you could for me.

THAYER.

From Scarborough, N. Y., dating his letter April 23, he wrote:

In view of the uncertainty of my plans I think you had better get your mother's portrait and keep it till I can beg an appointment for the lace which I very much want to paint. Then your mother would kindly, as always, bring the portrait to the sitting.

I am in great trouble. I don't know how much you know of it. My wife—who is, unlike many fellows' wives, the principal part of all my life's atmosphere—has been deep in melancholia for nearly a month. It seemed to come from our agony and wear at the time my daughter Mary was near dying of pneumonia.

Show this to Dewing.

Yours always,
THAYER.

A while later he wrote again:

I write in the pleasantest excitement to tell you that at last I have a picture for you that I am sure will please you. It is not roses. I have failed several times to do you a rose-picture when I began, and have failed to find roses here, so long ago I resolved to give you the first really good thing in the way of a head that I did; and I have suddenly done a really beautiful head of my girl 12 years old. I come home in about three weeks and have the greatest confidence that you will like this. I do believe it is a thing of beauty. Indeed, I am under hallucinations that I have painted rather well all summer. But I get so sick of promising and apologizing that I have rather let you see what a bad lot I can be. This time, however, I seem to have escaped dying without paying you. I hope you and yours are well. How I should like to see you and old Dewing again.

Yours affectionately,
THAYER.

On March 1, 1898, Mrs. Thayer wrote, saying among other things:

I too want to thank you for the beautiful frames you made for Mr. Thayer.

The friendship continued. In fact, as late as March, 1906, there was an exchange of telegrams, post cards and letters, beginning with Thayer's:

It's no use. After all your efforts and mine, I give up, beaten, and let your troubles about the frame go for nothing—except, of course, good will, which is much.

PASSENGER ELEVATORS AND THE STEEL SKELETON

FIRST designed for an exhibition tower adjacent to the Crystal Palace in 1853, the passenger elevator made it immediately possible to raise the height of buildings to seven stories—which the desire for ground rents presently increased to ten. But that was about as far as mere masonry could go without thickening the supporting piers to such an extent that, on a narrow lot, as much as 25% of the ground floor must be given over to brick or stone.

So matters stood until 1889 when the steel skeleton was introduced and, two years later, accepted as part and parcel of American architecture, destined to revolutionize (and impoverish) our ways of living, crowding millions of landless men and women into a few square blocks, forcing them to live without sunlight, without trees, uprooted from the soil, doomed to a servile round of uninspired toil.

Nonetheless—for all its antisocial application—the steel skeleton must be numbered among the great structural advances which have given new resources to architecture. The Greeks and Egyptians had only two posts and a lintel from which to construct their temples and tombs. Then came the Roman vault, and with it, in the Pantheon, a new and wider expanse of unencumbered space. That was all until the thirteenth century when, undaunted by a thousand failures, the monkish architects developed the ribbed vault, held aloft by flying buttresses, and making possible the majestic (and yet ethereal) beauty of the Gothic Cathedral. Another six hundred years went by; and then, towards the middle of the last century, with the invention of the metallic truss, there appeared the exhibition halls, train sheds, and armories that dot our cities. Finally, as I have said, in 1889, the steel skeleton was introduced to free architecture from the massive walls which, through the ages, have kept it from soaring . . . except in the frail and practically useless form of the spire.

RUSSELL STURGIS

RUSSELL STURGIS (1836-1909): architect and critic of architecture, and the most prolific of the petty despots who, after the example of Ruskin, set themselves up in this country as dictators in matters of art, subjecting artists and public to an intolerable tyranny. There was, so far as I know, no subject even remotely connected with æsthetics in which he would not and did not have his say; and his say was never open to debate. (His tune was Whistler's "I'm not arguing with you, Chase, I'm telling you.") Naturally, since they were directly in the line of his vision, he gave considerable thought and space to the works of McKim, Mead & White. White he never liked; but both McKim and Mead began in his office. And even after McKim had gone to Paris to study, Sturgis kept up his interest. In one of her letters, McKim's sister wrote that Sturgis was designing for their father a house to be built on speculation, and that he (Sturgis) had promised a letter of introduction to Viollet-le-Duc, but, she added, "he will probably never write it since he is such a procrastinating man and thinks M. Le-Duc does not take pupils." Of course, the letter never reached McKim, who was much disappointed since his admiration for the great architect-archæologist had gone so far as to induce him to begin a translation of some of Viollet-le-Duc's writings.

Sturgis' attitude toward the work of the firm may be judged by extracts from two letters written to Peter B. Wight. The first is dated some time in 1897:

What I mean by a mere classical revivalist is precisely any one of the firm of McKim, Mead & White. That firm is deliberately working—and has been for three years—in the direction of square, bare, blank, unvaried, unmodified boxes, with holes cut in for light and air, except where a Roman colonnade is introduced. They seem to choose deliberately the no-style which consists in following the least interesting Italian work of the seventeenth century, merely reducing it to a still blanker and barer monotony by leaving out the slight vestiges of a sculpture which the late Italian style had presented. This style they

would be wholly unable to recommend and foist upon their clients but for that good taste which is the unquestionable gift of the designers of the firm. I cannot but suppose that McKim, Mead & White resort to this style because it is easy to work in. However that may be, it is most depressing to see the willingness with which millions are given to such fatuous designing.

Of the competition for Columbia College, won by McKim, Sturgis wrote:

The present strong leaning towards a formal kind of classic must not be lost sight of. In the case of Columbia this is very marked; and the resulting slight to their very excellent and in every way meritorious architect, Haight, was a great scandal. McKim, Mead & White were chosen in advance on a direct vote of the trustees, and so was the style fixed in advance. But you would have to be among the younger architects and head draughtsmen to realize how strong this tendency is. It is ludicrous the way they denounce and decry everything which is not a very formal classical design. They ridicule even good pieces of Renaissance because they do not conform to the Vignola standard.

About this same time, he publicly reviewed the work of the firm. I quote from a review of that review:

A notable enterprise is the beginning of the Great American Architects series in the *Architectural Record*. It is fitting, too, that a series of so much importance should be opened with a chapter on "The Works of McKim, Mead & White," text by Russell Sturgis, with more than one hundred illustrations. This firm, with the remarkable record of achievement which it can show, is, as the author points out, composed of men who have hardly reached middle life. As compared with their chief competitors in the race, they are youths. And yet the record of the important buildings they have designed and brought to completion is comparable to the record of any architect or firm in America. Mr. Sturgis proceeds to take up the buildings designed by the firm in order, beginning with the elegant Century Clubhouse in New York, and commenting successively on that and more than a hundred other structures, of which five full-page pictures are given. . . . The text reveals a distinct and deplorable want of sympathy with the work of the artists under consideration. However, the illustrations speak for themselves, and one is not obliged to wade through the reading matter; neither is assent obligatory, even if one does read it.

GEORGE FLETCHER BABB

GEORGE FLETCHER BABB: senior member of the architectural firm of Babb, Cook & Willard, with offices at 55 Broadway, New York, and 408 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis—but chiefly valuable, according to the less awed of his friends, for his dry humor and the intricacy of his puns. "Badger Babb," they called him. St. Gaudens, however, appreciated his talent, and from among all his architectural acquaintance selected Babb to remodel the farmhouse he had purchased for a home at Cornish, N. H. "Make it smile," St. Gaudens said; "today it looks so gaunt and forbidding, as though abandoned because of the crimes committed in it." Babb set to work, and succeeded so well that today the house, with the terrace added by St. Gaudens, looks something like a prim New England spinster struggling in the arms of a Greek faun. The DeVinne Press building is another of Babb's triumphs.

Late in 1889, Babb wrote to White:

I understand that Wells is very sick, and the young man that I sent to your office says there is fear that he will not live. This destroys all my happiness and peace. Do tell me if there is any truth in it. If I could give one ray of pleasure to him by seeing him, please let me know. But if it is true that he is beyond hope and that I could not add to his personal happiness, please spare me. I don't know when I would ever get over the shock of seeing him suffer.

JOSEPH M. WELLS

JOSEPH M. WELLS: His talent for decoration was such that great things were expected of him . . . and he died young. Those two sentences—or parts of one sentence—explain, I think the scattered and always laudatory references to Wells that every careful student of architecture must encounter in his search of the files. Not that his reputation was undeserved. Quite the contrary. I find him one of the most attractive (if not the most gifted) of the men who labored, in the eighties, to bring beauty into the lives of those who frequent the streets of New York. He had humor and (to appropriate Hemingway's phrase) guts—or "grace under pressure." He could withstand the criticism of his friends and the indifference of acquaintances. And somehow, somewhere, he had explored (or so it seemed) the whole of architecture, returning laden with the choicest spoil. He was shy: and this added immeasurably to his charm. He was without bitterness or contempt; yet it pleased him to play the cynic, aiming the shafts of his wit at the (and they were many) shams and hypocrisies of his age, aiming them, indeed, on occasion, at his betters. Cass Gilbert, for one, tells of a time when Stanford White burst into Wells' room, with one of his drawings in his hand, which he (White) proudly exhibited, saying: "There—look at that! In its way, it's as good as the Parthenon."

"Yes?" said Wells, "and so too, in its way, is a boiled egg."

Wells was the first of the literally hundreds of young men to enroll with McKim, Mead and White—antedating even White by three or four months. Yet his influence did not begin to make itself felt until, in April, 1882, McKim received from Mr. Henry Villard, president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a commission to design a group of houses on the east side of Madison Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-First streets. From Mr. Villard himself, I believe, in conference with Mr. McKim, came the suggestion that the building should be around three sides of a court; but the preliminary designs were made by Stanford White who had already achieved a reputation through his

work on the Tiffany Apartments. These designs called for rock faced stone. Then, before the planning could be brought to a conclusion, White left on his trip to New Mexico, with St. Gaudens. McKim was busy in Newport and Boston. Whereupon Mr. Mead called in Wells, Cass Gilbert, Clark, Harlow, Whidden, Chamberlain and Hazlett, and assigned to them the various jobs on which White had been engaged. Wells was asked to take the Villard houses—which he agreed to do, but only on condition that he be allowed to throw away everything that had been done except the plan. This was agreed to: whereupon Wells produced a Renaissance façade based on the Cancelleria Palace in Rome.¹ This was the first time that a true and strong feeling for the Italian Renaissance had been allowed to show itself in the work of the firm. Heretofore that work had been almost exclusively in the Richardson manner, or picturesque after the fashion picked up in Paris at the Beaux-Arts by McKim. It had been good work—the Newport Casino, the Portland Hotel in Oregon, and a long list of city and country homes; but it was not such work as is usually identified with the name of McKim, Mead and White.

Wells' value to the firm is well expressed in a letter from McKim to Stanford White, written after a dinner at the University Club, then on Madison Square:

December 7, 1889

DEAR STAN:

Wells is mended again. Your call and his dinner, and the opportunity to lay for Babb which he never once during the meal failed to take advantage of—all combined to restore him to an amusing vein of good humor, and he volunteered the remark on the way to Rector Street, that the upsetting incident of the evening should not be taken too much "au sérieux."

For my part I would hail his accession as a partner with delight. In spite of his failings I feel more every day the obligations of the office to him. To my mind he stands alone in the profession for thoroughness and a scholarly ability; and I feel sure that you value the soundness of his judgment in composition quite as much as I do. When you

¹ During the studies for the Villard houses, Mr. Villard and Wells became close friends; for though Wells prided himself on his cynical humor, he never spoke of Beethoven except with the gravest enthusiasm: and Beethoven's work was dear to Mr. Villard.

think of it, he is wretchedly poor and badly provided for, without a home or any of the good things of this world.

He must indeed, as you said tonight, feel the dependent position he occupies at his time of life. It seems to me that it would be only a fair requital of his invaluable services to the office, past and to come, and of the esteem in which we all hold him, to place his name in some manner upon our paper. It would be everything to him, and I do not see that its addition need complicate our affairs, or the case be different from that of Evarts, Choate and Beaman: or Tracy, Cleveland, Evarts & Bates. . . .

As soon as you can let up on Kendall or Weeks or Hunter, I shall be glad. I am not grumbling and will try to get along somehow in case you are too rushed to spare either of them—but I am in a bad way for help. As to your columns as shown on the first story, Casey perspective—they are splendid.

Affy,
CHARLES.

The story goes that Wells was offered a place in the firm, but declined—respectfully—because (he said) he could not afford to “sign his name to so much damned bad work”²—he must be careful of his work and his reputation. This was said shyly, with intent only to prod White; but it was true. To Wells architecture was at once the most useful and the most exacting of the arts. Bramante was his master . . . Beethoven his idol.

In Will Low’s warm-hearted *Chronicle of Friendships*, there is an account of Wells’ part in arranging the Sunday concerts in St. Gaudens’ studio³—the concerts that were to serve, with the façade of the Century Club and the Villard Houses, as (in some sort) a memorial to Wells. . . .

Those were the palmy days of Harrigan and Hart, when something approaching a native drama held the boards of the downtown theatres in New York. St. Gaudens was then (as always) a thorough New Yorker. He liked to dip into the life of the city. And to share

² Sixteen years later McKim urged that William M. Kendall be made a member of the firm, saying that he was almost ashamed to sign the name of McKim, Mead & White to any more of Mr. Kendall’s work—the Pennsylvania Hotel, for example, the Municipal Building, the Arlington Bridge, Bellevue Hospital, and the main Postoffice in New York City.

³ Mrs. Stanford White tells me that Wells was regarded by his friends as an autocrat in musical matters—though not, of course, the only musical enthusiast.

his adventures he drew about him the choice spirits of his generation—among them Wells.

And now—to quote Mr. Low:

Save in physical appearance, Wells had much of Thackeray's Warrington in *Pendennis*, and the gentler side of his character in which, like his prototype, he was not deficient, was shown by his love for music. So that it was through his activity that the concerts of chamber music, by four musicians selected from the orchestra then being conducted by Theodore Thomas, were given in the large studio in Thirty-Sixth Street which St. Gaudens had built for his work. Some forty men—most of them painters, sculptors and architects—were joined in this enterprise, and for two years, every Sunday afternoon from October to May, we sat or reclined at our ease on the divans which ran along the walls of the studio, listening, with the pleasant accompaniment of tobacco, to the two violins, the viola and the cello. Bach, Beethoven and Mozart were the company. But the death of our impresario (in 1890) came rudely to disperse this harmonious assemblage, for none of us had the heart—as few had the ability—to reorganize the company for a third year. Extracts from two of St. Gaudens' letters show the sculptor and the young architect in so amiable a light that I feel compelled to quote from them:

"And then Wells, the spitfire, will come on the scene, leaving all his maliciousness off as he enters the house, and becoming the most companionable of men."

And the second:

148 West 36th St.
February 29, 1892

"Next Sunday, March sixth, come to my studio at 3 P.M. The fellows who formed, during its early days, the quartette will be here to listen to three pieces of music of which Wells was fond. March first was his birthday, and a cherished desire on my part to recall him to our memories every year, in a way he would best like, I will carry into execution for the first time. None but the artists who used to come to the first concerts will be here.

Thine,
A. St. G."

I am indebted to Mr. W. M. Kendall, the present senior partner of McKim Mead, and White, for this additional note on Wells: "So far

as I know his work was confined to the details of building. In that he was supreme. Nobody before or since has equalled him in the appropriateness and scale of his ornamentation: and this, of course, gave great character to the buildings he decorated. But the ensemble, and by implication the kind of detail, was invariably decided by a member of the firm—Charles McKim or Stanford White. The Villard Houses and the Century Club are examples of what happened.⁴ The former never could have been ascribed to White, the latter never to McKim. But to return to Wells. In addition to his genius for detail, the important, and perhaps the most important, influence he had upon the firm was his stand for the classic (and particularly the Italian) style of architecture. Too much cannot be said for him in this.”

II

In his rooms—where a huge framed portrait of Dr. Johnson held the place of honor above the mantel—Wells kept a day-book in which he jotted down random thoughts, quotations that took his fancy, and occasionally some record of his doings. From this memo-book I have selected such of his notes as seem to me most representative of the man as critic and artist.

- July 24, 1886: We have plenty of patent exterminators for rats, fleas, bed bugs and other vermin: but none for amateur pianists.
His wit is as broad as his mind is narrow. (Suggested by Dewing)
The religion of a Humanitarian reminds me of the man who does not smoke himself but keeps bad cigars for those who do. (Suggested by Babb)
No man should allow himself to get a reputation for doing well things which are distasteful to him—otherwise he will have nothing but distasteful things to do.
- August 8, 1886: Formerly I used to be frequently misunderstood—which, at times, made me miserable: but since

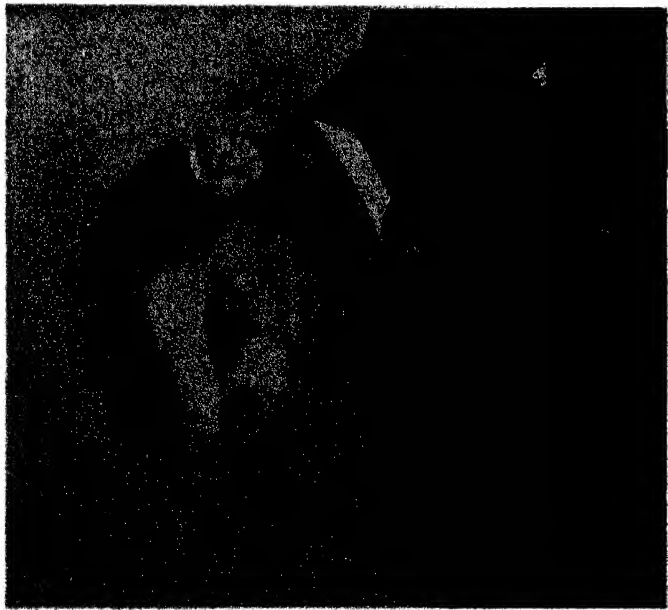
⁴ Wells also had a hand in designing the Boston Public Library. The first sketches were made by Stratton. Later McKim became enamored of the Bibliothèque Sainte G  n  vieve in Paris. But it was Alberti's San Francesco in Rimini that left its mark . . . and Wells'.

discovering that it is not always through my own stupidity, I am proud of it, and in fact rather enjoy it.

A wise man will avoid exciting the contempt of fools—though when he does he should be proud of it.

- October 24, 1886: A political reformer (such as Henry George) resembles a patent noiseless ventilator—which makes a hell of a racket and ventilates nothing.
- November 3, 1886: The position of the creative artist with regard to the public in this country is that of a humorist trying to amuse the unamusable.
Style is the union of all the qualities necessary to make a work successful.
- December 12, 1886: The opinions of a man past forty are more determined by his liver than by his brains.
St. Gaudens and I differ in this—labor is a drudgery to me as thinking is to him.
- January 21, 1887: In architecture, individuality of style is at best a doubtful merit, and in a great majority of cases a positive (if not a fatal) defect or weakness.
Idealism (of which architecture is the highest expression—more so even than the symphony) will not admit of human frailty.
The surest way to humble the pride of intellectual people is to introduce religious discussion among them. There is nothing new to be said on the subject, and nobody knows anything about it anyway.
- February 16, 1887: The asses all say that Byron is no poet, and that Wordsworth is a great one. I know better.
- June 3, 1887: Cleanliness akin to godliness? It is a singular but significant fact that prostitutes are, physically, the cleanest persons alive. I have observed on my daily walks to and from Grand Vatel,⁵ through Wooster Street, that the sidewalks in front of the fast houses (which are the lowest in New

⁵ The French restaurant where he dined in such state. "Ah, what food!" said Mr. Kendall to me. "I lunched with him there three days before he died."



JOSEPH M. WELLS

From the portrait painted in two hours by
Thomas W. Dewing



STANFORD WHITE

1880

York) are invariably kept clean and neat, while those in front of the respectable houses are generally littered with dirt, old slops simmering in the sun, sardine boxes, fish entrails, and all sorts of filthy garbage. As far as my personal comfort is concerned, I could wish the entire street composed of nothing but dens of infamy. Yet such as it is, I think it more interesting than Fifth Avenue—but cannot tell why. Perhaps because there is more *humanity* in it—though I do not consider myself a humanitarian.

July 15, 1887:

Kindly humor is generally a bore.

August 12, 1887:

Ascetism is no hardship in a hot climate.

A great genius is a god-send to humanity, but a terrible burden to his family and friends.

October 3, 1887:

To all Great Men who wish their littlenesses to remain hidden, my advice is: Never sit for a bust or a portrait, or build a house.

May 2, 1887:

The classic ideal suggests clearness, simplicity, grandeur, order and philosophical calm—consequently it delights my soul.

The medieval ideal suggests superstition, ignorance, vulgarity, restlessness, cruelty and religion—all of which fill my soul with horror and loathing.

The Renaissance ideal suggests a fine and cultivated society, with its crowds of gay ladies and gentlemen devoted to the pleasures and elegances of life—which excites my admiration, but not my sympathies.

It is inconceivable to me how any civilized architect can design in the Romanesque or Gothic styles. The absurdity of such a proceeding is immediately evident in painting or sculpture. Why should it not be so in architecture? ⁶

⁶ Wells forgets that painting and sculpture can (and often do) tell a story. Music and architecture cannot. Painting and sculpture may be judged ethically—for all I know. But music and architecture are neither moral nor immoral. They have no subject matter.

- November 25, 1887: I wouldn't change brains with any man living—though I might make many good bargains by so doing. But I am perfectly willing to change teeth, bowels or legs, those being my peccant parts—as I am a frequent sufferer from tooth-ache, dyspepsia and gout.
- November 28, 1887: Heard *Fidelio* last night with Lehman and Niemann. Herr Seidl conducted. A very interesting performance. This certainly is a musicians' opera, more than all others—*Don Giovanni* excepted. Wagner, with all his knowledge and dramatic genius, has never equalled the first half of the second act which is all but the highest attainable in dramatic music.
- July 14, 1889: In a photograph of Thackeray, in my possession, which I believe was taken three years before his death, there is a singular combination of qualities—a strong humanity united to a barrister-like expression. Think of it—a lawyer and a human being in one and the same person! But I feel certain that the most genial of satirists must have failed, had he entered that diabolical trade.⁷

III

Early in July, 1880, Wells sailed for Europe, arriving in Liverpool, and spending all together two weeks in England. Under date of August 1, he wrote to White from Paris:

I did very little journeying in England. My tooth ached so for a week I felt like damning everybody and everything right and left. My first junket was to Chester, an interesting old place. I did not care much for the Cathedral; but St. John's Church, an old Norman work, is very charming, both as architecture and as a ruin in spite of some restorations.

London is a damn big place, but there is very little architecture. Everything is eminently respectable and solid. Westminster Abbey is of this class, quite respectably good and interesting, but (God!) what a frightful collection of monuments—probably the result of a competition in which each of a thousand stone-cutters strove to produce

⁷ This is the last entry in his book.

the ugliest monument possible. And (literally) each one is uglier than any of the others. But I enjoyed the service in the afternoon, and heard it three times. Yet what gave me the greatest pleasure in London was the National Gallery, especially a certain portrait by Velasquez which seemed to knock everything else, old or new, higher than a kite. Next to this came the Greek sculpture in the British Museum. I regret that I did not visit this collection till near the end of my stay and so saw it only twice. I also spent a day at Kensington and made an excursion to the Abbey at St. Albans which is still a good affair in spite of the fact that they are doing all they can to restore and spoil it.

I took many walks in old London, and saw a very old Norman Church in Smithfield—St. Bartholomew the Great—which I would not have missed seeing.

St. Paul's is a great humbug, the exterior good and bad common-placeness, the interior pretty generally bad—something I do not wish to see twice.

So far as I can see only two kinds of remarkable architecture have been done in England—their domestic work, and the Norman. The first is not architecture, and the second was not done by Englishmen.

I came to Paris via the Boulogne route, the Channel as smooth as glass, so I do not yet know whether I am subject to seasickness.

I shall say very little now about Paris. At first sight it was disappointing—a very clever city. Even their big monuments are so clever it takes away from their bigness.

I have a room in Rue Jacob near the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Haven't been about much. Everybody I know seems to be very busy, so I am virtually alone. It would be much pleasanter if I had a companion. There is no Opéra Comique till September. Have not been to Mabilie or Café Chantants and don't intend to. Manage to make myself understood in a way, but despair of ever speaking French.

On October 10th, he wrote again:

I have been having a good, bad and indifferent time since last you heard from me. I have done the Louvre, and for the past fortnight have been travelling in the northern parts from Rheims around through Laon, Soissons, Senlis, Compiègne, Amiens to Beauvais and Paris. It is needless to say that the Loire was by far the most delightful and enjoyable, as well as the most profitable, since there you find the best examples of my favorite style. Gothic I stare at; Renaissance I study—not because I think it best, but because it is most convenient to my own taste. I place early 13th century Gothic at the head of all modern

styles, but should as soon think of designing Egyptian or Indian. It is as dead as a door nail now. And any other Gothic is inferior to Renaissance. . . .

I did not think Orléans interesting at first, but on a second visit saw it more thoroughly. The museum in the Maison de Diane contains good detail enough to supply three architects with original ideas for a year. The idiots in charge would not permit me to sketch so it did not benefit me.

The Château de Blois was at first very disappointing. Later I decided that the exterior façade was the finest palace front in France. The court I do not admire as a design, but only in detail; and it is about spoiled now by the restorations. At Chambord I found the same defect—imperfect design and wonderful detail, the lower parts even stupid and commonplace, but the upper part magnificent, especially in color, not having been restored; and the interior the finest of all, beyond praise.

Rheims was another disappointment outside—impossible to add another ornament to it. You feel like shaking it to bring down a lot of them. But the west end of the nave is worth travelling around the world to see, if you see it just at the right time, an hour before sunset. The color is then finer than Chartres. In Rheims also I found a charming Renaissance doorway—Rue Talleyrand—which looked familiar, so I suppose you sketched it. You must have had a tough job if you did.

At Amiens I was frightfully swindled by the hotel, but that did not prevent me from enjoying the cathedral.

Sketching comes easier to me now than at first, but I have not yet made anything satisfactory though I have sketched no less than six farm houses in different parts of the country. Renaissance detail is altogether beyond powers like mine. Nonetheless I have had the impudence to try to draw a considerable quantity of it. The picturesque is naturally the most fascinating to draw, but I question whether it teaches one anything. I think we admire a good many things for qualities that are not architectural. Sentiment has much to do with it. The old brown tile roofs are very charming—when they are old. One of the great advantages of visiting Italy is that it will purge the mind of a morbid love of the picturesque.

On January 18th, 1881, Wells wrote from Florence, complaining of the cold and the lies which had led him to believe that he would encounter an ever-soft wind blowing from an ever-blue sky. Nothing

of the sort. "Today," he said, "it has been snowing all day, and I can imagine nothing more disheartening than to be greeted by such weather on a first visit to such a city as Florence. The wealth of all the Indies and the wiles of the devil himself could not tempt me to visit this country again at this season. I am having a dismal time. Tomorrow I shall try to hunt up Mead's brother."

But a week later he was writing:

Italian architecture is great and grand and dignified. In work requiring simplicity, they go so far beyond the French as to be beyond the pale of comparison. Another excellence is their magnificent style of execution. They are the most skillful artists in the world—but they are inferior to the French in the free handling of detail or design. And in Gothic they are not to be compared with the French. There is nothing I have seen in Italy on a par with Chartres. On the other hand there is nothing in France as grand as the Strozzi or the Pitti palaces. But I see very little to sketch. There are no picturesque groups of roofs. No Italian ever made a crazy design like some of those things in Brittany.

Later still he wrote:

I want to take back some of what I said about Italian weather. Today seemed the most gentle and kindly the world has ever seen, scarcely a cloud visible, the sky of finest blue, the air clear. I walked to Fiesole and back. . . .

I am having a grand though not a jolly time, being all alone. I wish you and Babb could be here, so that I might profit from your discussion.

One of the advantages of coming to Europe is the independence it gives one, unconsciously. I do not care a damn what Ruskin or Hamerton or Ch. C. Perkins or Ch. Eliot Norton says on any subject. Their opinions are for those who cannot see the country or form any ideas of their own. Who cares anyhow about critics? . . . N. B. I regret extremely that I shall not have the opportunity of hearing your lectures on Early Christian Art or whatever the subject is.

The last of Wells' letters—dated Thursday Noon, December, 1889—was not addressed to White. It read:

DEAR DOCTOR:

I have had a set back the last two days and am worse than before.
Will you please call and see me—as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

J. M. WELLS.

The Benedict,
80 Washington Square

He died the next day.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ROYAL CORTISSOZ: "The always pleasant flow of his art criticism"—so, with good reason, the *Yale Review* described the writings of Mr. Royal Cortissoz, for the past thirty years art editor of the *New York Tribune*, but formerly (and, I think, more importantly) office boy to the firm of McKim, Mead and White. And what an office boy—attentive, eager, devoted not only to his employers but to every visitor with the wit to cross their floors. "I was there!" he says proudly of the brave days on the top floor, 57 Broadway. "I saw them all La Farge, St. Gaudens, Thayer, Warner, Dewing, Bunce and Weir—drifting in and out of the office . . . drawn by White's genius for friendship and McKim's artistic conscience . . . the rectitude and taste that made that office a rallying ground for gifted men."

Brave days when—in spite of the peculiar notions of propriety fostered by the good Queen and, in her name, spread abroad throughout the English-speaking world—men were as happy as kings, inspired by a number of things . . . old books, old paintings, old friends, old wine . . . but not, you may be sure, by purple bath tubs, tin lizzies, subway crowds or reinforced skyscrapers . . . barbarous but brave days . . . as witness the experience of Mr. Cortissoz.—

There came, one June morning in 1883, to Mr. Mead a contractor who said: "Say, we've got a boy in our office, too nice for us, sort of artistic. Maybe you could find a place for him."

"Send him around," said Mr. Mead.

Next day there appeared a shy, never strong, but always conscientious office boy. He went to work, at first without attracting any particular attention. But late one afternoon, White—the observer and the observed—overheard him in the Library (where he spent the greater part of his free time) discussing music.

"Like music?" White asked.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Ever hear any opera?"

"No, sir."

"Like to?"

The boy could scarcely stammer his reply.

"Well," said White, "perhaps we can arrange a job as usher at the Metropolitan. How would you like that?"

How?—But perhaps you have never had such a question put to you.

But so it happened that seven years later, in Kansas City, Mr. Mead picked up a Sunday paper to read a grave and detailed account of the week's musical doings in New York written by his office boy . . . still (unless my dates are mixed) his office boy . . . and White's.

II

White, says Cortissoz, was a man good to know and good to remember. He put heart into you. Merely to have him at your side was, if you were an artist, half the battle. . . .

"I remember," he says, "late in the eighties, when I wanted a door opened—he was forever opening doors for others. My door led into the world of music; but I couldn't turn the key without the permission of one of those inaccessible potentates who live camouflaged behind flocks of adamantine secretaries; to make matters worse my potentate was at that exact moment on the high seas; and I needed to have that key turned by Saturday. I appealed to White for help and advice. He laughed. He could see no difficulty. The great man was an old friend of his. Meet me, he said, at the pier Saturday morning when the ship comes in. I did so, and as the traveller came down the gang plank we were there to greet him. With one breath White gave him a shout of welcome and with the next he told his friend what he was to do to oblige me. The poor man was fairly dazed. As he took my hand he looked at me as if I were some mysterious being dropped from the skies. But he did exactly what White told him to do; he wrote on the spot the note that was to turn my key; and he kept the eager emissaries from his own office, dancing about with pressing business, waiting until the thing was accomplished. That was White all over. And do you see why he moved in the matter? Partly because he was my friend. Partly because, as I've said, my door was to open into the world of music, of one of the arts. That was enough for White. . . .

"I wish I could bring back to you a living, breathing impression of Stanford White when the musical mood was on him. I wish I could help



FRAME BY STANFORD WHITE
Portrait by T. W. Dewing



NECKLACE DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE

you to see how inspiring he then was, how endearing. I have heard the symphonies of Beethoven played by many great orchestras; but when I think of them there is no memory that returns more poignantly than the memory of White, whistling the slow movement from the Pastoral. He knew all the symphonies, he knew the quartettes, and in his whistling you felt the very genius of the music. Sometimes, though, whistling would fail him, and, as though in despair of expressing all he felt, he would burst into a kind of song. It was as though beauty possessed him. Beauty did possess him. That is why those of us who loved him are proud to stand up and be counted in devotion to his name."

J. ALDEN WEIR

J. ALDEN WEIR: one of the founders of the Society of American Artists (1877), at one time its president, and in 1915 president of the National Academy; ruddy faced, patient, something of a plodder, of methodical habits and simple tastes, an impressionist in art, and (as a good American) a sturdy fighter against the fetich for foreign labels and trademarks; born August 30, 1852, at West Point, the youngest of a family of sixteen children, the sons and daughters of the twice-married Robert Walter Weir who, for upwards of fifty years, taught drawing at the United States Military Academy. The father was known as a painter of historical canvases, among them *The Pilgrims* in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., and various other equally ambitious canvases in the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Chapel at West Point. In fact he was more of a painter than a father—as witness the testimony of his son: "I just grew like Topsy; you can't expect much attention in a family as large as ours." In 1870, after receiving some instruction from his father, John Alden Weir went to New York to study at the old Academy of Art, supporting himself meanwhile from the sale of sketches to dealers. At twenty he sailed for Europe to spend three years in Paris, studying under Gérôme at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Returning to America he took up teaching and illustrating, painting in his leisure moments, winning a \$200 prize from the American Art Association in 1886, and a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. For twenty-five years he was associated with the Art Students' League, and for fifteen years with Cooper Institute. A fine fellow, if not particularly vigorous or exciting—in fact, a very fine fellow, in the opinion of his contemporaries.

T. W. DEWING

THOMAS W. DEWING (1851—): One of great painters of that day, a man of fine taste and accurate judgment, who understood the use of grays. His world does not tip forwards, and almost out of the frame, as does the world of Sargent; nor is he, as Sargent so often is, cruel or indifferent to his models. In fact, Dewing's women—and he is best remembered as a painter of women—are always intelligent and (though painted in moments of relaxation) always alive. The best of his portraits, so he tells me, is a painting of Mrs. Delaney Kane.

Dewing's letters reflect something of his boundless affection and admiration for White. Unfortunately the letters are, for the most part, undated. For example, there is a note beginning abruptly:

DEAR STANNY:

Send and buy two busts (original marbles) by Malihan and Grisi from Dowdeswell's Gallery on Bond Street in London. He wanted 50 pounds a piece, but would take less. For God's sake, get them to this country.

Thine—T. W. D.

On a Tuesday in the nineties at a time when the painter Twachtman was desperately ill, Dewing wrote from Cornish, N. H.:

DEAR STANNY:

Since you asked me to let you know about the bills at the Hospital, I send this word: We need \$72 which will take us to the end. If you can do this, send it to Reid. I will chip in all I can as soon as I can turn round, and so will all of us up here.

Thine—T. W. D.

P.S. I am just out of bed where I have been sicker than a horse.

From the Players Club, also dated Tuesday, came this note:

DEAR STANNY:

Will you design me a frame for my little pastels—something simple

and dandy, rich and inexpensive? I don't want to use Whistler's design. Do you think a little lace edge? Or what?

Thine—T. W. D.

On another occasion, on receipt of another frame, he wrote, dating his letter Monday:

DEAR STANNY:

I am really exceedingly grateful to you for that frame. It is lovely. The picture is all done and goes away Thursday afternoon. But I do want to show it to you. Can't you skin up here tomorrow or Wednesday or Thursday morning? I have a date Wednesday afternoon.

Thine—T. W. D.

This is the frame—variously known as the White or Dewing frame—that Dewing always uses to exhibit his work. Somewhat fragile it is despised by the "piano-movers" employed by galleries to handle paintings; but because of the suggestion of gray made by its design, it sets off a painting better (in the opinion of Dewing) than any other frame ever designed.

And now about a ceiling on which they were working together. The first letter is dated Windsor, Vermont, July 14:

DEAR S. W.,

Do you think the pattern of the Cheney portrait frame would suit the picture I am now painting—you remember—the one with the dancing figures? I know you are just starting on your fishing trip and in a fearful hurry, but you can squeeze time to tell this. I got yours giving the exact size of ceiling and will bring down with me in the autumn a study. For God's sake, let me know if you want one figure or more than one. I think I will make several sketches.

I suppose you see a good deal of the Madison Square Garden people.

Thine—T. W. D.

On July 23, he wrote again:

DEAR STAN:

Yours came all right. What an amusing letter from the lunatic! My garden is like a display of fireworks. When are you coming up? I

am afraid that when Mrs. Emmet gets here it will have gone off somewhat. I don't know what to say about the other panels in the ceiling. Lathrop is the only one, I should think. But if they were the least particle too bright, they would hurt my decoration. I wish I could paint them myself. If Stafford would wait until November I would do them for nothing—he merely paying for the materials and putting up. St. Gaudens is here, having a very good time. He goes down tomorrow or Saturday.

Thine—T. W. D.

P.S. You wouldn't like to have the panels painted in an even neutral tone, would you?

And again on August 2nd:

DEAR STAN:

The check came all right and was a most welcome sight as I had thought that I must pay for putting up the ceiling. I think yellow would be very swell on the rest of the ceiling. Have you forgotten to get my overcoat from King's yacht? I enclose my portrait. Try and come up.

Thine—T.

Hearing that White was sick he wrote:

I wish you would take a long rest and not work so damned hard—but do let me know how you are.

A. P. RYDER

ALBERT P. RYDER (1847-1917): I quote from *American Artists* by Royal Cortissoz: "Ryder wrote verses, and I can sniff the offense this circumstance would give to a certain type of artist. Clearly, such a commentator would tell us, they indicate that he had in his temperament the taint of the literary man. There would be, too, the further justification for this view in the fact that he had a passion for literary subjects; and to clinch the business, there is the damning fact that he had, in our smart modern sense, no technic at all. . . . Yet he remains an enchanting artist. . . . He had inspiration—that is the point. . . . He had personality. . . . But his handicaps were of a nature to have discouraged most men. Even in the field of color, where he was the more favorably endowed, he was confined to a rather narrow scale; and he had a tendency to muddy the deep bluish greens, the tawny reds, and the golden yellows with which he dealt."

"Crazy Ryder," they called him; and Wells—whose apartment in the Benedict overlooked Ryder's studio—told of seeing Ryder, with a dozen canvases laid on the floor in front of him, pouring paint out of bottles first on this picture and then on that. "That's easier than the way you work," he said to Dewing.

But for a bang-up account of Ryder, I advise you to turn to Thomas Craven's *Men of Art*.

W. M. CHASE

WILLIAM M. CHASE: born in Franklin, near Indianapolis, Indiana, November 1, 1849, son of a prosperous shoe dealer. As one result of his mother's interest in fancy work, Chase had some difficulty in persuading his father that art offered anything more than a pastime for middle-aged women. However, after arguing the matter for years and after a futile trial as clerk in his father's store, he was allowed to go his way. For a while he studied under Benjamin Hayes, transferring later to T. O. Eaton, and going finally to the National Academy of Design in New York. Self-confident and industrious, with a positive genius for being "in fashion," he set up at once as a portrait painter; but he discovered more money in still lifes, and decided to devote the better part of his time (then and later) to doing fruits, fish and flowers.

But New York was not—I doubt if it ever will be—the art center of the world. So after a year or two as a studio painter, Chase packed up and started for Munich, at that time, in the general revolt against French dominance in the arts, the most popular of the continental schools. From Munich he went to Venice where he spent a year copying Tintoretto, Giorgione and Giotto. There he painted *A Venetian Fish Market* and *The Dowager* which he exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. By 1878, he was back in New York teaching the first class in painting ever organized by the Art Students League, and making sketches along the waterfronts and in the parks which did much to arouse public interest in the neglected beauties of New York City.

Twenty years later the *Illustrated American* was saying: "Chase has been so well advertised as a teacher, that today he is able to carry on several schools at once, besides working as a portrait painter. Brilliant and headstrong, few of his comrades have travelled more, seen more or painted more in Bavaria, France and Spain. It is no exaggeration to say that he has won more medals than a bicycle chief."

And why not? He knew how to paint and he knew how to teach—

not greatly, perhaps, but in tune with the taste and interests of his time. Always busy, sometimes a severe but never a harsh critic, perfectly groomed—"the masher of the boulevards," Whistler dubbed him¹—he seemed the proper man to be president of the Society of American Artists from 1885 to 1895, the ten years during which art in America made its way from the studios of Stuyvesant Square into the front parlors of Fifth Avenue. He was married to Alice Bernard Gerson; and when in New York, lived with her and their eight children in Stuyvesant Square in a house that was a veritable museum of contemporary art. His summer home and studio at Shinnecock, Long Island, was designed (or, rather, suggested) by Stanford White, and perfectly expressed Chase's cheerful personality, with its wide hall rising through two stories to the gambrel roof and gabled windows.

His relation to White may be guessed from the following note, dated April 4, 1888:

DEAR WHITE:

Please find enclosed a check for the amount you so kindly loaned me last summer. I have been in the depths of despair over this matter and now breathe a bit easier in the hope that you will not think of me as the criminal I have at times thought of myself as. I hope that you will let me know if I can ever do you a favor. Simply destroy the old check.

Your sincere friend,

W. M. CHASE.

After White's death, Chase said in an interview with the *Paris Herald*:

In my opinion, Stanford White did more to beautify New York and to encourage architectural beauty everywhere in America than any other ten men. The Washington Arch, Madison Square Garden and Dr. Parkhurst's church, to go no further, established standards of taste that have proved of incalculable benefit. Yet now that his life has ended in a shocking tragedy, America seems likely (if not eager) to forget the debt we all owe to him. Personally White was one of the most lovable

¹ "He amuses my brother," Lady Seymour-Haden, Whistler's sister, said one afternoon at tea in London; "doesn't he, James?" To which James replied: "Not often, my dear, not often." Thereafter for years—and never for any good reason—Whistler, the spoiled wit of the terraces, went about London belittling Chase.

of men, full of spirit, bubbling over with enthusiasm, always ready to encourage strugglers. He was a man thoroughly alive, an artist to his finger tips; and he enjoyed life. If it be a fault to admire beautiful women, he possessed that fault, for never have I known a man more responsive or more appreciative of the beauty of woman. And he did not conceal his admiration. He did not seem to regard it as anything to conceal. Why should he? His instincts were normal.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH (1838-1915)—better known as F. Hopkinson Smith, his signature on thousands of drawings, water colors and pen-and-ink sketches, on dozen of novels, short stories and essays, and on some interesting (if not particularly important) engineering works—the Race Island light house, for example, and the base for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

Born in Baltimore, Md., in 1838, the great grandson of Francis Hopkinson, amateur writer, colorist and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the great nephew of Judge Joseph Hopkinson, second president of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, he had been intended for the engineering profession. But after receiving some instruction in painting from Miller, a popular (and therefore successful) teacher in Baltimore, and deciding that popularity counted for more than merit in the fight for recognition, young Smith deliberately set about acquiring a reputation as a raconteur, good fellow, and a friend to all the arts and (with a few trifling exceptions) all the artists. Persistent and agreeable, easily persuaded that this is the best of all possible worlds, convinced (as he once said) that nobody can draw ladies the way Charles Dana Gibson can, always cheerful, always helpful, his circle of acquaintances widened rapidly. His fame spread, Editors took to looking over his illustrations—his art was never more than a friendly presentation of the facts—and asking for some running comment, an essay on water-color sketching, or a day with a painter along New York's waterfront, or an account of his travels through Northern Italy. Before long he was firmly established in the affections of the readers of *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and the *Century*, as an always agreeable companion for the hammock or that half-hour between going to bed and falling asleep. Collected between covers, his stories and essays sold. But most of them are out of print today. I doubt if many recall his name. You know how treacherous memories can be—particularly a memory for names.

D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG (1836-1918): U. S. Commissioner of the Art Section of the Paris Exposition, 1878, where White first met him.

In September of the next year, White wrote to St. Gaudens:

I drove up to Armstrong's farm, near Newburgh, in the Catskills, and saw him for a while. He said he had just received a note from you. He was as pleasant as ever, but seems a much more saddened man than he was in Paris. Either they have had some pecuniary misfortune, or the lonely life up there is telling on him. He spends half his time farming, and told me that I was the first artist he had seen in over three months. He asked all manner of questions about you and your work. Since he came home he has done very little painting.

McKim and White frequently visited Armstrong, invariably, some time during each visit, proposing that the house be altered, a room added or a side wall replaced with glass or pillars placed in front.

Under date of September 24, 1879, St. Gaudens wrote to Armstrong from Paris:

Sorry you don't feel encouraged about your work. I'm completely and thoroughly befuddled and disgusted with Farragut—which is finished, or nearly so—at least, it will be cast on Saturday, and then the enlarging will begin. Hope you saw White. He is one of the biggest bricks I ever saw.

To White, Armstrong wrote from the Century Club, on April 5th, 1887:

Dr. Nevin—whom you know—has returned post haste from India to America, by request of Bishop Potter, to look up the whole matter of a New York Cathedral. Dr. N. is the Bishop's right hand man, and the architect will probably be the one he (Nevin) selects. Miss Wolfe—who is reported to have left \$600,000 for a cathedral—was an intimate

friend of Nevin's; and I think it highly probable that she left this money with the understanding that Nevin have something to do with it. I once invited McKim to meet Nevin, but since then McKim has gone to the uttermost ends of the earth. I believe that it is quite within the power of McK., Mead & White to make themselves the architects of the Cathedral, and shall at judicious intervals, suggest this to Nevin. I shall do this out of regard for your firm, but chiefly because I want a good church if they build one. So—could you dine with me here at the club and meet Nevin next Monday or Tuesday? Or it might not be a bad plan if you were to call and renew your acquaintance with him. Needless to say, I have no axe to grind in this matter.

Ever affectionately yours—D. M. A.

In *Day Before Yesterday*, his book of memories, Armstrong writes:

Above all, I delight in the remembrance of the bachelor dinner that a number of us gave to Stanford White on the eve of his wedding. A lot of things happened before that evening ended becomingly with a Spanish dance by Hopkinson Smith and Loyall Farragut, neither of whom could be persuaded to stop until they had entangled themselves and every one else in long wreaths of smilax. Great were the preparations for this dinner; and St. Gaudens got a great deal of fun out of designing the menu, on which caricatures of White were interspersed with the more important items of the evening. Here was sketched White about to launch forth into one of the after-dinner speeches that he loathed; here we see him pulling at his eternal mustache—and we recognized the likeness as readily as we should if in these days we saw a double row of teeth and a pair of spectacles on the cartoon page of a New York newspaper.

In the chancel of the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue, in New York, inlaid in the wainscot of Sienna marble, designed by White, are mosaics by D. Maitland Armstrong, though he is chiefly and better known for his stained glass.

KENYON COX

KENYON COX (1856-1919): painter and critic of painting, his relation to White, while always friendly, was never intimate—that of artist to patron rather than that of friend to friend. In Cox's meticulous handwriting, for instance, there is a letter dated from 145 West 55th St., New York City, October 3, 1890:

DEAR WHITE:

Our long outstanding arrangement bothers me a little at times. I have had a hundred dollars for which you have received nothing: and, after years, there the matter stands. Can't we settle it up some way? I have two or three things done this summer, any one which you can have. Of course, I have more important things, including *Flying Shadows*. Can't you come up, say Saturday afternoon, and see what I have and talk it over? I hate to worry people about money, but people worry me; and whether I simply pay off the debt with a small picture or make some other arrangement, it would relieve my mind.

Yours faithfully,

KENYON COX

P.S. I have begun a little figure of *Comedy* for the Players which I should like to show you.

White bought the *Flying Shadows*, paying the full price and allowing the \$100 to go over into a new commission. Two years later he received this note from Cox:

I have ventured to put the *Flying Shadows* on my list for the World's Fair. Of course, if you feel that I am imposing on your kindness, you need not let it go—but I should like it to go.

It went.

Earlier that same year Cox had written:

Many thanks for the check that came this morning, as well as for your many kindnesses. I will paint your little nude next winter as well as I know how and for as little as possible. Of course, every cent is of

importance to me now, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness in letting the \$100 go over onto this new commission. "Mademoiselle" will be at the Players on lady's day—early, for I have my school in the afternoon. I shall take great pleasure in presenting you to her.

In explanation of "Mademoiselle" and the importance of money, there is this invitation, dated New York, May 16, 1892:

It is proposed that the friends of Mr. Kenyon Cox testify their regard for him and their good wishes for his future by a farewell dinner previous to his marriage, and it is hoped that you will be able to be present. The dinner will be held at the Hotel Martin, corner of University Place and Ninth Street, on Monday evening, May 23rd, at half-past seven, at a charge of five dollars which will include wine.

As secretary of the Society of American Artists, Cox wrote to White on April 3, 1896:

DEAR SIR:

I have been instructed by the Board of Control to extend to you the thanks of the Society of American Artists for your kindness in the loan of tapestries and decorations for the Eighteenth Annual Exhibition, and to ask you to accept the enclosed season ticket as a slight evidence of our appreciation.

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- Fellows, Mrs. Laura (Mease), 32, 38, 48, 98.
- Field, Cyrus: (1819-1892), an American merchant of great courage and imagination, 15.
- Field, Eugene: (1850-1895), the well-loved American poet and journalist, author of *A Little Book of Western Verse*, *With Trumpet and Drum*, etc., 246-247, 321.
- Fiske, Jim: (1834-1872), an American financier, or rather "buccaneer," allied with Jay Gould and the Tweed ring, 54.
- Fiske, John: (1842-1901), the American historian, 9.
- Fitch, Clyde: (1865-1909), American playwright, author of *Beau Brummel*, *Nathan Hall*, *The City*, etc., 249 note, 250, 252.
- Floyd, William, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, 159.
- Fontaine, Pierre François Léonard: (1762-1833), French architect, employed in the extension and restoration of the palaces of the Louvre, Saint-Cloud and Fontainebleau, designer of the Carrousel Triumphant Arch, 32.
- Foyot's, one of the most popular of Paris restaurants, 84.
- Frames designed by White, 98, 186, 273, 349-351, 373-375.
- Fraser, Gilbert, 234-235.
- Fulton, Miss Maud: actress and playwright, author of *The Brat*, 303.
- Furness, Frank, 44.
- Gambrill and Richardson, 45, 46, 111, 112.
- Garland, Hamlin: (1860-), American novelist and short story writer, author of *Main-Travelled Roads*, *A Son of the Middle Border*, and *Companions on the Trail*, 346.
- Garvan, Assistant District Attorney of New York, 305, 307.
- Gautier, Théophile. (1810-1872), a French critic and essayist of great charm, 42.
- Ghent, 87.
- Ghirlandajo—or, more properly, Domenico Curradi: (1450-1495), the first Florentine painter to attain skill in aerial perspective; Michelangelo was one of his pupils, 88.
- Gifford, R. Swain: (1840-1905), the distinguished American landscape painter and etcher, 162, 228.
- Gilbert, Cass: (1856-), architect of the Capitol and other buildings in St. Paul, of the Woolworth Building in New York, etc., 102, 115, 357.
- Gilbert, W. S.: (1836-1911), English playwright, poet and satirist; author of *Bab Ballads*, and—with Sir Arthur Sullivan—of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, etc., 249 note, 250.
- Gilder, Richard Watson, 60, 75, 156, 161, 163-165, 252, 346-348.
- Gilder, Mrs. Richard Watson, 60-61.
- Gilmore's Garden, 199.
- Gilmore, Patrick Sarsfield, 199.
- Giotto di Bondone: (1276-1336), Florentine painter, sculptor and architect, pupil of Cimabue and friend of Dante, 60, 377.
- Goelet, Robert, 120, 121, 161, 186 and note, 243, 316, 321.
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von: (1749-1832), the best known and the greatest name in German literature, a man of genius if ever one lived; author of *Faust*, *Egmont*, *Wilhelm Meister*, etc., 206.
- Gorham Building, 279, 301.
- Gorki, Maxim: (1868-), the Rus-

- sian novelist and playwright, author of *The Lower Depths*, etc., 300.
- Gosse, Sir Edmund: (1849-1930), one of the more important and most industrious of England's literary critics, 122-123.
- Gothic Architecture: developed from the Romanesque during the latter half of the twelfth century in an effort to build churches completely vaulted with stone—as, for example, Rouen and Amiens cathedrals in France, Cologne Cathedral in Germany, and York Minster in the north of England, 75, 105, 174, 197, 219 note, 233, 236, 327, 353, 363, 365-366.
- Gould, Jay: (1836-1892), a vicious and selfish manipulator of railroad securities, 54.
- Graham, John, 31.
- Graham, Sarah Mathilda, 31.
- Grand Central Station, 324.
- Grant, Dr. Percy Stickney, 180-181.
- Grant, Ulysses Simpson: (1822-1885), a distinguished soldier, and for that not very good reason elected eighteenth President of the United States in 1868, 54, 321.
- Greenleaf, Thomas, 149.
- Haas, Julius, 30.
- Haight, Charles Coolidge: (1841-), American architect and sculptor, graduate of Columbia College, M.A., 1864, 223, 355.
- Hall of Fame, 214, 215, 331.
- Hamlin, Professor A. D. F., of Columbia University, 5.
- Hanover, N. H., 234, 237.
- Hardy, A. S., 234.
- Harmonie Club, 228, 301, 325.
- Harper's Weekly*, 110, 216, 217.
- Hartford, Conn., 10, 47, 58, 105.
- Harvard Club, 231.
- Harvard University, 9, 41, 42, 44, 46.
- Hasting, Thomas: (1860-1929), architect of the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar Hotels in St. Augustine, Fla.; the New York Public Library, the New Theatre in New York, and the Senate Offices in Washington, D. C., 115.
- Hawthorne, Charles W.: (1872-1931), American portrait and genre painter, pupil of Mowbray and Chase, 30.
- Hawthorne, Julian: (1846-), American novelist of evil reputation, 29 note.
- Haydn, Joseph: (1732-1809), the Austrian composer, son of a poor mechanic—one of the most ingenious of musicians, a man of fertile imagination, 25, 30.
- Hayes, Rutherford B.: (1822-1893), nineteenth President of the United States; a small town lawyer all his life, 53.
- Herford, Oliver: (1863-), American wit, illustrator, parodist and poet; author of *The Bashful Earthquake*, *The Rubayat of a Persian Kitchen*, etc., 272.
- Hertz, Harry, 216.
- Hewlett, J. Monroe, 263-264.
- Hoban, James: (1755-1817), architect of the White House in Washington, D. C., 104.
- Holbein, Hans—the Younger: (1497-1554), a German painter of genius, recommended by Erasmus to the English chancellor, Sir Thomas More, who, in turn, introduced him to Henry VIII for whom he executed some of the finest portraits ever made, 2, 65, 100, 160, 174, 314.
- Holt, Henry, 30, 269-270.
- Homer, Miss Eugenia—the pretty sister of Mrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, 89, 93-95, 143, 146, 148.
- Hooker, Thomas: (1586-1647), 8-9.
- Hopkins, Mrs. Mark, 177.
- Hoppin, F. V. L., 263.
- Houston, Tex., 34.
- Howells, John Mead, 102, 314.
- Howells, William Dean: (1837-1920), the most voluminous and the most important American novelist of his day—possibly excepting Henry James, 26, 44, 246, 252, 256-258, 289, 330-331, 341.

- Hunt, Richard Morris, 102, 108, 118, 162, 200 note, 223, 322.
- Hyde, James T., an American banker and promoter now apparently forgotten, 199.
- Ibsen, Henrik: (1828-1906), Norwegian poet and dramatist; author of *A Doll's House*, *The Wild Duck*, *The Master Builder*, etc., 253.
- Imperial Hotel, New York City, 125, 319.
- Irving, Sir Henry: (1838-1905), without whose leave, it was presumed, at one time, no dog would dare to bark upon the English stage, 1, 252 note.
- Iselin, Adrian, 199.
- Italy, 27, 55, 58, 94, 168, 366-367.
- Jackson, Mrs. Helen Hunt: (1831-1885), the once popular American poet, essayist and story-teller, 156.
- James I: (1566-1625), only son of Mary Queen of Scots, succeeding to the throne of England on the death of Elizabeth in 1603, 8.
- James, Henry: (1843-1916), American novelist long resident in England; author of *The Ambassadors*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *Roderick Hudson*, *The Turn of the Screw*, etc., 286.
- Jefferson, Thomas: (1743-1826), third President of the United States, 103, 104, 215, 221-223, 274, 322.
- Jerome, District Attorney William Travers: (1859-), admitted to the bar in 1884; assistant district attorney 1888-1890; justice 1895-1902; district attorney 1901-1909; president of Technicolor, 303, 305, 310-312.
- Job*, Book of, 143.
- Johnson, Robert Underwood: (1853-1930), American poet; made associate editor of *Century Magazine* in 1881, and editor in 1909, 195.
- Jones, Henry Arthur: (1851-1929), English playwright, author of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, *Michael and his Lost Angel*, *The Silver King*, etc., 250, 299.
- Judson Memorial Church, 237, 318.
- Kendall, William M., 3, 102, 231, 293, 327, 359 and note, 361, 362 note.
- Kimball, Fiske, 222.
- King, David H., 195, 202, 251, 319.
- Knickerbocker, Cholly, 210.
- Knickerbocker Trust Company, 301, 324, 326.
- Labrousse, Henri Pierre François: (1801-1875), French architect, associated with Duban in the construction of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, 42, 102.
- La Farge, John, 39, 43, 54, 58, 115, 123, 128-131, 138, 179, 252, 316, 318, 334-339, 369.
- Lafayette, Marquis Marie Jean Paul: (1757-1834), 31.
- Lafayette Monument, New York City, 127.
- Lambs' Club, 228, 290, 324-325.
- Laon Cathedral: in *Stanford White's Sketches and Designs*, edited by Lawrence Grant White, there is reproduced a really beautiful water color sketch of Laon Cathedral, with its tree-lined avenue of approach, made by Stanford White during his first trip to Europe, 2, 89, 91, 365.
- Lathrop, Francis, 54, 162, 340.
- Latrobe, Benjamin Henry: (1763-1820), the English architect who emigrated to America in 1795; designer of the United States Bank in Philadelphia, and of the first Hall of Representatives in Washington, D. C., 32, 104.
- Laud, William: (1573-1645), Bishop of London in 1632; later Archbishop of Canterbury; one of the most interesting of England's many famous and fascinating churchmen; like Wolsey he put his trust in princes and (as Wolsey prophesied they would) they failed him; he died on the scaffold, condemned by parliament for treason; Carlyle loathed him, 8.
- Lebreton, Theodore: (1803-1883), a French poet, 55.

- L'Enfant, Pierre Charles: (1754-1825), the French engineer and architect who prepared the original plans for the city of Washington, D. C., 104.
- Leonardo da Vinci: (1452-1519), one of the very greatest of painters, sculptors, architects, and scientists, 39 note, 314, 326, 335.
- Lincoln, Abraham: (1819-1865), the sixteenth president of the United States, 56, 290, 317, 326.
- Little Folks' Songs*, 32, 35-37.
- London, 3, 99-100, 170, 364-365.
- London Spectator*, 16, 25.
- Low, Will Hicock: (1853-), painter and illustrator; a man of sensitive feeling and great charm; he once said that Stanford White was "the greatest benefactor, in an artistic sense, that New York has ever known," 245, 359-360.
- Lowell, James Russell: (1819-1891), at one time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; later U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James; poet, critic and essayist, 26, 28, 44.
- Mackay, Clarence H., 120, 122.
- Mackay, Mrs. Clarence H., 237.
- MacMonnies, Frederick: (1863-), 192, 193, 237, 279, 280, 317-318, 321.
- Macon, Ga., 34.
- Madison Square: a small park in New York City, in White's day the center of town, 2, 128, 131, 216, 349.
- Madison Square Garden, 123, 125, 199-212, 238, 303-304, 306, 374, 378.
- Madison Square Presbyterian Church, 232, 234-237, 279, 301, 302.
- Manchester, Consuelo Duchess of: 243.
- Mansfield, Rev. Richard, 13.
- Mardenborough, Jane, 14.
- Marlborough, Duke of, 110.
- Martin's: a famous eating place in New York at the turn of the century—now, alas, only a memory to such well-known rememberers as Charles Hanson Towne, the poet, essayist and (formerly) editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, 2, 240, 384.
- Martiny, Philip: (1858-), American sculptor, born in Alsace; pupil of St. Gaudens; among his monumental works are the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, Jersey City, and the McKinley Monument, Springfield, Mass., 237.
- Masaccio, Guidi da San Giovanni: (1401-1443), among the most important of the painters of the second or middle period of Italian painting; his works were studied by Raphael, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, 88.
- Maynard, George, 54, 162, 341, 342-343.
- McComb, John: (1763-1853), American engineer and architect, credited with the designs for St. John's Church on Varick St., New York, the New York City Hall, and the old Government House which stood on the present site of the Sub-Treasury Building, 32.
- McKim, Charles Follen, 3, 7, 44-46, 54-55, 63-68, 75-85, 102, 111-117, 123, 128, 141, 158-159, 162, 170-171, 179-180, 187-193, 200 note, 223-226, 231, 254-255, 261, 262, 269-270, 288, 291-295, 327, 339, 354, 358-359 and note, 361, 381, 382.
- McKim, Mrs. Charles Follen (née Appleton), 170-171.
- McKim, Mrs. Charles Follen (née Bigelow), 88 note, 110, 151.
- McKim, Mead & Bigelow, 110.
- Mead, Larkin G.: (1835-1910), the American sculptor; a great part of the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., is his work, 111, 367.
- Mead, William Rutherford, 7, 85, 111-117, 119, 125, 128, 129, 162, 187-189, 231, 354, 358, 369-370.
- Mease, Charles Bruton, 31.
- Mease, Charles Graham—Stanford White's "Uncle Graham," 32, 50.
- Mease, John, 31.
- Melbourne, Lord: (1779-1848), Prime Minister of England during the first

- part of Queen Victoria's reign, 27.
- Melling, Hans: an eminent Flemish painter, born about 1450, died at Bruges in 1495, 40.
- Metropolitan Club, 228, 229, 231, 289.
- Metropolitan Museum of Art, 192, 237.
- Meyer, George von Lengerke: (1858-1918), 170, 254-255.
- Meyer, Meyer H., 28-29.
- Michelangelo, Buonarroti: (1474-1563), probably the greatest draughtsman that ever lived; painter, sculptor, architect and poet of genius, 39 note, 60, 88.
- Middletown, Conn., 11.
- Miller, Francis, 54, 115, 162, 172-173, 228, 341, 342.
- Mills, Robert: (1781-1855), the American engineer and architect, pupil of Latrobe; official architect of the United States government and supervising architect of the Capitol, 1836-1851; designer of the Treasury Building, the General Postoffice and the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., 104.
- Monroe, James: (1758-1831), fifth President of the United States, 12 note, 215.
- Monte Cristo, 51.
- Montgomery Ward & Company, 212.
- Moore, Charles, chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts; author of *The Life and Times of Charles Follen McKim*, and of a two-volume *Life of Daniel H. Burnham*, 188, 327.
- Morgan, Governor Edwin D.: (1811-1883), elected Republican governor of the State of New York in 1858 and re-elected in 1860, 58, 61-63, 74, 94, 126, 129, 135-140, 146.
- Morgan, J. Pierpont: (1837-1913), the most powerful because the most characteristic of American bankers of the last generation, 120, 199, 204, 207 note.
- Morris, Harrison Smith, 57.
- Morton, Governor Levi P.: (1824-1920), American merchant and banker, twice elected to Congress, and in 1888 elected Vice-President on the Republican ticket with Harrison, 196, 322.
- Mowbray, Siddons: (1858-), an American decorative and figure painter, born of English parents in Alexandria, Egypt, 235.
- Mozart, Johann Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus: (1756-1791), one of the most imaginative and lyrical of composers, 18, 19, 25, 55, 286, 360.
- Mumford, Lewis: the most persuasive of present-day critics of architecture, 120-121.
- Munich, 166.
- Munroe & Co., 59.
- Nesbit, Evelyn: *see* Mrs. Harry Kendall Thaw.
- Nethersole, Olga: (1870-), made her first appearance on the stage in 1887, a robust and slow-paced actress, 298-299.
- New Haven *Palladium*, 14.
- New Orleans *Picayune*, 329.
- New York City Hall, 32, 103-104.
- New York *Courier and Enquirer*, 20-22.
- New York *Evening Post*, 5, 20, 328-329, 349.
- New York *Herald*, 200, 205, 218-220, 245, 250-251, 291, 342.
- New York *Mercury*, 208-209.
- New York *Recorder*, 210, 220.
- New York *Sun*, 201-202, 304, 310.
- New York *Telegram*, 204-205.
- New York *Times*, 20, 310.
- New York *Tribune*, 23, 177-178, 199, 205, 213, 310-312, 369.
- New York University, 17 and note, 18, 19, 23, 223-226, 248, 321, 323.
- New York *World*, 22, 122, 177, 204, 213, 218, 309.
- Oelrichs, Herman, 199, 323.
- Olmstead, F. L.: (1822-1903), American architect; appointed chief engineer of Central Park in 1857; author of several travel books, 128, 132, 162.
- Osborn, Charles J., 121, 317, 320.

- saloonkeeper on 14th Street in New York City, 2.
- Shaw, George Bernard, British playwright, born in Dublin, 1856; received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1925, 250, 253, 286, 298-299.
- Shaw, Miss Mary, 252-253.
- Shaw Memorial, Boston, 56.
- Shaw, Norman: (1831-1905), British architect, designer of the New Scotland Yard, in London, 102.
- Sherry, Louis, 207, 238-240.
- Simmons, Edward, 222, 272-278.
- Smith, "Bull," 46 note, 158.
- Smith, Miss Cornelia, 46.
- Smith, F. Hopkinson, 162, 165, 228 and note, 260, 297, 380, 382.
- Smith, Captain John: (1579-1631), the founder of Virginia, 9.
- Smith, Judge J. Lawrence, 46, 158.
- Smithtown, L. I., 46, 158.
- Socorro, N. M., 153.
- Spoffard, C. A., painter and illustrator, 162, 228.
- Steel Skeleton, 353.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis: (1850-1894), Scottish poet, novelist and essayist, 56, 126, 286, 288, 289.
- Stewart, William Rhinelander, 194-197.
- Stillman, James: ex-president of the National City Bank of New York, 199, 325.
- Strauss, Edward, and his orchestra, 203-205.
- Sturgis, Frank K., 199, 207, 251.
- Sturgis, Russell, 111, 354-355.
- Sullivan, Louis, architect of the Wainwright Building in Chicago, and one of the few architects of this or any other generation capable of original thought; of the so-called skyscraper he once said: "These buildings are not architecture, but outlawry, and their authors criminals in the true sense of the word . . . cynical contempt for all those qualities that real humans value," 102 and note.
- Swales, Francis, 265-266.
- Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient for "heads," headaches, indigestion, etc., 64.
- Taylor, W. L.: painter and illustrator, 57, 247.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace: (1811-1863), English novelist and humorist, author of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, etc., 182, 360, 364.
- Thaw, Harry Kendall, 304, 307, 309-312.
- Thaw, Mrs. Harry Kendall (Evelyn Nesbit), 304, 307, 310-312.
- Thayer, Abbott H., 98, 115, 349-352, 369.
- Thomas, Augustus: (1859-), American playwright, author of *Alabama*, *Arizona*, *In Mizzoura*, 252, 253.
- Thompson, Lydia: star of the British Blondes, the most popular troupe of burlesquers in the world of fifty years ago. Rumor has it that Richard Grant White was enamoured of Pauline Markham, one of the most beautiful women of the day, and an important member of the troupe. He once described Pauline's voice as "vocal velvet," 26.
- Thornton, William: (1759-1827), architect and superintendent of the patent office; author of the Philadelphia Library and of the plans for the first capitol building in Washington, D. C., 32, 104.
- Tiffany, Charles L., 120, 122-123.
- Tiffany, Louis C., 215, 253.
- Tiffany & Company, 213, 254, 279, 301-302, 325-326.
- Tiffany House, 122-123, 124, 316, 318, 358.
- Tile Club, 98, 173, 228.
- Tintoretto, Jacopo Robusti: (1518-1594), one of the greatest of Venetian painters, pupil of Titian and enthusiastic admirer of Michelangelo, 88, 335, 377.
- Town & Country*, 323, 325.
- Town Topics*, 205, 228-229, 240-241, 325.

- 6, 54, 111, 6.
- 94, 213.
- Turn. (1835-1910), the British. by Ruskin against the press, 37.
- Twain, Mark (1835-1910), potent American writer. cowed and beaten by the press and conclusions of his contemporaries in society and the arts—best remembered for *Huckleberry Finn* and for the anecdotes attributed to him, 1, 95-96, 300, 337, 346.
- Tweed, Boss William Marcy: (1823-1878), conservative estimates place at \$45,000,000 the moneys stolen by the Tweed Ring from the City of New York, 54.
- University Club, 229, 231, 358.
- Upjohn, Richard: (1802-1878), English-born American architect; remembered for his churches, among others Trinity Church, the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and the Church of the Ascension, all in New York City; he first won recognition with his designs for the entrances to Boston Common, 179.
- Vanderbilt, Consuelo (Duchess of Marlborough), 110.
- Vanderbilt, William K., 108, 120, 237, 243, 251, 301.
- Vandyke, Sir Anthony: (1599-1641), a Flemish painter long resident in England; famed for his portraits, 90.
- Van Eyck, Hubert: (1366-1426), brother of Jan, with whom he worked in partnership; to them is credited the invention of oil-painting, or, more properly, an improved method of preparing pigments, 86.
- Van Eyck, Jan: (1390-1440), Flemish painter, brother of Hubert; worked mostly at Ghent and Bruges; famous for the freshness, vivacity and brilliance of his color, 87.
- Van Horne, Sir William Cornelius (1843-1915), Canadian financier, born in Will County, Illinois; appointed general manager of the Canadian Pacific railway in 1881, vice-president in 1889, president in 1898, and chairman in 1899—in fact, it was largely due to Sir William that the road was built, 182.
- Vanity Fair*, 235, 313-314.
- Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Mathilda, an industrious and sober art critic of forty years ago; Richardson's biographer, 124.
- Vaudeville Club, 274-275.
- Vaux, Calvert, 105-107.
- Velásquez, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y: (1599-1660), head of the Spanish school and one of the very greatest painters that ever lived—though his fame is of comparatively recent origin, 3, 365.
- Verdi, Giuseppe Fortunio Francesco: (1813-1901), Italian composer, best remembered for *Aida*, *Otello*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, 26.
- Veronese, Paul—or, more properly, Paolo Cagliari: (1530-1588), the great Italian painter, remarkable for the richness of his imagination and his management of color, 40.
- Victoria: (1819-1901), for over sixty years Queen of England, 35.
- Villard, Henry: (1835-1900), financier, railroad builder and journalist; he won distinction as a war correspondent during the Civil War; after the financial panic of 1873 he was made representative and agent for a number of German bondholders in connection with Pacific Coast railroads, becoming president of the Northern Pacific in 1881; also in 1881 he purchased the *New York Evening Post*; he promoted a number of Edison's early inventions, 156 note, 357-358 and note.

- Viollet-le-Duc, 42, 102, 312-333, 354.
 Virginia, University of, 221-223, 322.
 Vitruvius, the best remembered (though by no means the most important) of the architects who re-created Rome during the reign of Augustus; author of a celebrated work on architecture, 118.
- Wade, Daniel T., 29-30.
- Wagner, Richard: (1813-1883), one of the very greatest of modern composers; author of *Parsifal*, *Die Meistersinger*, *The Flying Dutchman*, etc., 26, 364.
- Wanamaker's, one of America's great department stores, 205.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry: (1851-1920), English novelist, 198, 348.
- Ward, John Quincy Adams: (1830-1910), American sculptor, 74 note.
- Ware, Prof. William R., 162, 200.
- Warner, Olin Levi: (1844-1896), at the time of his death he was engaged on reliefs for the doors of the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., 162.
- Washington, George: (1732-1799), general, statesman, surveyor and planter; first President of the United States, 20, 194-197, 215, 319, 328, 329, 348, 349.
- Washington Arch, 194-198, 317, 347, 378.
- Weber, Carl Maria Friedrich Ernest von: (1786-1826), German composer, 18, 19.
- Weir, J. Alden, 115, 161, 369, 372.
- Wells, Joseph M., 114, 162, 187, 350-351, 356, 357-368, 376.
- West Point, 41, 321, 322, 372.
- Weyland, Chandler, 29.
- Whistler, James McNeill: (1834-1903), an American who preferred to live abroad, an artist to his fingertips, provocative and rewarding as painter, etcher and lecturer on the arts—it is an infinitely better world because he lived and worked to make it beautiful, 174, 175, 202-203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.
- White, Richard: (1818-1880), American architect, designer of the Brooklyn Library, the New York Academy of Design, the Yale School of Fine Arts, and—with Richardson—the American Express Company Building in Chicago, 354-355.
- Wilbur, Charles S., 202-203.
- Wilson, Woodrow: (1856-1924), President of the United States, 1913-1921, a curiously difficult and contradictory person, proud, tactless and uncompromising, yet capable of inspiring great devotion in those who served his ends, 4.
- Winter, William: (1836-1917), poet, dramatic critic and biographer, 299-300.
- Winthrop, John: (1588-1649), the first

